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JANUARY 1, 1966
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VOGUE

AMERICAN FRENCH BRITISH AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND SOUTH AFRICAN
I.S.V.-PATCÉVITCH, President
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PENN

COVER: The girl with the Dynel hair—superfine, superfun, bought by the yard, played like an accessory. Play all the '66 angles . . . here, the geometric coiffure: square-hemmed mule's-tail crop swung over one ear—more of same throughout this issue. On the shoulder: a spray of fake leaves and white daisies with jewelled centres—played by a Cadoro bracelet. At Bonniers; Joseph Horne; I. Magnin. Emerald bead hoops by K.J.L. At Henri Bendel; Joseph Horne; I. Magnin. Lipstick: John Robert Powers' new Crème Lip Color, Coral Blush glossed with Champagne Pearl. Hair and Dynel hairpiece dressed by Ruel of Coiffures Americana.

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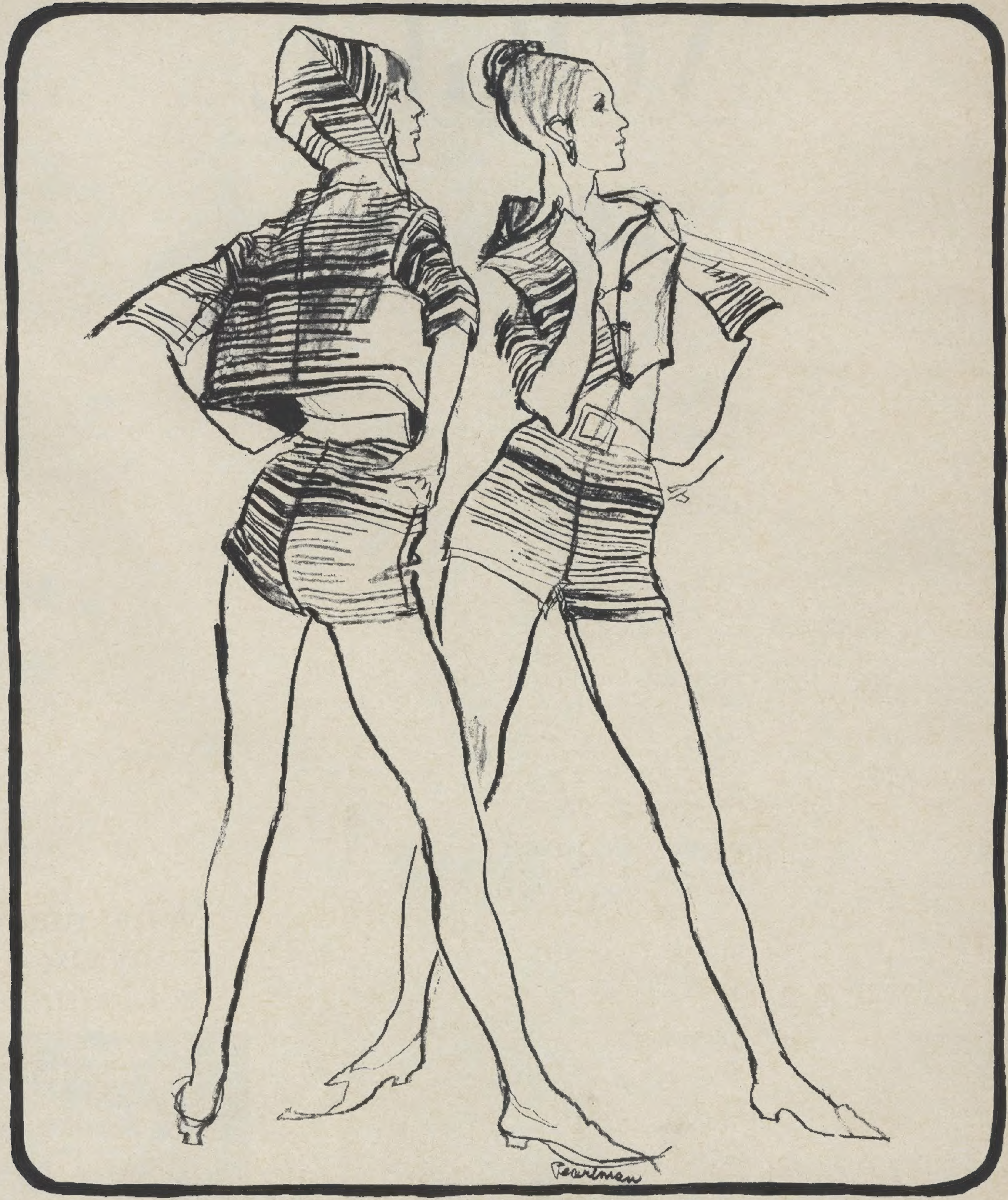

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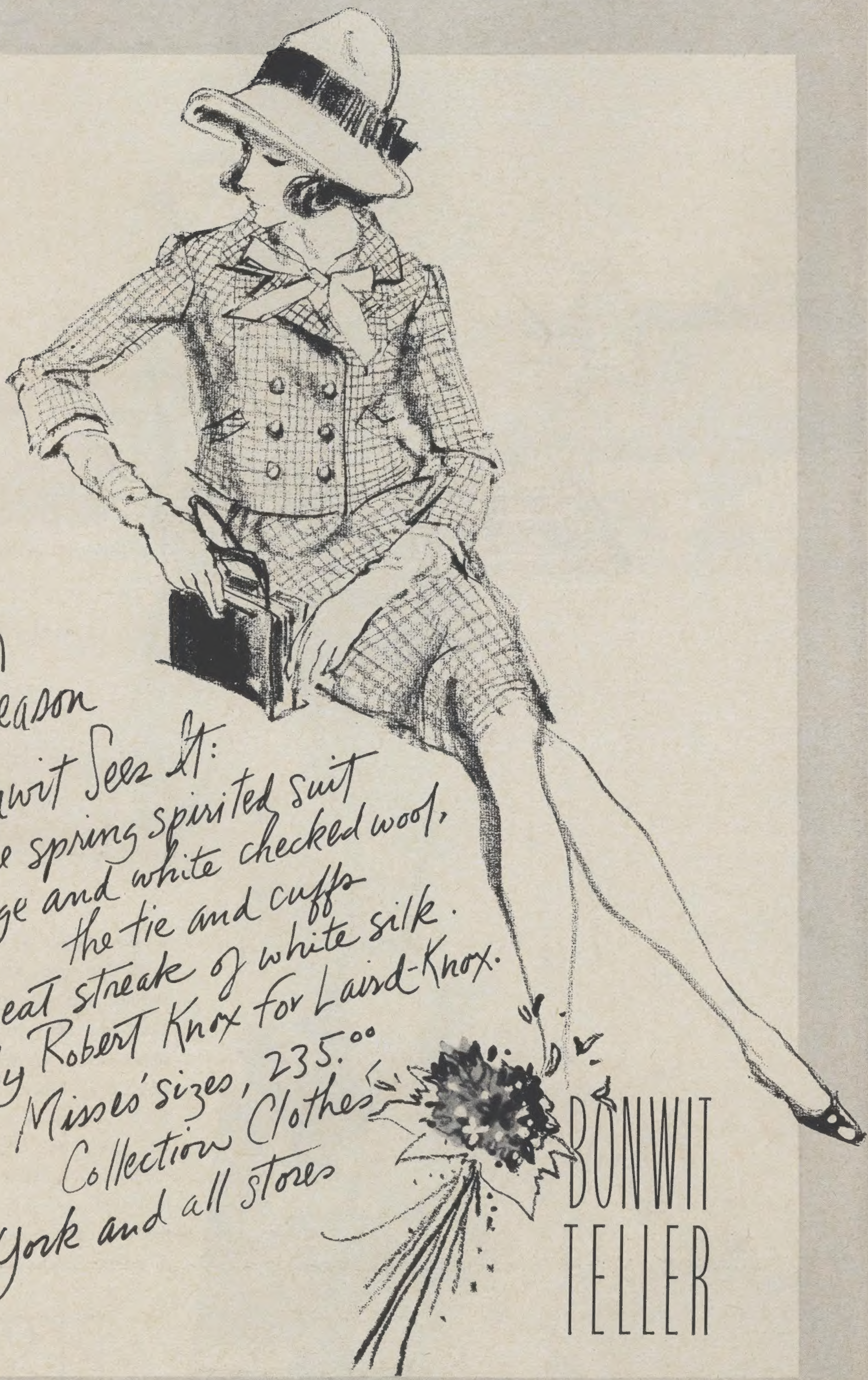

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There's No Gambling Like Show Gambling

By E. J. Kahn, junior

My wife, Virginia Rice, who occupies herself by acting, when she isn't raising children or running our house, now and then complains that I waste time. She is especially accusatory when she catches me playing gin rummy, in which I sometimes indulge while waiting—as I had occasion to do for much of this summer—for her to return home at night from the theatre. In view of her attitude toward the game, I was beguiled when she told me one day that the next production of her repertory company would be a revival of Moss Hart's *Light Up the Sky* and that her part called for her to be on stage nearly all evening, sitting off to one side of the set and playing gin rummy with another woman. Indeed, my wife went on, the card game was essential to the unfolding of the plot: The curtain line of the first act, uttered by her gambling opponent, was "Gin, God damn it, gin!"

Knowing a good deal, if I may say so, about the nuances of gin rummy, I told my wife I'd be happy to coach her, so her performance could be marked by the verisimilitude that I knew the director of her troupe cherished—in fact demanded. (He is a perfectionist who once blew up at a property man because the tea that was used in a Scotch-drinking scene was the colour of bourbon.) My wife replied, however, with some asperity, that if she didn't know how to play gin after all these years of sitting around and watching me, she must be out of her cockemany mind. Her *what* mind?, I asked. "Cockemany," she said. "It's Moss's word. My stage husband uses it to describe my gin game." Then she rushed off for a costume fitting.

Rehearsals were going uncommonly smoothly, my wife reported as opening night drew near. She had her lines down pat, and, what was more, she was, at a penny a point, forty-seven dollars ahead.

"You mean you really play in the play?" I asked.

"Certainly," she said. "It's a sort of method approach."

A dear old gin-rummy-playing friend of mine unexpectedly came to visit us the day of the première, and this conflict of interests regrettably precluded my seeing the first couple of performances. After the opening, though, while my friend fidgeted impatiently, I took time out to ask my wife how things had gone. They'd gone swingingly, she said, except that she had almost ruined the first-act curtain by having to smother a laugh that was not in the script. "It was so funny," she explained, "because when the other gin player had to yell 'Gin, God damn it, gin!' I'd just won a big spade hand and had her on a double Schneider. I hope the director didn't see me giggle." She was by now, she added, sixty-three dollars ahead. I told her not to give that a thought; she wouldn't have to pay taxes on her winnings, because they'd be more than offset by the concurrent losses I'd sustained.

When my wife came home after the second night, she looked drawn. I could tell at once that something had gone seriously wrong—perhaps two triple Schneiders in a row against her. She said that the most hideously ghastly thing had happened. It seemed that one of the actors, after the première, had a poker date, had borrowed the deck of cards used in the play, and had neglected to return it. So that when she and the other woman had sat down at their table to play, in full view of the audience—no cards. "We couldn't fake it," my wife said, shuddering at the memory of the incident. "I've got one line that goes, 'That old bag plays a real gutsy game of gin,' and we just *had* to be playing by the time that came along. So I ad-libbed something about getting the cards from another room, and I sort of waltzed off stage and hissed at the stage manager, and the way he yelled at the prop boy, I'll bet they could hear him in Monte Carlo. Anyway, I stood in the wings until they found a deck somewhere, and then I sort of slipped back on and got there before too much damage was done."

I said it must have been a trying experience.

"The worst was," my wife said, "my timing got thrown off, and the old bag won back eleven bucks."

The following night I finally made it to the theatre. I was relieved to notice that when my wife and the old bag sat down to play, at stage right, there were two decks of cards on the table. I wasn't following their game too closely—after all, the main action was at stage centre and I had come to see a show, not to kibitz—but my glance kept straying over toward them, since I was curious to see if I could detect who was winning. I happened to be looking at them when the old bag dealt a fresh hand. I often doze in the theatre, but at this moment I leapt up, as if I'd been poked with a hatpin. For my wife's opponent had dealt each of them just seven cards! Now, anybody who knows anything about gin rummy knows that a gin rummy hand

(Continued on page 30)

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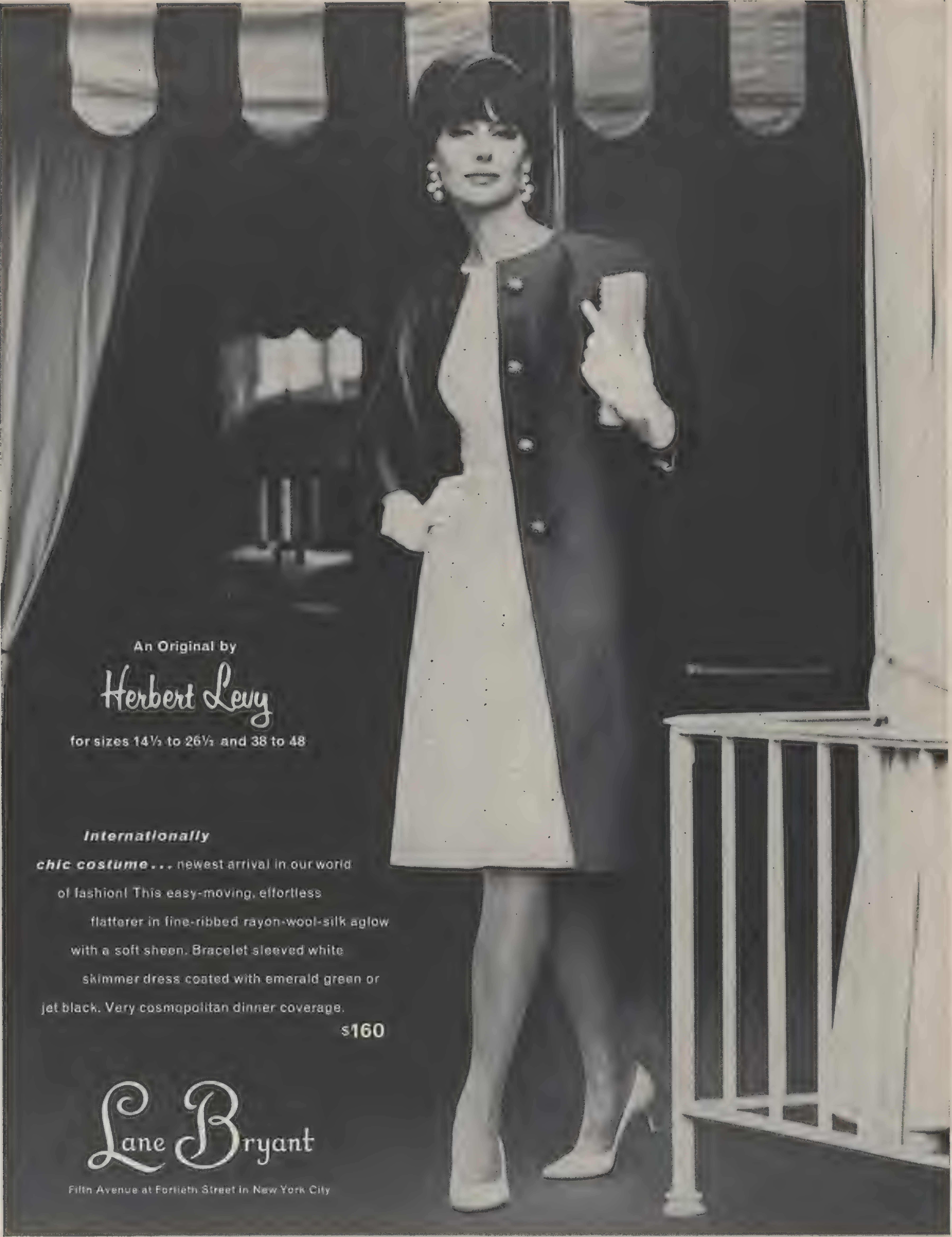

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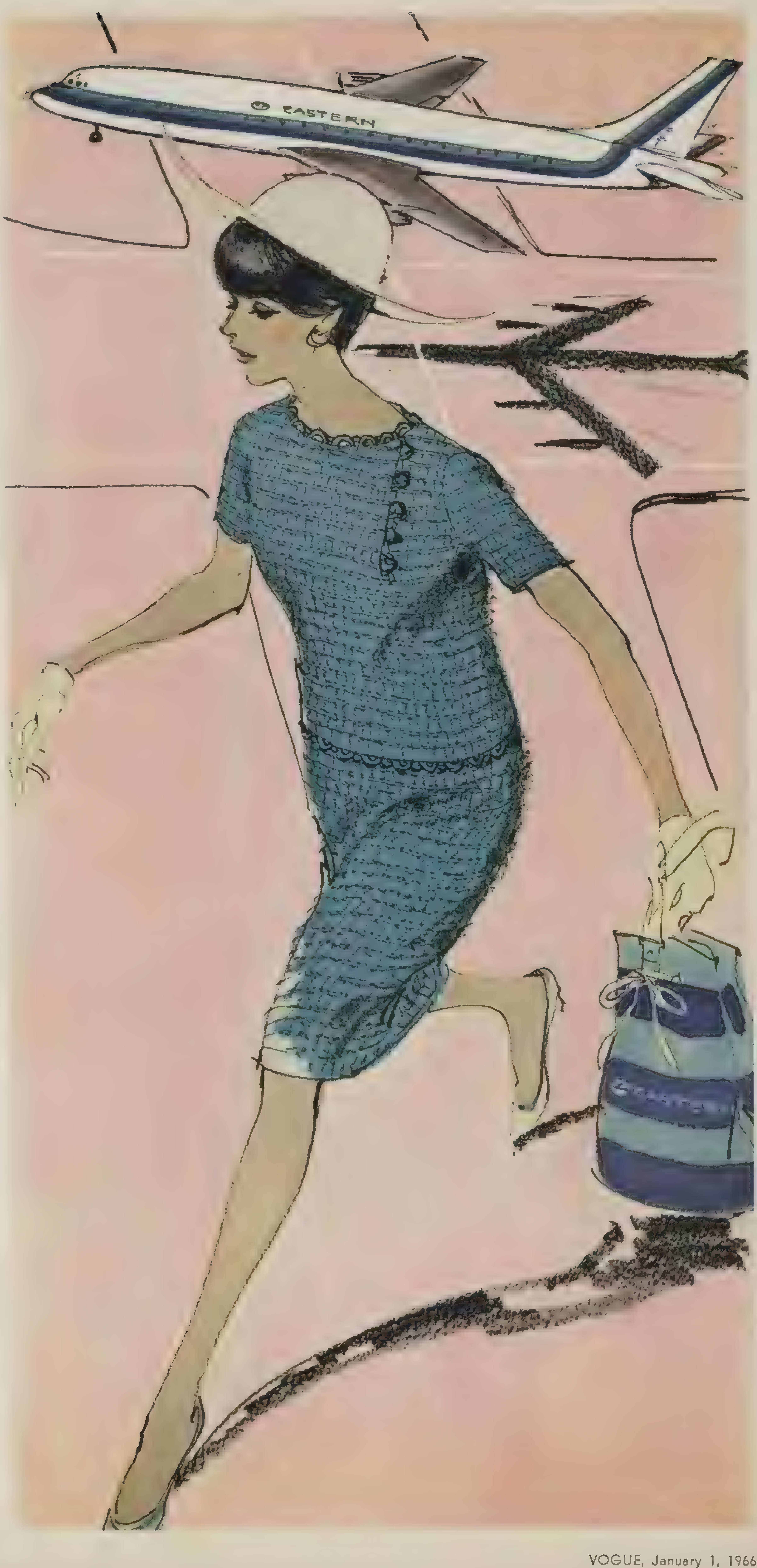


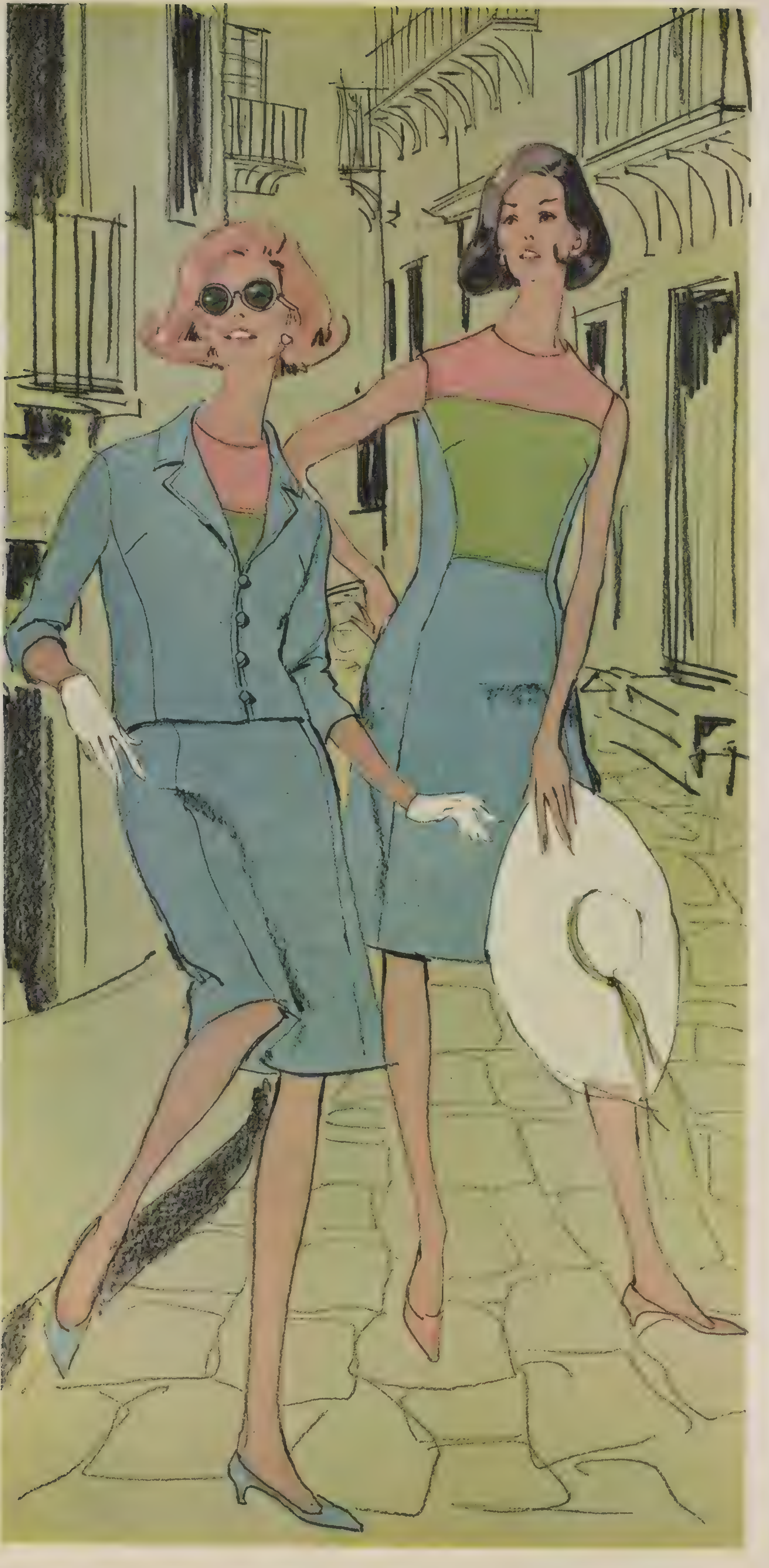
Follow the sun to Mexico... and let Dacron® add to your fun!

Nantucket Knitters know that Dacron® polyester is the traveler's by-word. Here, a two-piece dress in a lovely close lattice-stitch... hand-washable, fast drying and happily no-iron. Marlin blue, coral or Aztec green ...8 to 16. **65.00**
Third floor resort shop,
Fifth Avenue and at White Plains,
Manhasset, Short Hills and
St. Davids, Pa.

Mexico. Jet to Mexico Eastern Style. Eastern has daily jets direct from New York to Mexico. And convenient connecting service from many other Eastern cities. (Idea: Plan to stop over in New Orleans on the way.)

EASTERN

NUMBER ONE TO THE SUN



B Altman & Co

Follow the sun to Mexico... and let Dacron® brighten your trip!

Ricano's lively young costume lets you travel mile-after-mile with dash and elegance. A fine ribbed knit of Dacron® polyester, you know it will keep its trim lines and wrinkle-less beauty. Sleeveless tri-color dress and cropped jacket. Turquoise with lime and pink, or navy with lime and white...8 to 16. **55.00**
Third floor resort shop,
Fifth Avenue and at White Plains,
Manhasset, Short Hills and
St. Davids, Pa.

Mexico is the very old and the very new. Eastern is all new. And a relaxing way to get there. Curb-side baggage handling. Ground Hostesses to answer questions. Falcon Lounges to relax in at major terminals. And a warm welcome all the way from the people of Eastern.

EASTERN

NUMBER ONE TO THE SUN

B Altman & Co

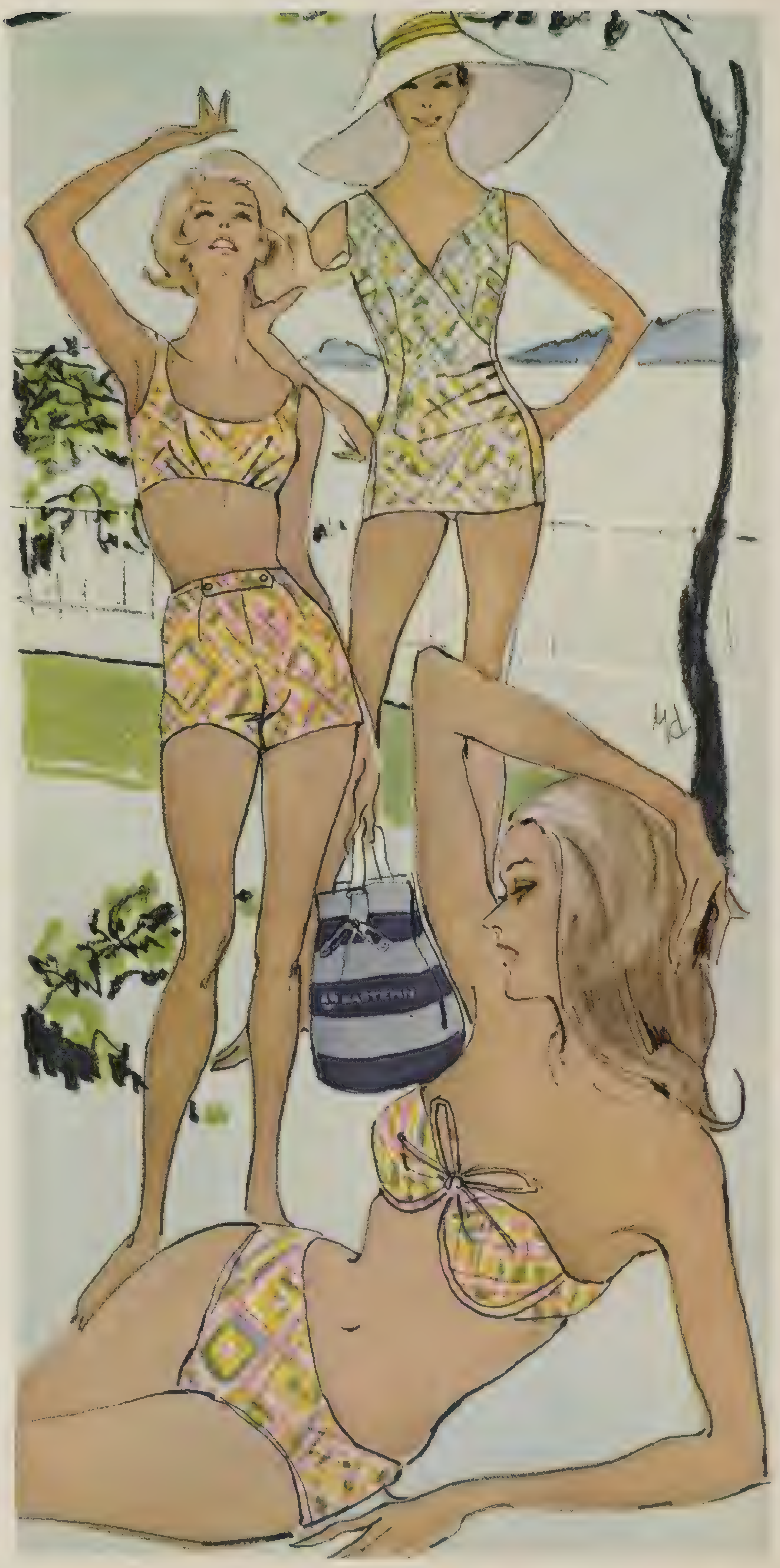
Follow the sun to Mexico... and let Lycra® add to your fun!

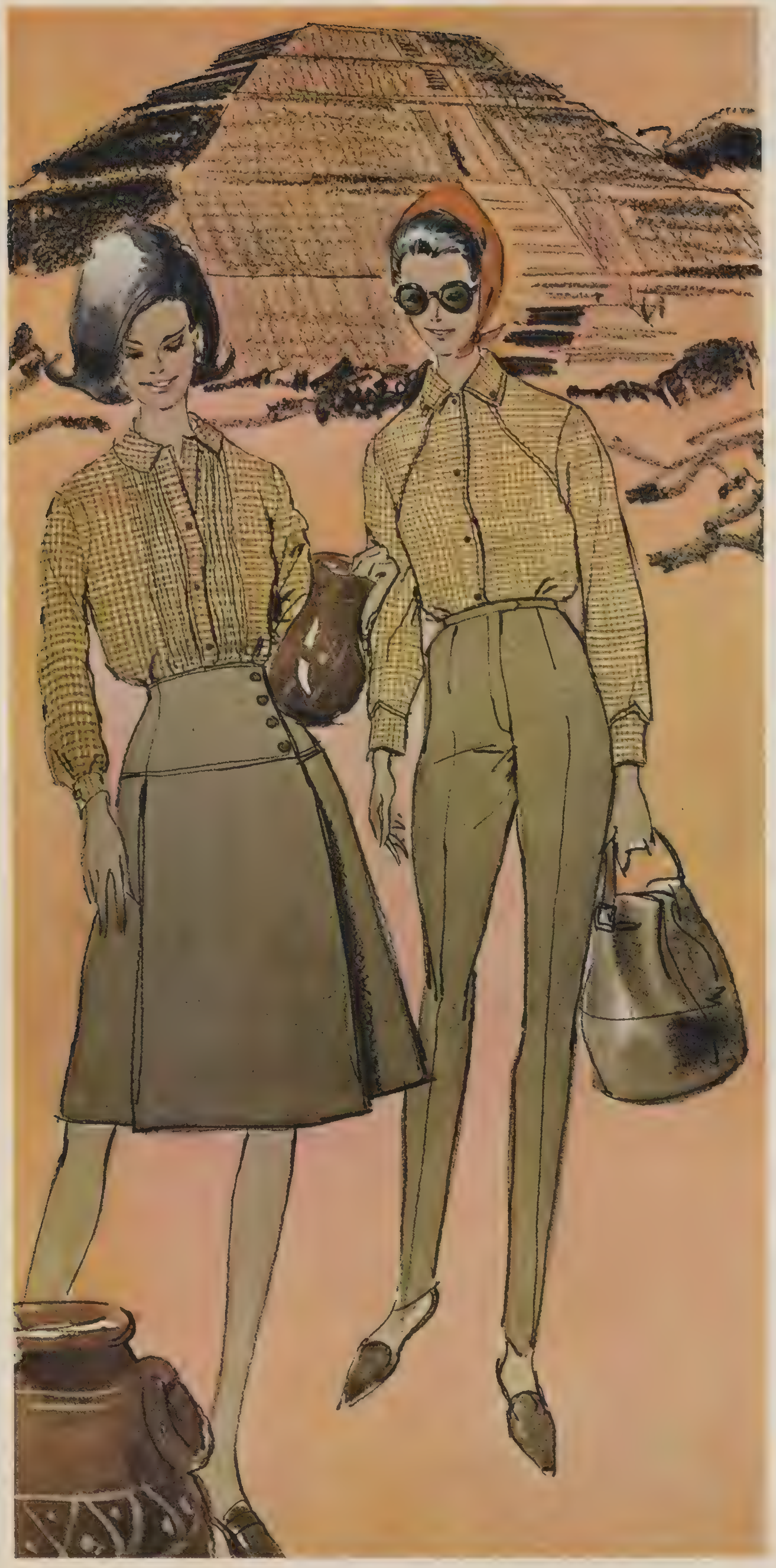
Roxanne styles swimsuits for sunning and surfing in acetate, nylon and Lycra® spandex. Lycra® means they're lighter in weight, quicker to dry and have a most marvelously comfortable feel . . . wet or dry. Sunset tints of pink or green. Left: two-piece boy leg, 32 to 38 A, B, C, **23.00.** Right: low back sheath, 34 to 40, A, B, C, **26.00.** Below: bikini, 30 to 36, A, B, C, **17.00**
Third floor resort shop,
Fifth Avenue and at White Plains,
Manhasset, Short Hills and
St. Davids, Pa.

Mexico is splendor and ceremony. Fly there on one of Eastern's Famous Restaurant Flights. From New York, your dinner is prepared by Restaurant Voisin. And on your return trip enjoy a meal prepared by Mexico City's famous Jena Restaurant.

EASTERN

NUMBER ONE TO THE SUN





B. Altman & Co

Follow the sun to Mexico... and let Dacron® brighten your trip!

Sportempo gives separates the go-ahead with Dacron® polyester and cotton. Motor to the pyramids in Chichén Itzá and take these two handsome outfits with you . . . they'll stay crisp and un-mussed, ready for more exploring with perfect manners. Fawn . . . 8 to 16.

Left: pleated front shirt, **10.00**—

panel-front skirt, **13.00.**

Right: tuck-in jacket-shirt, **12.00**—

slacks, **12.00**

Third floor resort shop,

Fifth Avenue and at White Plains,

Manhasset, Short Hills and

St. Davids, Pa.

Mexico is history and tradition. And to help you see it all, Eastern offers you its Exclusive Package Tours. Call your Travel Agent and ask him about the Eastern tours to Mexico City and Acapulco, or Guadalajara.

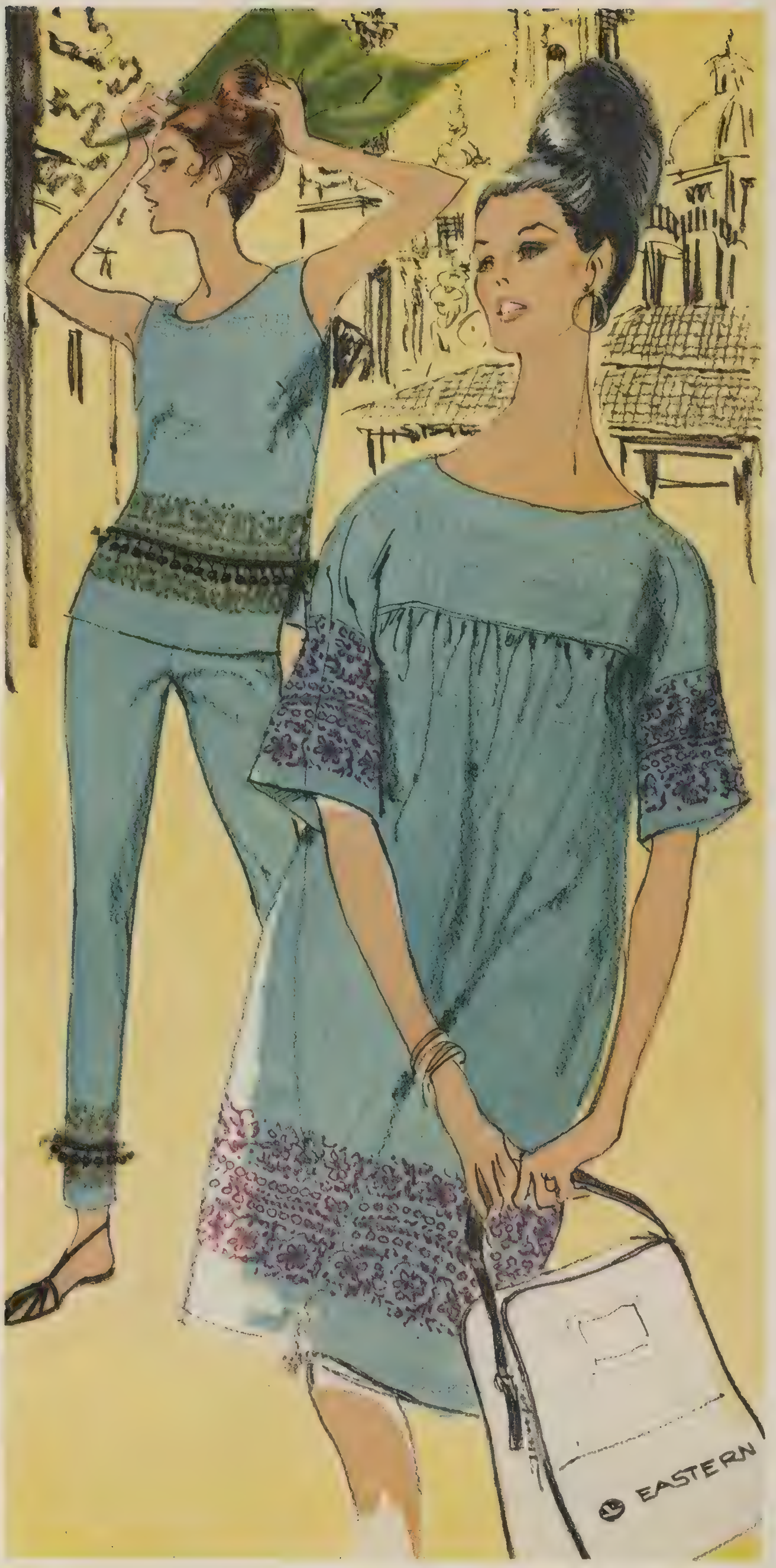
EASTERN

NUMBER ONE TO THE SUN

B Altman & Co

Follow the sun to Mexico... and let Dacron® brighten your trip!

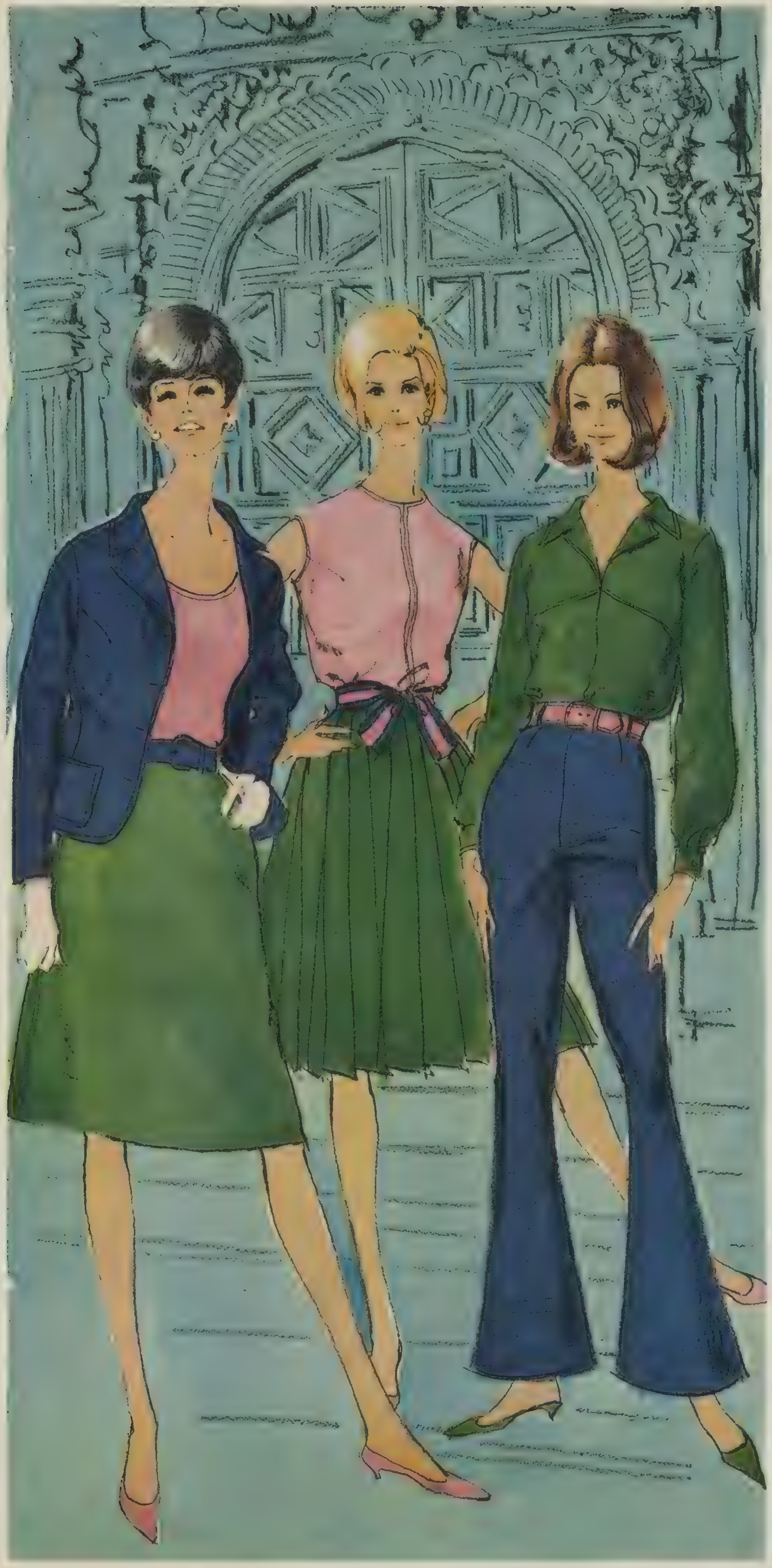
Wilroy blends Dacron® polyester with rayon to produce a lightweight fabric with the look of Mexican homespun. Its crush-resistant outlook will delight you . . . and when you wash it, you'll never need to iron. Shell and pants: aqua with antique gold embroidery or beige with orange embroidery, 8 to 16, set **40.00.** Smock: aqua with lilac embroidery or beige with orange embroidery, 8 to 16, **35.00.** Third floor resort shop, Fifth Avenue and at White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills and St. Davids, Pa.



Acapulco is the sun and fun of Mexico. Take an Eastern non-stop jet from New York to Mexico City and enjoy a side trip to Acapulco for no extra cost.

EASTERN

NUMBER ONE TO THE SUN



B Altman & Co

Follow the sun to Mexico... and let Dacron® add to your fun!

Tudor Square's wardrobe of Dacron® polyester separates is destined to lengthen your holiday. There's more time for sight-seeing because these colorful fashions wash in a wink, need no ironing...and keep their smooth good looks. 8 to 16. Left: blazer-type jacket, blue, **25.00**—A-line skirt, green, **15.00**—shell, pink, **13.00.** Center: shell, pink, **15.00**—pleated skirt, green, **18.00.** Right: tuck-in shirt, green, **18.00**—bell bottom pants, blue, **20.00**

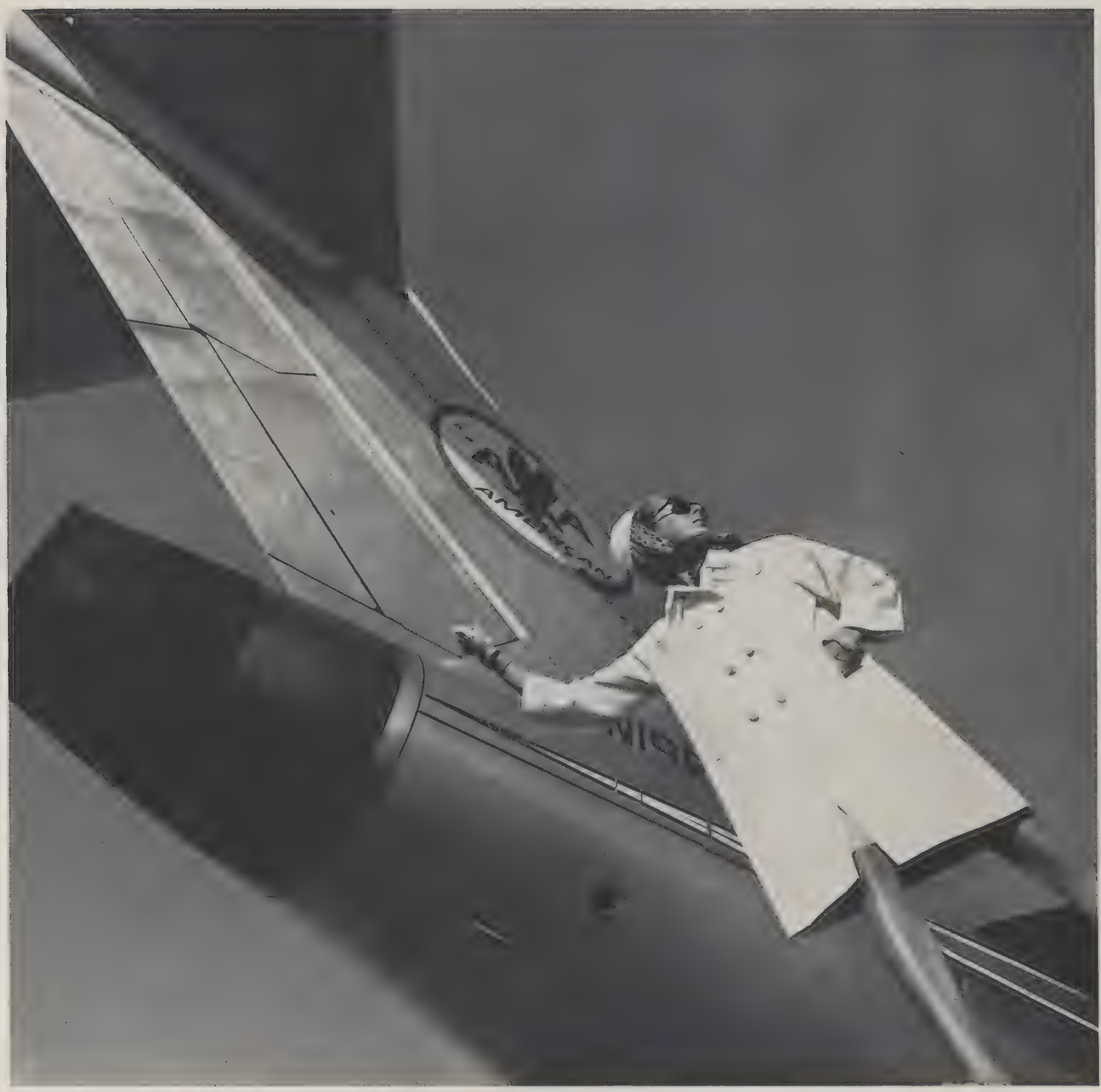
Third floor resort shop,
Fifth Avenue and at White Plains,
Manhasset, Short Hills and
St. Davids, Pa.

Mexico is a magical land. Eastern can make it real for you. For further information, pick up colorful brochures at Eastern Airlines on Exclusive Eastern Tours. Or, call your Eastern Travel Agent and ask him to get you there Eastern Style.

EASTERN

NUMBER ONE TO THE SUN

Sunward bound—
the bright white raincoat



Great way to go where the sun is: pull on all the coat you'll need—a neat little double-breasted raincoat of white cotton duck . . . add the dash of a tiny Moroccan cap hand-crocheted of white cotton, plumped on over a wrap of scarf . . . short racer gloves of taupe pigskin and chamois . . . head straight for Arizona, scene of the Body-and-Sun fashions on pages 114 to 135. Vogue's crew hopped an American Airlines Astrojet—New York to Phoenix in five pampered hours: music to listen to, movies to watch. And on the daylight runs, the biggest show of all—miles of America spread out like a map from a fourth-grader's geography. Half a dozen American flights take off for Phoenix daily . . . a fleet of birds sunward bound. Coat by Cuddlecoat. About $50. At Best & Co.; Livingston's; Dayton's. Fuchs gloves. Halston cap, to order at Bergdorf Goodman.

©1966 Sandcastle "Another fine Kayser-Roth Product"

THE LADY WHO STANDS FOR QUIET REFINEMENT LIVES IN A SANDCASTLE

The Sandcastle collection lives up to the lady in you. "Serene" in embroidered cotton pique. Sizes 8 to 18. About $26.00. At fine stores.

Sandcastle ~ 110 East Ninth Street ~ Suite 1335 ~ Los Angeles, California 90015

Like diamonds under glass! *CHANDELIGHTS*—

the sparkling new lighting by General Electric.

You never saw such lights in your life! So exciting, you wish you could wear them.

So dazzling, you expect to buy them by the carat.

And like diamonds, G.E.'s new *CHANDELIGHTS* are born to glow bare.

Shimmer a chandelier. Sparkle a sconce.

Turn on excitement. Turn on the diamonds tonight!

It's like living in Tiffany's.

CHANDELIGHTS... beginning of a brilliant new *FLAIR* collection.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

America lives in DACRON®

Fashion: 70% Dacron* polyester, 30% Avron† rayon. *Du Pont's registered trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not fabric or fashion. †Trademark of American Viscose Corp.

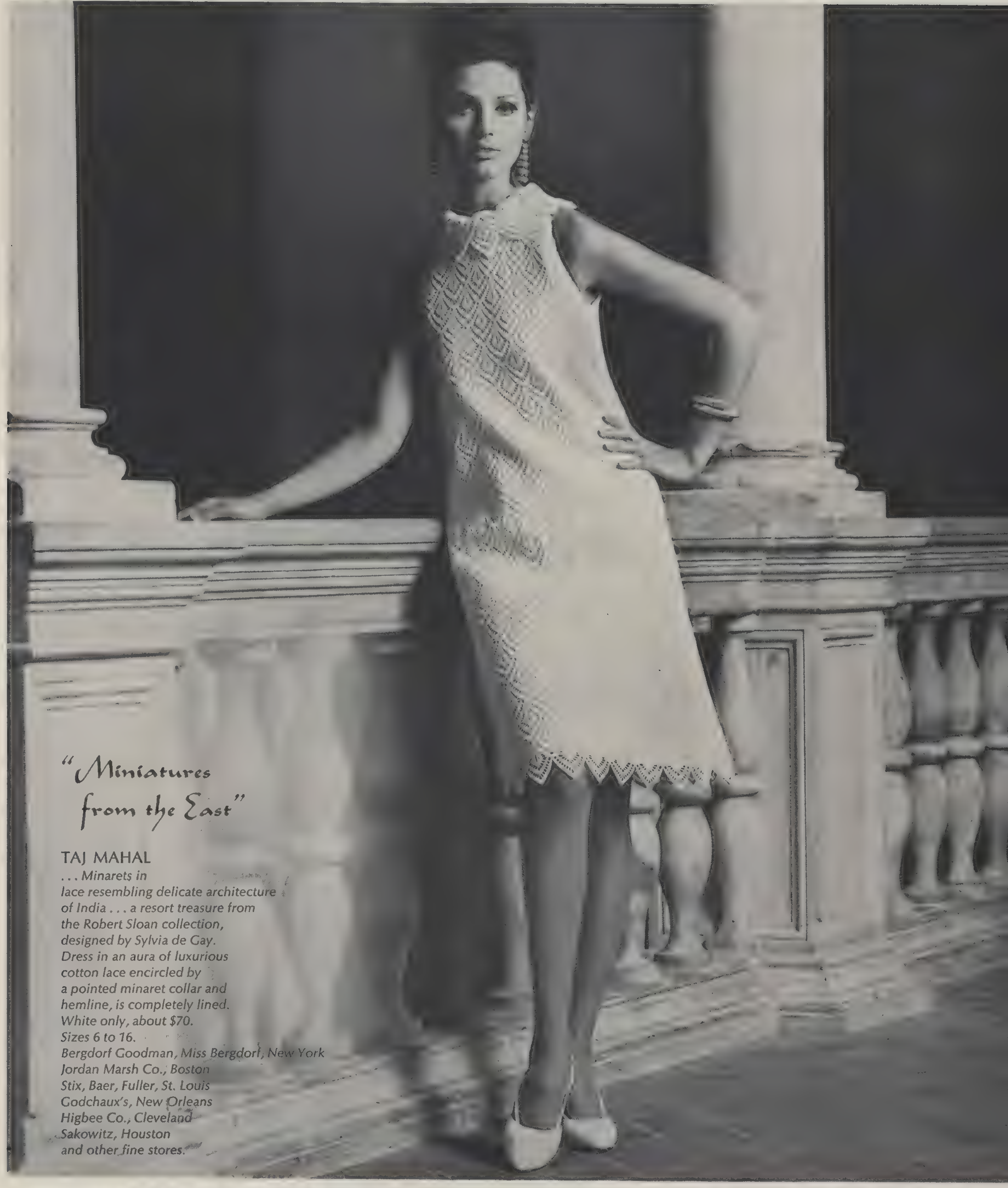
Dazzlement–in rich, rippled "Dacron". By Sylvia de Gay for Robert Sloan.

Eastern inspiration with western wow. By name, the Rama Jama. Definitely for the daring. Also, the wise. For this willowy look is in "Dacron". An expert on poise. In white on white. 6-16. About $70. Available at Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati; Sakowitz, Houston; Burdine's, Miami; Miss Bergdorf at Bergdorf Goodman, New York; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast.

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT OFF

Better Things for Better Living . . . *through Chemistry*

Robert Sloan *designed by Sylvia de Gay*

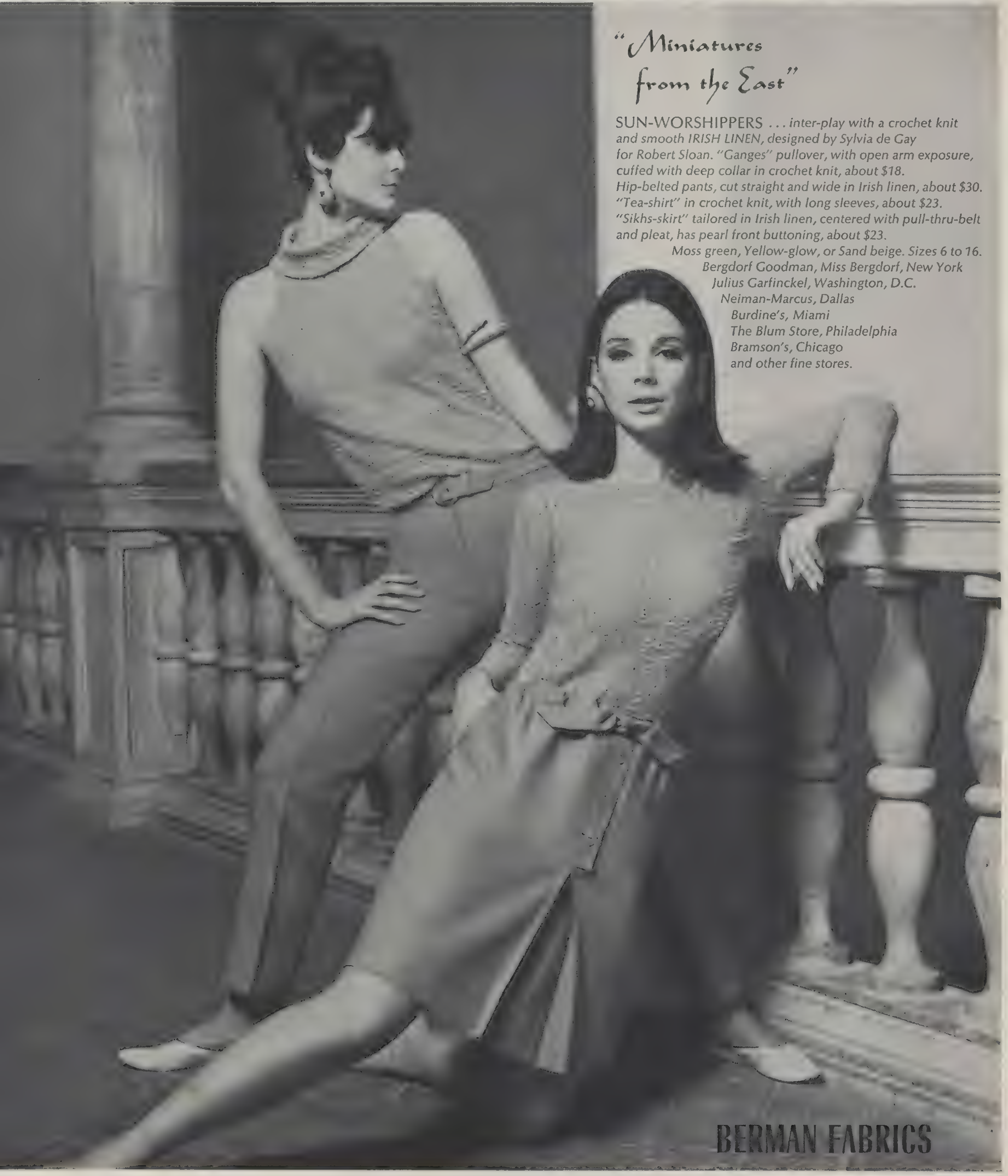


"Miniatures from the East"

TAJ MAHAL
*. . . Minarets in
lace resembling delicate architecture
of India . . . a resort treasure from
the Robert Sloan collection,
designed by Sylvia de Gay.
Dress in an aura of luxurious
cotton lace encircled by
a pointed minaret collar and
hemline, is completely lined.
White only, about $70.
Sizes 6 to 16.
Bergdorf Goodman, Miss Bergdorf, New York
Jordan Marsh Co., Boston
Stix, Baer, Fuller, St. Louis
Godchaux's, New Orleans
Higbee Co., Cleveland
Sakowitz, Houston
and other fine stores.*

LACE BY GEORGE RICHARDSON

Robert Sloan *designed by Sylvia de Gay*



"Miniatures from the East"

SUN-WORSHIPPERS . . . *inter-play with a crochet knit and smooth IRISH LINEN, designed by Sylvia de Gay for Robert Sloan. "Ganges" pullover, with open arm exposure, cuffed with deep collar in crochet knit, about $18. Hip-belted pants, cut straight and wide in Irish linen, about $30. "Tea-shirt" in crochet knit, with long sleeves, about $23. "Sikhs-skirt" tailored in Irish linen, centered with pull-thru-belt and pleat, has pearl front buttoning, about $23.*

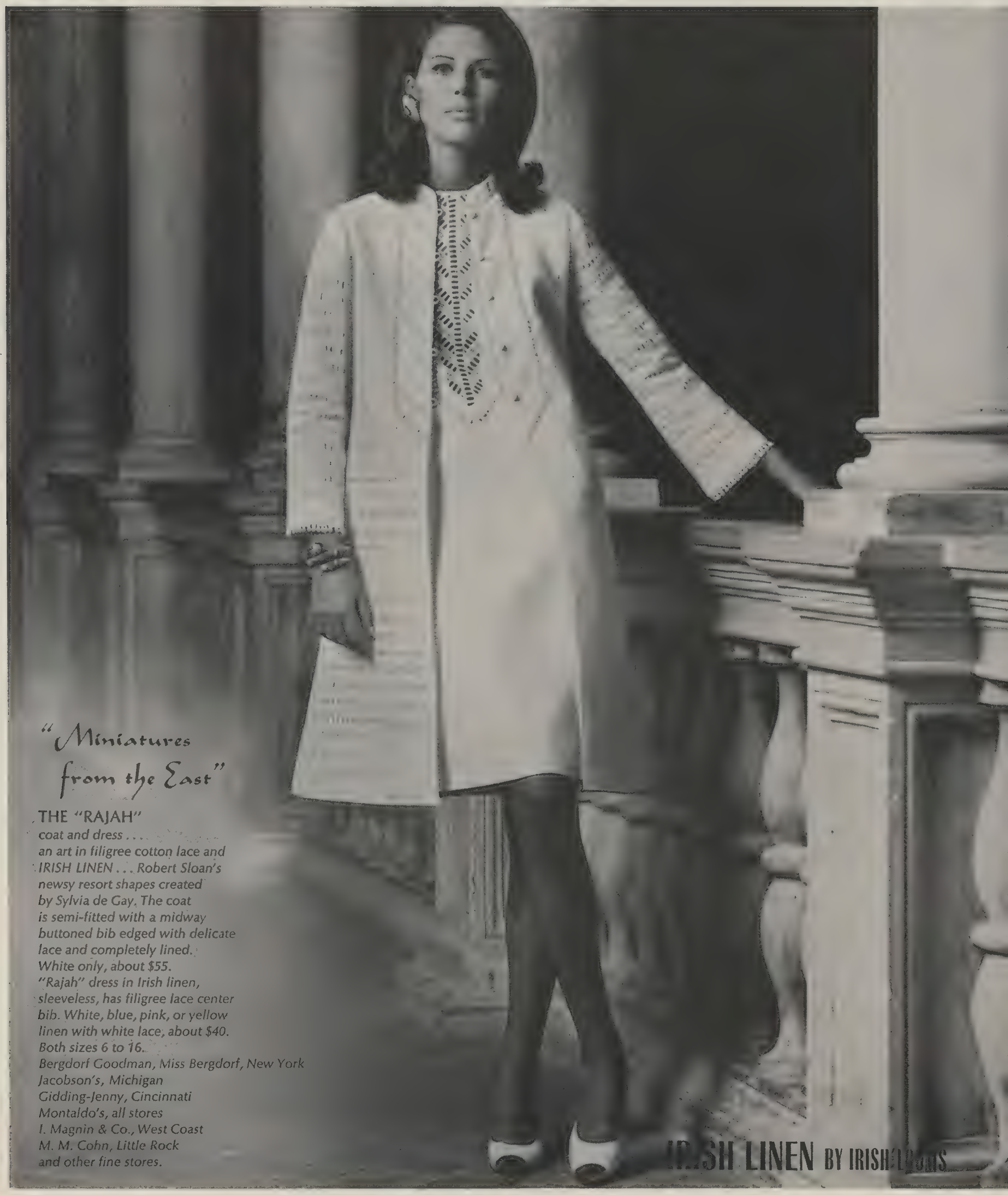
Moss green, Yellow-glow, or Sand beige. Sizes 6 to 16.
Bergdorf Goodman, Miss Bergdorf, New York
Julius Garfinckel, Washington, D.C.
Neiman-Marcus, Dallas
Burdine's, Miami
The Blum Store, Philadelphia
Bramson's, Chicago
and other fine stores.

BERMAN FABRICS

PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

IRISH LINEN BY IRISH LOOMS

Robert Sloan *designed by Sylvia de Gay*



"Miniatures from the East"

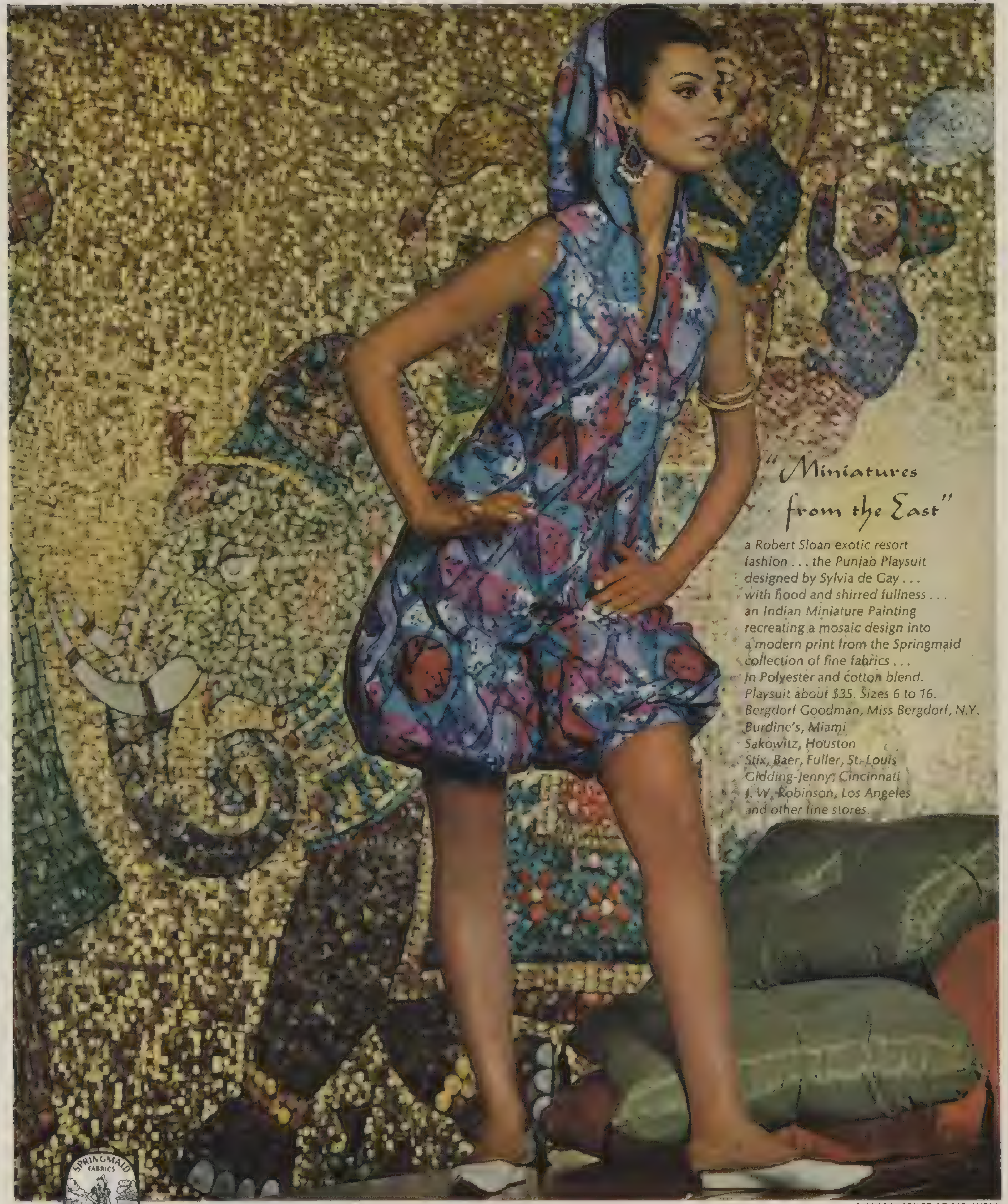
THE "RAJAH"
coat and dress . . . an art in filigree cotton lace and IRISH LINEN . . . Robert Sloan's newsy resort shapes created by Sylvia de Gay. The coat is semi-fitted with a midway buttoned bib edged with delicate lace and completely lined. White only, about $55. "Rajah" dress in Irish linen, sleeveless, has filigree lace center bib. White, blue, pink, or yellow linen with white lace, about $40. Both sizes 6 to 16.

Bergdorf Goodman, Miss Bergdorf, New York
Jacobson's, Michigan
Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati
Montaldo's, all stores
I. Magnin & Co., West Coast
M. M. Cohn, Little Rock
and other fine stores.

IRISH LINEN BY IRISH LOOMS

LACE . . . A KORDÉ FABRIC BY SAMUEL EHRMAN

Robert Sloan *designed by Sylvia de Gay*



"Miniatures from the East"

a Robert Sloan exotic resort fashion . . . the Punjab Playsuit designed by Sylvia de Gay . . . with hood and shirred fullness . . . an Indian Miniature Painting recreating a mosaic design into a modern print from the Springmaid collection of fine fabrics . . . in Polyester and cotton blend.
Playsuit about $35. Sizes 6 to 16.
Bergdorf Goodman, Miss Bergdorf, N.Y.
Burdine's, Miami
Sakowitz, Houston
Stix, Baer, Fuller, St. Louis
Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati
J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles
and other fine stores.

PHOTOGRAPHED AT AIR-INDIA

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The knits that are going on in chic places have the 1-piece look.

Catalina, Inc. • Another Fine KR Kayser-Roth Product • Also available in Canada

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DuPont nylon, Orlon® acrylic or Lycra® spandex. Catalina®

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ORIGINALS

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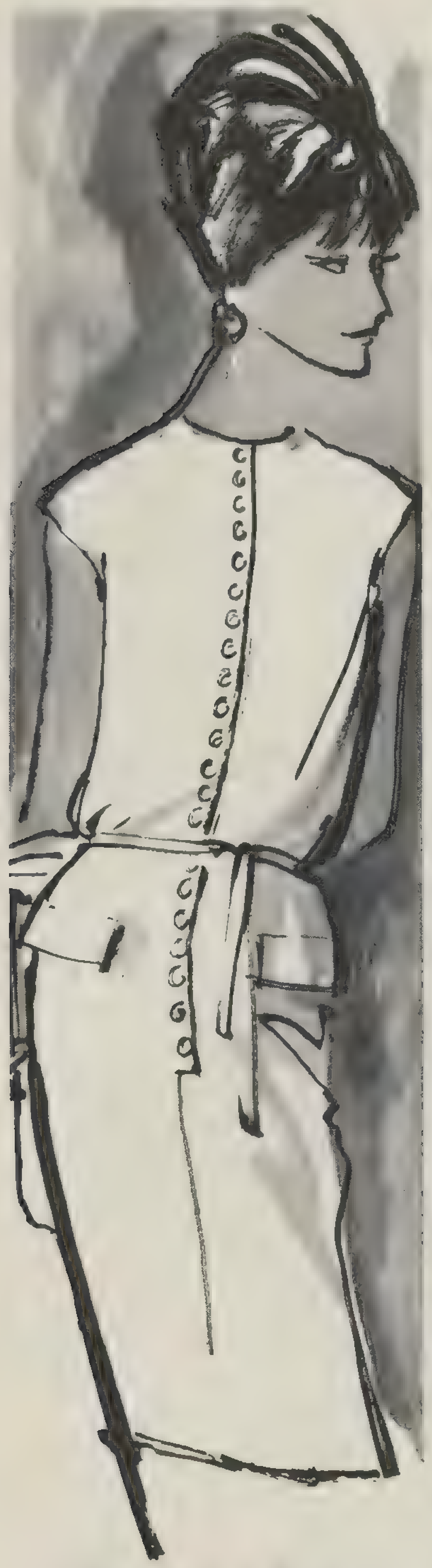
NEW YORK



Crepe Casts a Spell....
in fashionable circles. Our pure silk shift suggests a sleeve, has a row of tiny, covered buttons and sashes at will.

About $70.
lemon • ice blue • bone • black

DePinna—New York
Jacobson Bros.—Michigan
The Lion—California

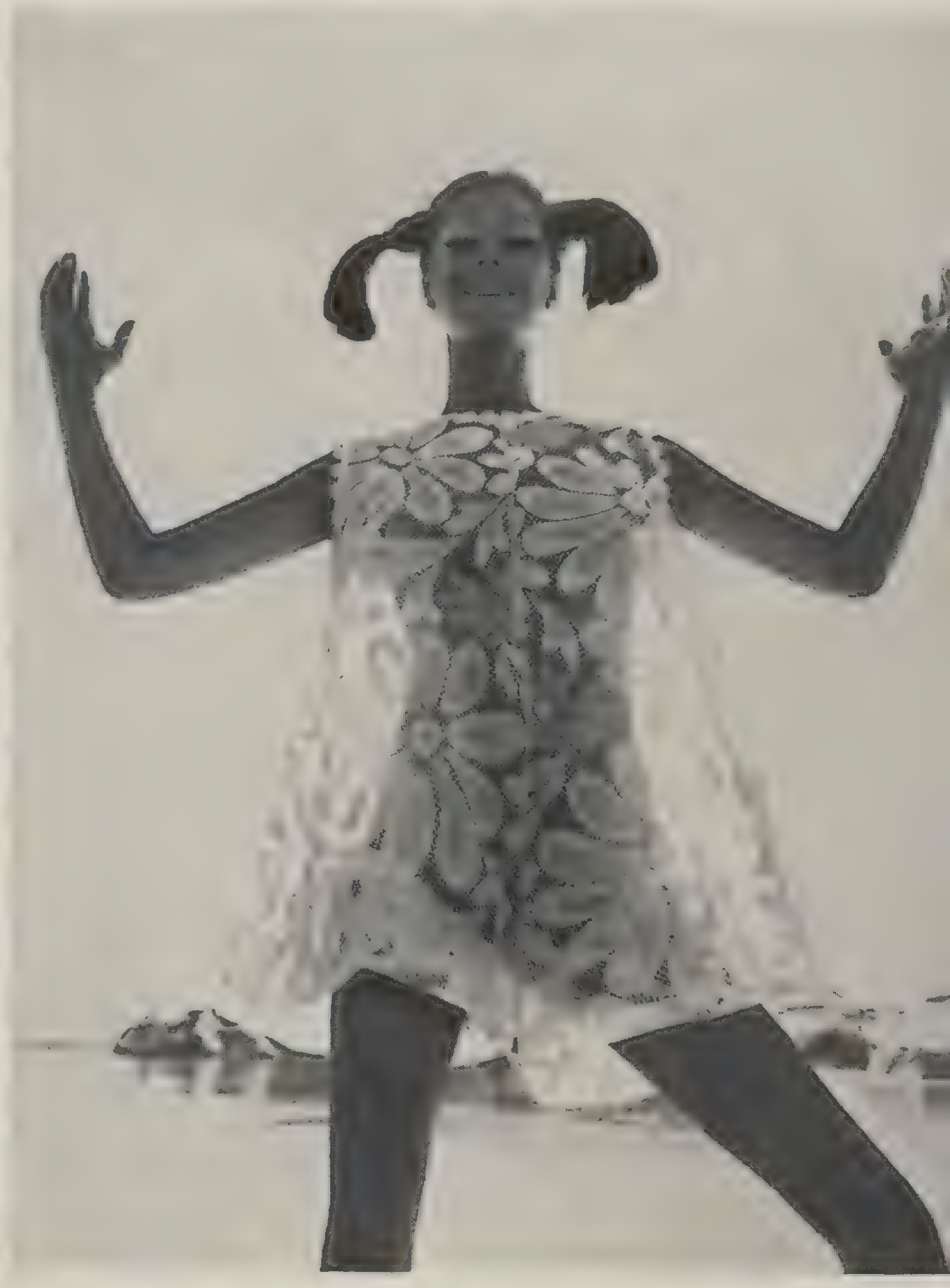
There's No Gambling Like Show Gambling

(Continued from page 12b)

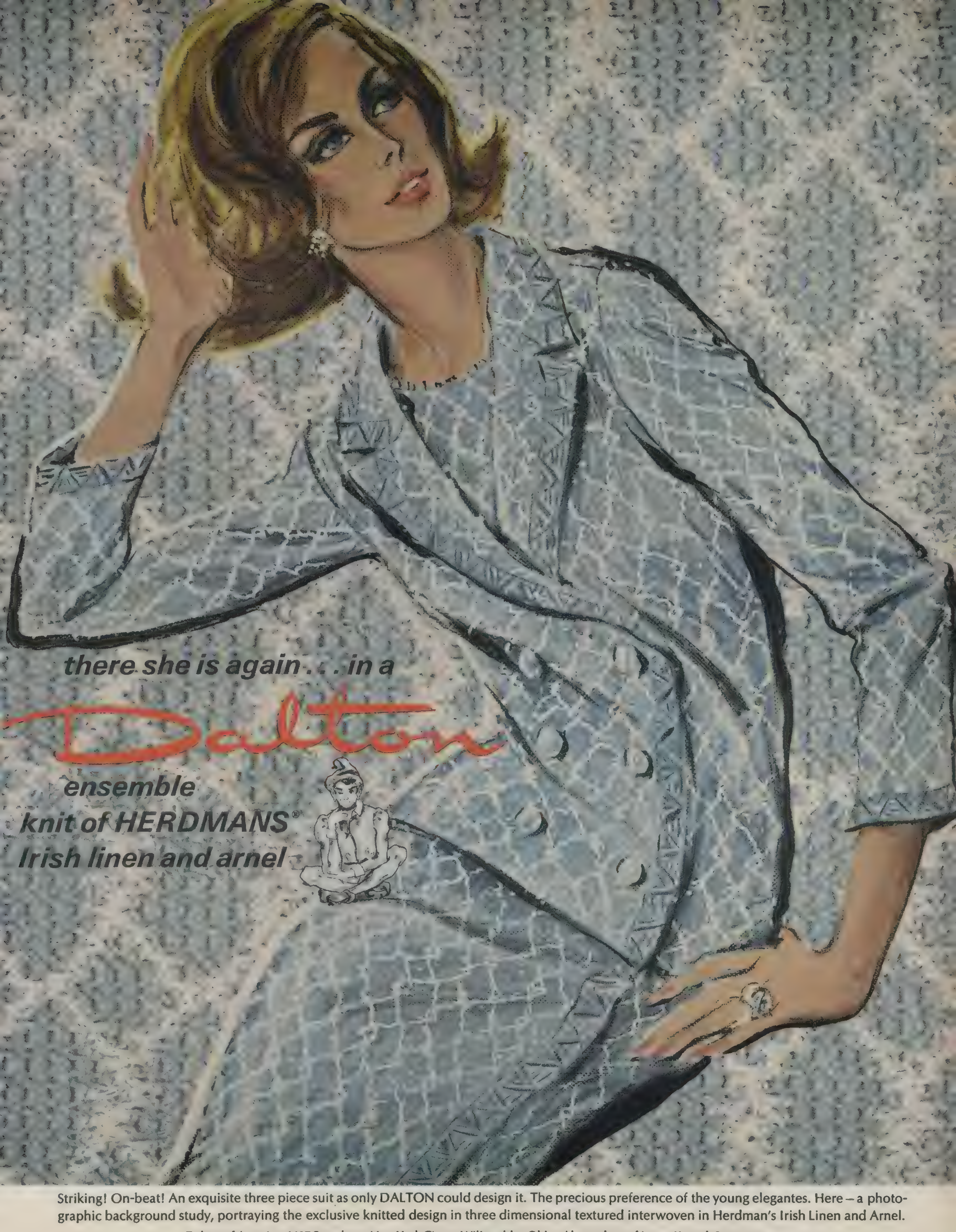
is a ten-card hand. But there before my unbelieving eyes these two actresses were playing away—lips pursed, discards carefully evaluated, new cards pounced on greedily—with seven-card hands. Or at least I thought they were; I might have miscounted, I reflected. I forgot all about the rest of the play, as I waited for a new hand to be dealt. In a moment, my wife laid down her cards smilingly (it looked to me as though she'd knocked with three), and the old bag, with a stricken expression, made an entry on a score sheet. Then the old bag dealt (the *loser* dealing?, I thought dazedly; I must be out of my cockemany mind), and this time I counted carefully. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. . . . That was all. I sat through the rest of the act numbly, and on hearing the curtain line, made a dash for the stage door. Stanislavsky could have asked for no more than that I should try to keep the rest of the show from being a fiasco. But the stage doorman wouldn't let me in.

When, after the final curtain, I finally got to my wife, she was rather put out that instead of complimenting her on her performance or, at the very least, on her costumes, I blurted out, "If you're going to play gin, God damn it, play gin!" I calmed down after a while, though, and we both felt a good deal better when we jointly concluded that, inasmuch as the game had been illegal, she was under no obligation to pay up the seven dollars the old bag had by then gone ahead of her. The next day, my wife asked me prettily if I wouldn't teach her how to play the game correctly—maybe after the end of her run we could spend an evening playing for fun, just the two of us, she added—and I'm delighted to say that by now she's so adept at gin that anybody contemplating a revival of *Born Yesterday* would be a cockemany fool not to cast her in the lead.

Body and sun
The white lace romper—everything's daisy



Filter the sunlight through an airy bubble of white cotton lace, splashed all over with giant daisies; little daisies scalloping the edges. Marvellous over a body stocking or with the tiniest white bikini showing through, as here. Romper by Peter Pan. About $20. At Altman's; Burdine's; Hudson's. The high-and-wide coiffure by Ara Gallant of Garrison-Ramon.


there she is again . . . in a
Dalton
ensemble
knit of HERDMANS®
Irish linen and arnel

Striking! On-beat! An exquisite three piece suit as only DALTON could design it. The precious preference of the young elegantes. Here – a photographic background study, portraying the exclusive knitted design in three dimensional textured interwoven in Herdman's Irish Linen and Arnel.

Dalton of America, 1407 Broadway, New York City or Willoughby, Ohio. Also makers of James Kenrob Sportswear.

featured at: Blum's Vogue, Bonwit Teller, Dayton Co., Frost Bros., Joseph Magnin, Montaldo's and other fine stores everywhere.

What could improve the looks of a Grand Prix?
B Altman & Co
FIFTH AVENUE · WHITE PLAINS · MANHASSET · SHORT HILLS
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Only a woman in Crystal.
Jordan Marsh
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HOUSTON

Geoffrey Beene is doing it—the Dan River Check!

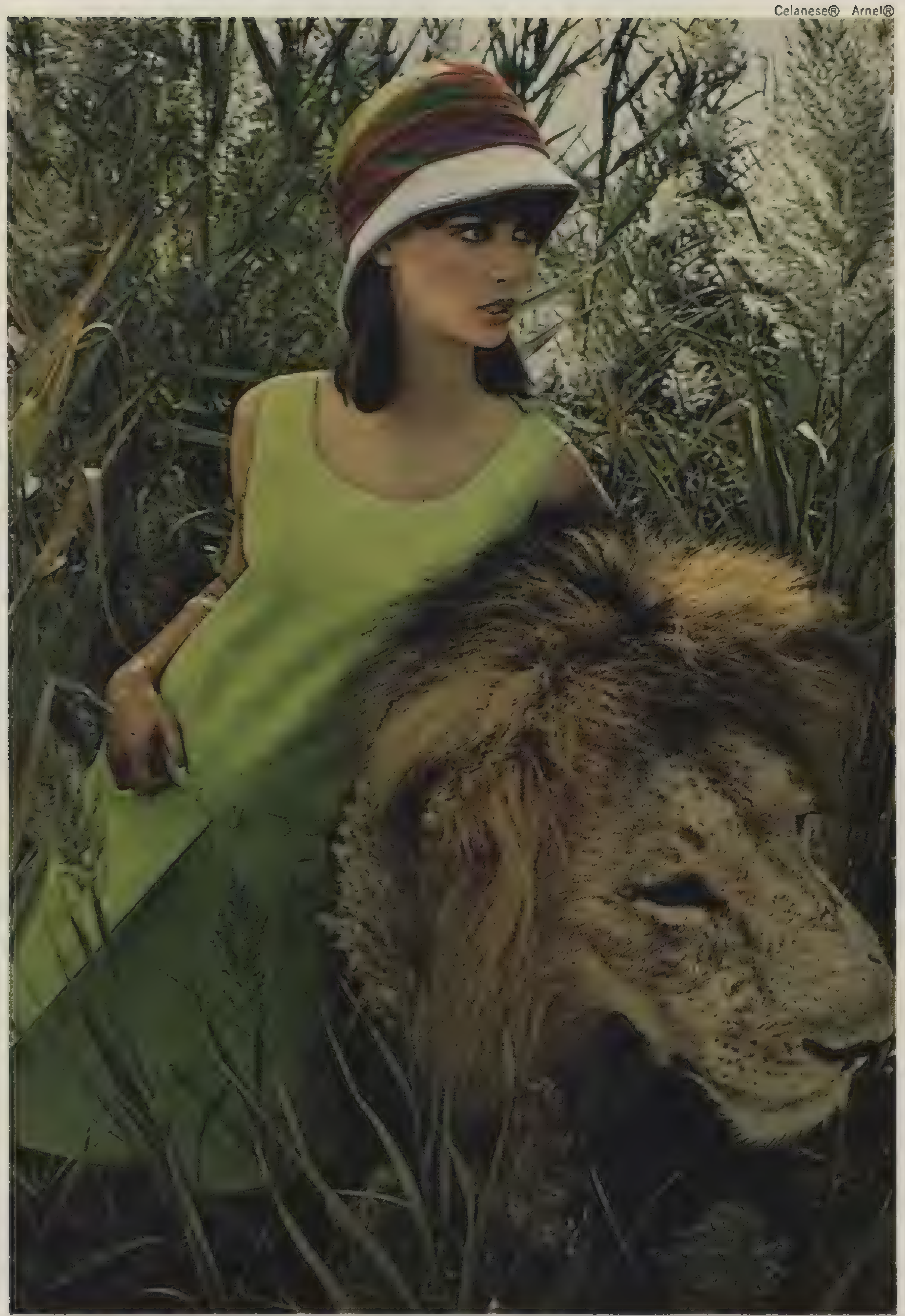
With a special brand of sorcery all his own, Geoffrey Beene does the "Dan River Check" in a luscious soft brown and white, and covers it with copper sequins. It's designed to make a woman want to dance all night and sparkle into dawn still feeling wonderful! You'll feel wonderful, too. The fabric is Dan River Sun Weave®.

Floor-length gown by Geoffrey Beene—$250.00, slightly higher in the West. Available at Lord & Taylor, New York; The Dayton Co., Minneapolis; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; I. Magnin, San Francisco.

Dan River

Elisabeth Stewart Swimwear

Celanese® Arnel®



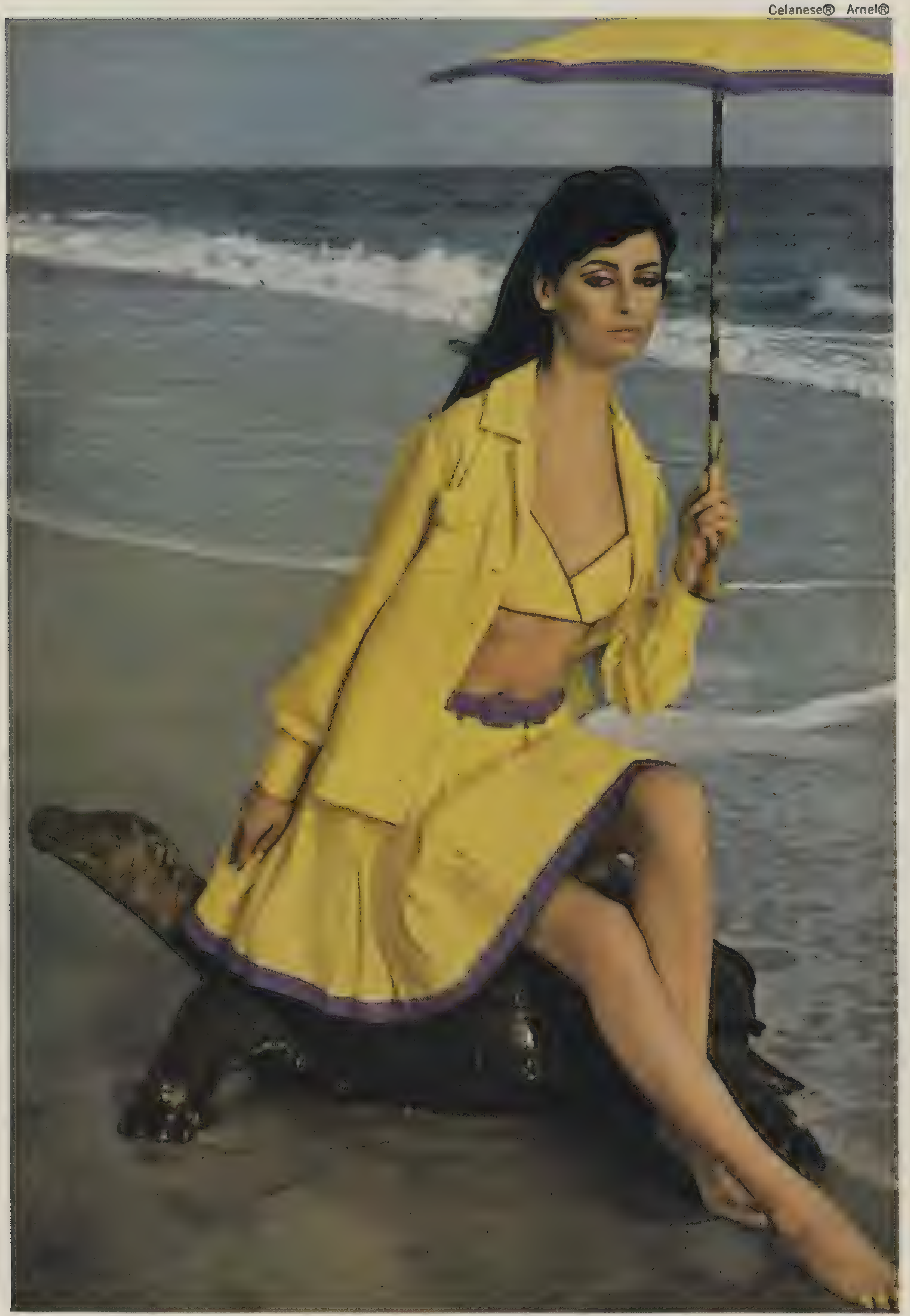
New knee-line skimmer, the short cut to chic, in the season's new pastel color—cool green. Fresh, smooth Arnel sharkskin, easy fitting, belted low. Washable. Ironing, just about nil. By Miss Rikki for Sport-Trio in Folker's sharkskin of Arnel triacetate. Also blue or white. 6-16. About $28. At Best & Co., New York; Bullock's Wilshire & Bullock's Palm Springs, California; Himelhoch's, Detroit; Hutzler's, Baltimore; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.

ARNEL GOES OFF THE BEATEN TRACK

A dazzlingly different diamond piqué. Bright white costume for high noon to evening, flawlessly neat, wrinkle-free all the way. Sleeveless dress, carved short jacket. By Anthony L. Muto for Devonshire in Fabritique's piqué of Arnel triacetate, cotton and rayon. Also black. 4-16. About $60. At Lord & Taylor, New York; Himelhoch's, Detroit; Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh; Joseph Magnin Co., California & Nevada; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.

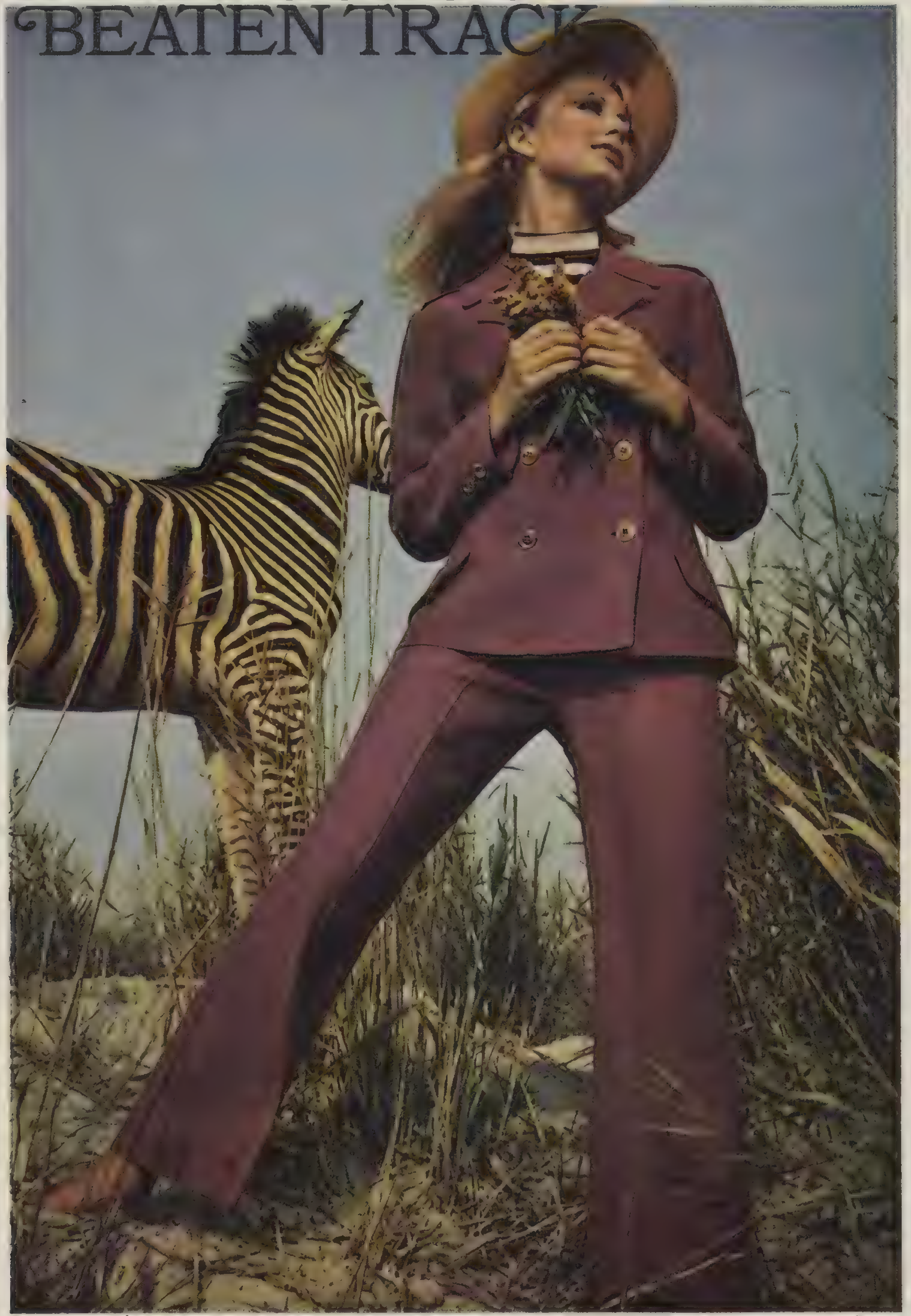
Arnel...a Celanese contemporary fiber

Celanese® Arnel®



Latest bare minimum in the beach ensemble, featuring a tiny matching bikini bra. Supple crepe in a sunny yellow costume by Sylvia deGay for Robert Sloan, in Bloomsburg's crepe of Arnel triacetate and rayon. 6-14. Co-ordinating, a short skirt pleated for keeps, about $25. Bikini bra, about $10. Long, lazy cover shirt, about $25. At Bergdorf Goodman, N. Y.; Burdine's, Miami; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland; I. Magnin, West Coast, Sakowitz, Houston.

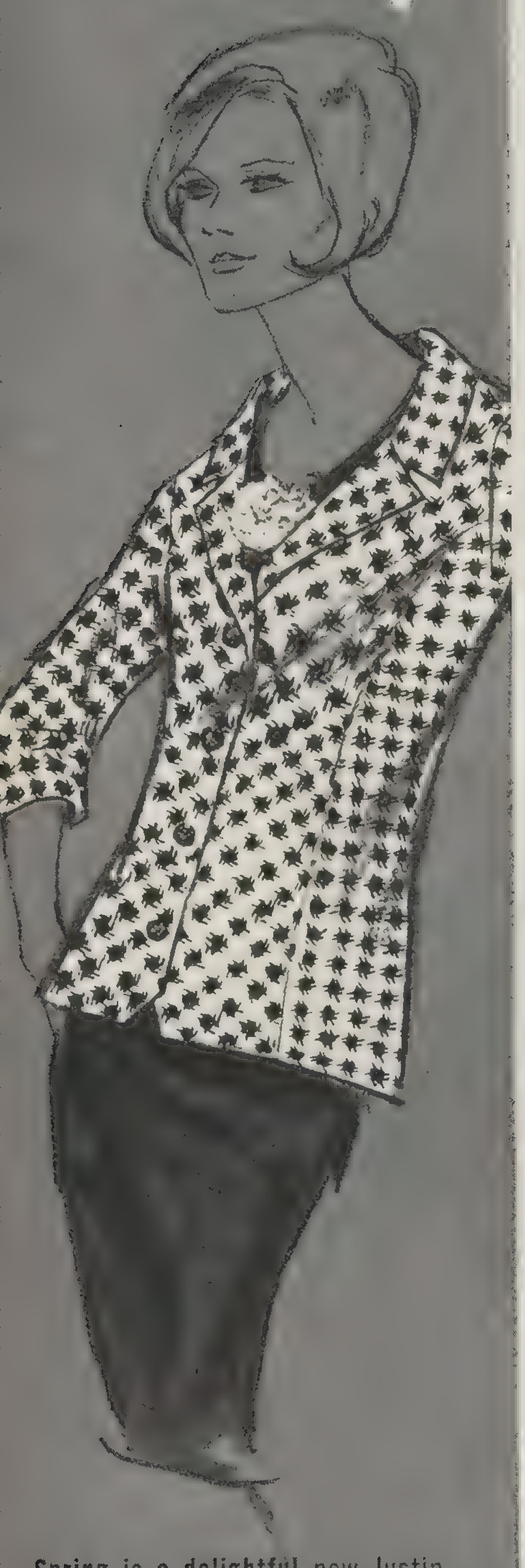
ARNEL GOES OFF THE BEATEN TRACK



A sporting new terry-texture tailored into a dashing pants suit, in a smashing new color—African violet. By Gayle Kirkpatrick for Atelier in Stehli's wrinkle-free terry-texture of Arnel triacetate and other fiber. 6-16. Brass-buttoned, double-breasted jacket, about $35. Hip-hugging pants, about $20. At Bonwit Teller, New York; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland; Joseph Magnin Co., California & Nevada; Rich's, Atlanta; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis.

Arnel...a Celanese contemporary fiber

Justin McCarty



Spring is a delightful new Justin McCarty three piece suit! The figure-fit jacket is cut longer, flares into a modified "A", briskly shows off the giant houndstooth checks. Imported cotton for the jacket, to wear over a two piece vestee blouse and skirt of linen-look rayon, accented with bright carnations at the neckline. Navy, toast, or black. Sizes 6 to 16. About $50

VANDEVER'S
TULSA

JULIUS LEWIS
MEMPHIS

BEAUTY ✓ CHECKOUT

January 1

Giovanni, Lina, Bruno, Marisa, Betty, Cele, Mimmo

The names dropped at the left belong to the seven Vergottini, a dazzling septet of brothers, sisters, and cousins whose fame as hairdressers and cutters has wafted far from their home base in Milan. In fact, it started making its way in the world with the success of their grandfather, who started fussing with hair in northern Italy in 1890. . . . One of our itinerant hair reporters called on the current Vergottini at their Via Montenapoleone address in Milan to observe them in action, reported following findings. V's don't favour curly curls. They set the hair in enormous rollers, except for front hairline, which gets pinned out of way; wrap the set up in gauze that swathes the chin, ties at top of crown; send it under the dryer for twenty minutes. When head emerges, rollers and pins on top front get removed, then all gets re-rolled. Back under dryer for another ten minutes. More smoothness with this system, they reason; no visible breaks in front. . . . When one returns for a combing later, the Vergottini roll the hair up this time dry and dispatch it to the dryer for a few moments. *Then* the combing. . . . The Vergottini on teasing: anti. The Vergottini on parts: pro. Always a part. "Notice," they point out, "that hair just left to fall loose assumes a part automatically. No-part is non-natural." . . . Back in the U.S.A., our reporter observed that her Vergottini shearing, at the age of eight weeks, had retained every bit of its line. Retained it to the degree that her New York hairdresser called all salon hands in his employ to study and appreciate the cut's masterful pattern. . . .

Instant health for men

That the youthquake has hit the faces of man is nowhere so evident as in the new collections of men's cosmetics that propose to keep those faces as ageless as they possibly can be. And healthier looking than they possibly *may* be. Notable among the members of such collections is a new after-shave for men which we regard with greenest eyes. Look Fit by John Robert Powers produces all of the advantages of sunning with none of its drawbacks; with no drawbacks at all, as far as we know. Look Fit presents a man with a wholesome tan, stains permanently neither skin nor clothing, is washable-offable with soap and water. In addition to its aren't-I-the-swinger colour, it soothes and moisturizes the boyish face. . . . Among this entubed marvel's thirteen associates in the Powers Men's Collection is Talc Tablet which goes on via dry sponge to eradicate teatime shadow and deshine a gleaming pate. And a rousing masque called Pick-up. The more masque, the firmer tiger's jaw. . . .

Séance on a pleasant afternoon

Passing through Bloomingdale's street floor the other day, we happened upon girl, comfortably ensconced upon a stool, being made up by attractive worker who looked as if she knew not only what she was doing—but how to do it. As maker-upper removed used makeup with oil, she asked the girl why she wore so much eyeliner. "To make my eyes big . . . they're too small," the patient replied. "Not the right approach," cosmetologist demurred with Scheherazade accent as she applied lotion to finish off the cleanser's work. Thereupon demonstrated what she had in mind. To open up the eye, lift brow by underlining it with white; pale blue shadow; *very* thin eyeliner opens eye further. As she affixed transparent face powder with sterilized brush ("over the right foundation, transparent is for *any*body," she explained), we examined situation, which turned out to be Estée Lauder's Beauty Spa, new installation at Bloomingdale's. There, any woman who phones gets twenty to thirty minutes of the time of a licensed cosmetologist, no exchange of money involved, and makeup advice that might last well into the future; as well as actual makeup that should last well into the night. No selling of Estée Lauder's cosmetics. They're there to buy, but makeup artist not permitted by Mrs. Lauder to do business with them. Aide will handle order, if you insist. Not only at Bloomingdale's, but at a number of shops around the country that will soon, if not already, be Lauderizing faces—free. . . .

all this and COTTON TOO

George Carmel likes surface interest, likes Arctic white. In a word, likes *cotton,* because cotton is whitest white and cotton weaves into fascinating textures. For the commandant's collar and the military brass buttons he summoned his own genius. For the rich texture and the stark whiteness he summoned cotton.

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Nat Kaplan designs for good girls

TRAVEL

By Merle Oberon de Pagliai

Acapulco,
"a dream of colour"

"This water in January is—is extravagant," said Paul-Louis Weiller, a French friend of mine. Yes, the water is extravagant; so are the sunsets, and those balmy nights. With complete lack of exaggeration I can say I know of no other nights anywhere in the world to compare with those of Acapulco in Mexico: no humid air, no mists from the sea, no clouds to hide the moon and the Milky Way. Each time I arrive in Acapulco I am immediately taken under its spell; each time I am loath to leave. Sometimes, sitting transfixed by one of the sunsets, I think of the Spanish galleons which once brought spices, silks, and porcelains from the Far East to this port where the jungle meets the sea, to be then taken by mule teams across Mexico to Veracruz, and then shipped to Spain and other parts of the known world. Pirates waited for the passing galleons in the small harbour of Puerto Marqués in Acapulco.

Today the great beauty and allure of the place is still alive. More and more people to whom hotel life seems insufficient build or buy houses. The first things that trap people are the air and the water, neither of which changes its temperature more than a few degrees from winter to summer. Then, they are captured by the outdoor living, by pleasant and willing domestic help, and by the enigmatic sea that stretches to China. From November through spring, and actually as late as until June, there is never a cloud in the sky, nor any kind of mistral, nor wind, nor rainstorm. During the summer months the dramatic and exciting tropical storms usually happen at night. Lightning illuminates the entire bay seemingly for minutes at a time, and thunder appears to rend the heavens. Echoes of *Wuthering Heights*!

One of my favourite distractions is to take a glass-bottomed boat between the island of La Roqueta and the mainland to watch the tropical fish swarm around the statue of the Virgin of Guadalupe which was placed under water by fishermen. The boatman may dive under the boat, loosen a sea urchin from the rocks, and feed it by hand to the fish. At a charming cove, Pichilinque, where we go by boat to swim, skin divers surround the boat selling fresh lobsters, clams, and oysters. Sometimes we take canoe trips down lagoons through the jungles, hearing the chattering of parrots, egrets, and other tropical birds, or we ride small horses for miles along the sandy beaches of Rebolcadero.

The nightclubs of Acapulco are among the most beautiful in the world. Built along the sea, sometimes decorated with waterfalls, giant foliage, and soft lights, they have excellent music. Dancers, gently fanned by the sea breezes, may dance barefoot on the sands under the clear, starry skies. There are also luncheon dance places with the menu choice of lobster or shrimp only, and tropical fruit punches (with or without alcohol), and good bands for dancing until sundown.

The *zócalo*, or main square, in Acapulco is essentially Mexican Indian, with many markets surrounding it. The main market sells anything from a gardenia to a live chicken to a dress. Scattered all over the town are shops at which almost anything can be made up overnight.

At Las Brisas, a hotel consisting of a series of bungalows built on a hill with a breathtaking view of the harbour, each bungalow has its own swimming pool. A pink Jeep takes guests to town. The hotel's beach club, La Concha (The Shell), has three pools in the sea, and the most fabulous luncheon buffet imaginable.

Near the nightclub La Perla, adjoining one of the oldest hotels, El Mirador, high divers dive three or four times a night from a cliff one hundred and eighteen feet high into twelve feet of water. They must have precision timing to hit the water just when a wave comes in. At another nightclub, the Jacaranda, the show recreates, with Aztec music and costumes, an old Aztec pageant, and, from a one-hundred-foot pole, the Voladores do the flying dance of the Totonac Indians, tied with ropes around their waists, slowly circling the pole as they descend.

In addition to a wonderful beach, the Acapulco Hilton has the most imaginative swimming pool I've seen. About a half-mile long, it entirely surrounds an island with a restaurant, bar, and terraces. Most of the hotels have magnificent views of the harbour, which occasionally offers its own magnificent sights: The night when Prince Philip left Acapulco, the Royal Yacht "Britannia" circled the entire bay, lights blazing, bands playing, and escorted by the Mexican Navy.

Our own view from the new house we have built in Acapulco is one of the most glorious I have ever seen. Set in seven acres, our main house stands a few feet above the sea, just high enough to take in the entire bay to the right; it faces the island of La Roqueta behind which the sun sets. To the left the Pacific stretches as far as imagination can!

For this beautiful piece of land I had to find the best architect, which I did: Juan Sordo Madaleno. We worked together because I knew what I wanted and he, being sensitive and brilliant, helped me to get it. The decoration of the house and the planning of the garden I did alone. We ended up with a series of houses for guests, children, et cetera. All that is visible from a boat is the main house which consists of white arches surrounded by palms and old mango trees.

Beside the main house stand two gigantic rocks over which water cascades into a pool shaped like a natural lake. An outdoor living room spans the pool like a bridge under palm trees planted to form an arch, giving shade from the tropical sun. For sea-bathing, we have our own little private beach. The rest of our sea-front consists of enormous, beautifully shaped rocks from which we fish and on which we sunbathe.

The garden is a dream of colour: flowers I have never seen anywhere else, and every tropical fruit tree. We pick our own lemons, tangerines, pineapples, papayas. In the garden we keep macaws, parrots, parakeets. They can fly enough to keep them happy, but their wings are clipped enough to keep them at home. This is our first winter in our Acapulco house. I don't think my wings will need clipping to keep me here.

Pleasant pointers on flying to Mexico and Acapulco. Cumbersome technicalities have vanished. Here, for example, is how it happens for those passengers flying from New York to Mexico on Eastern Airlines. Step 1. Arriving at Eastern's terminal at Kennedy Airport, passengers have their luggage checked at the curbstone. Gone is the anguished search for porters, queuing at counters, weighing-in. Step 2. At a centre counter in the Eastern Terminal, travellers pick their plane seats. Step 3. Mexican Tourist cards, good for thirty days (no visas necessary), are issued, free, within five minutes of the request. Step 4. At a duty-free counter, travellers may order their supplies of cigarettes and liquor; this saves the long trek to the shop in the International Building. Step 5. Having completed these painless formalities, first-class passengers may wait in the Falcon Lounge where coffee and rolls, cigars and cigarettes, as well as hors d'oeuvres and soft drinks, are all on the house.

New this month: Eastern jets will fly directly from New York to Acapulco three times a week, touching down in Mexico City for Customs clearance. This summer jets will fly nonstop from New York to Acapulco. Good to know: on the New York to Mexico City fare, the Acapulco trip comes as a bonus—no extra charge.

and bad

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Body by Roxanne

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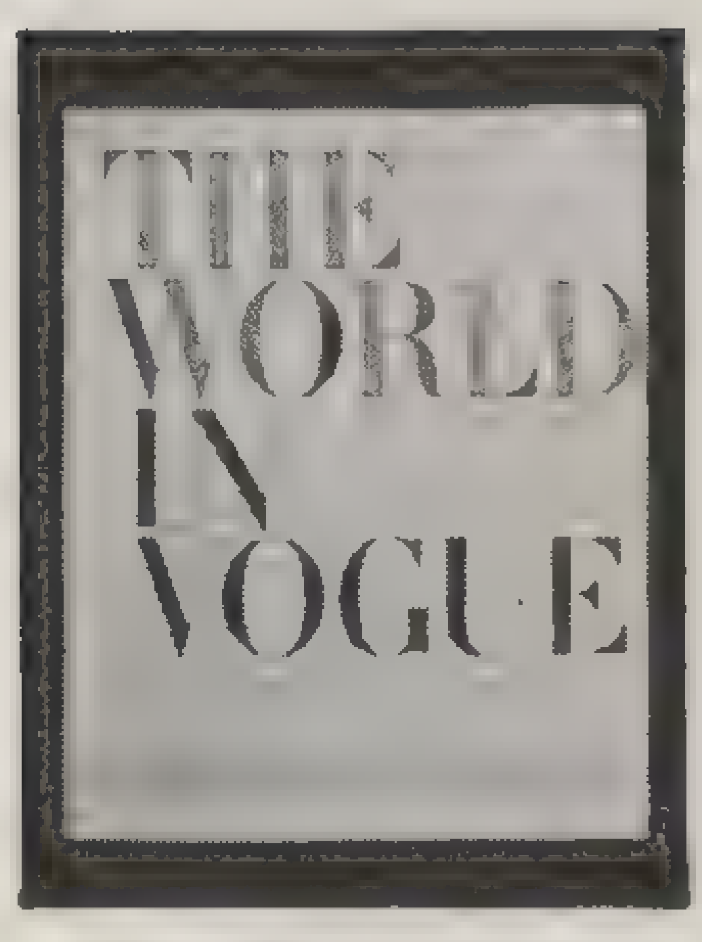
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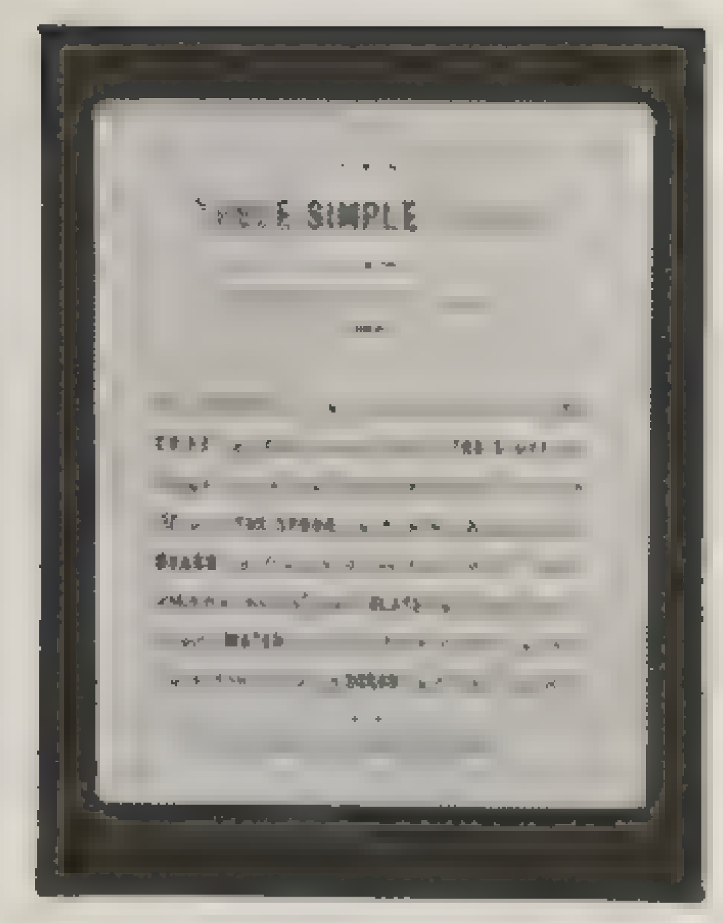

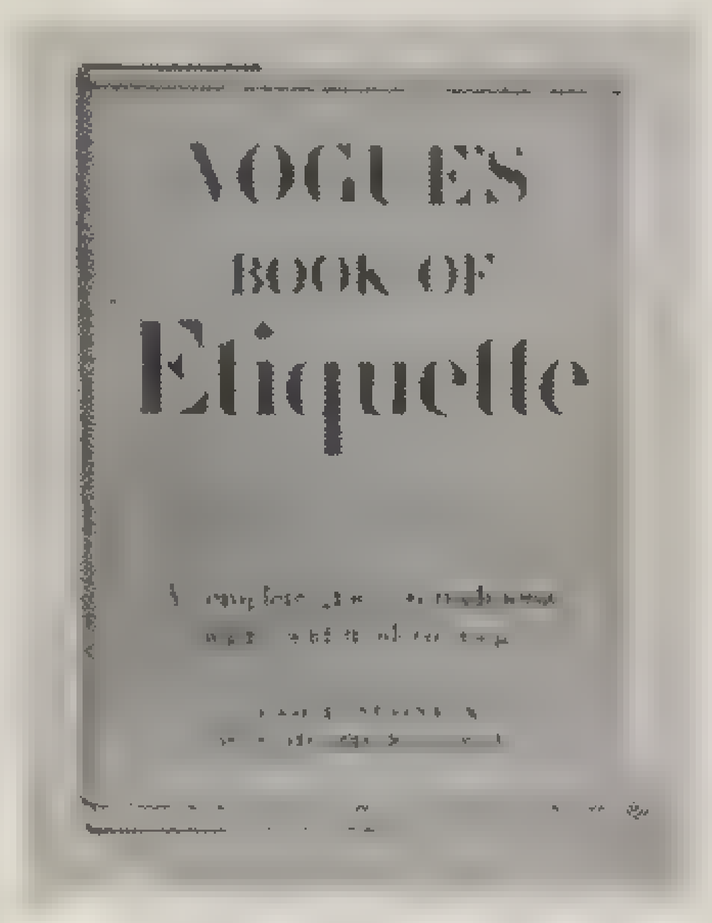
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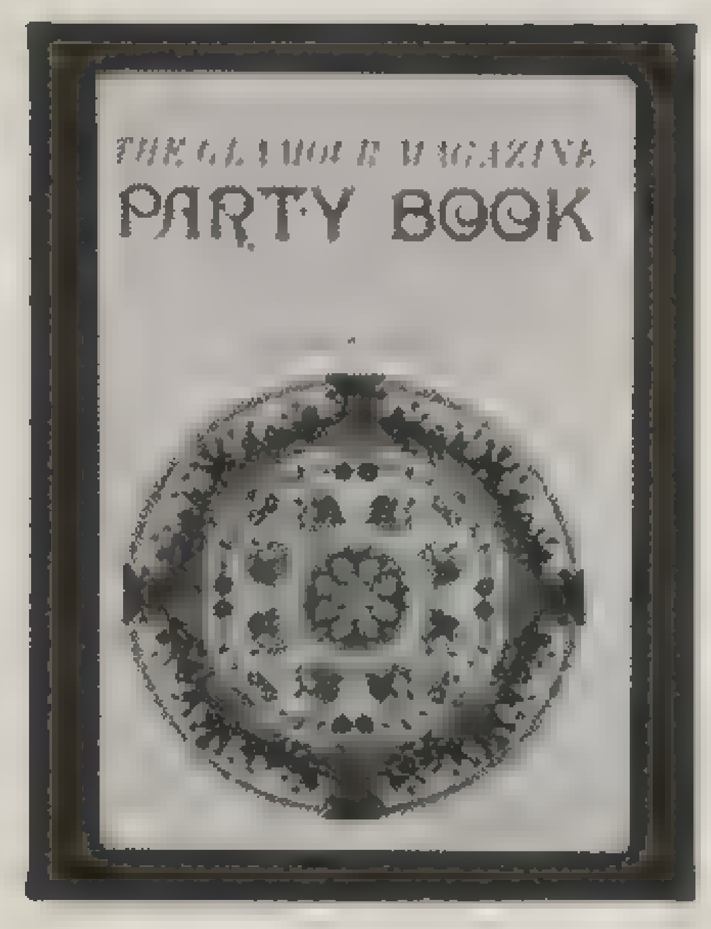
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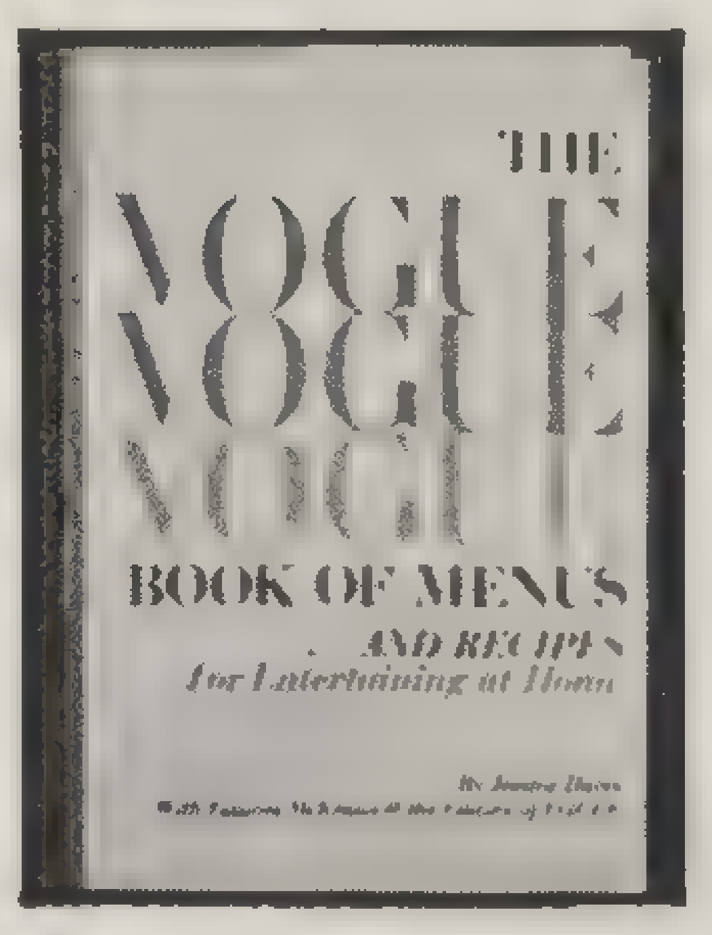
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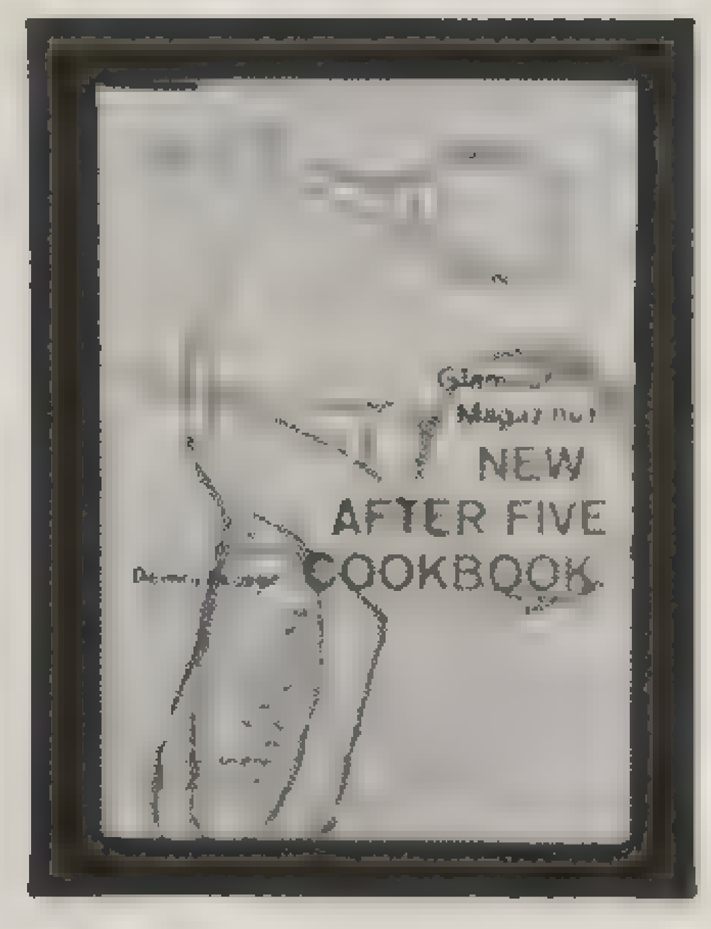
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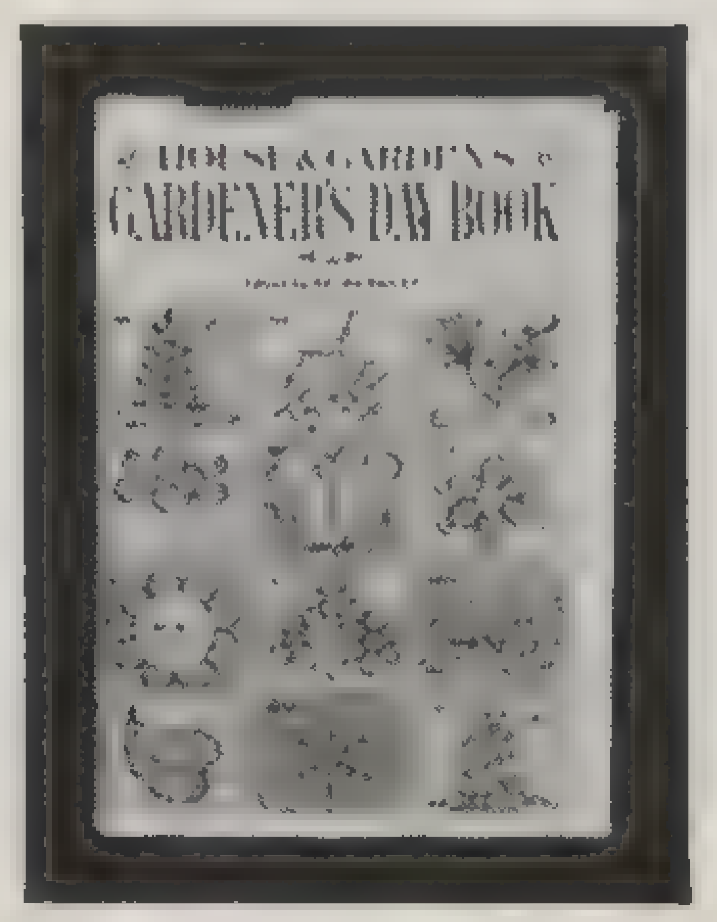
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VANITY FAIR

Q: Why are your hips and tummy like a rubber band?

A: BECAUSE!

❀**Your hips and tummy are "held-in" by big bands of muscles. If you don't exercise these muscles they stretch "out-of-shape" just like a flabby rubber band. So, usually you try to hold-the-line by jumping into a girdle. It does much of the job that your muscles should be doing.**

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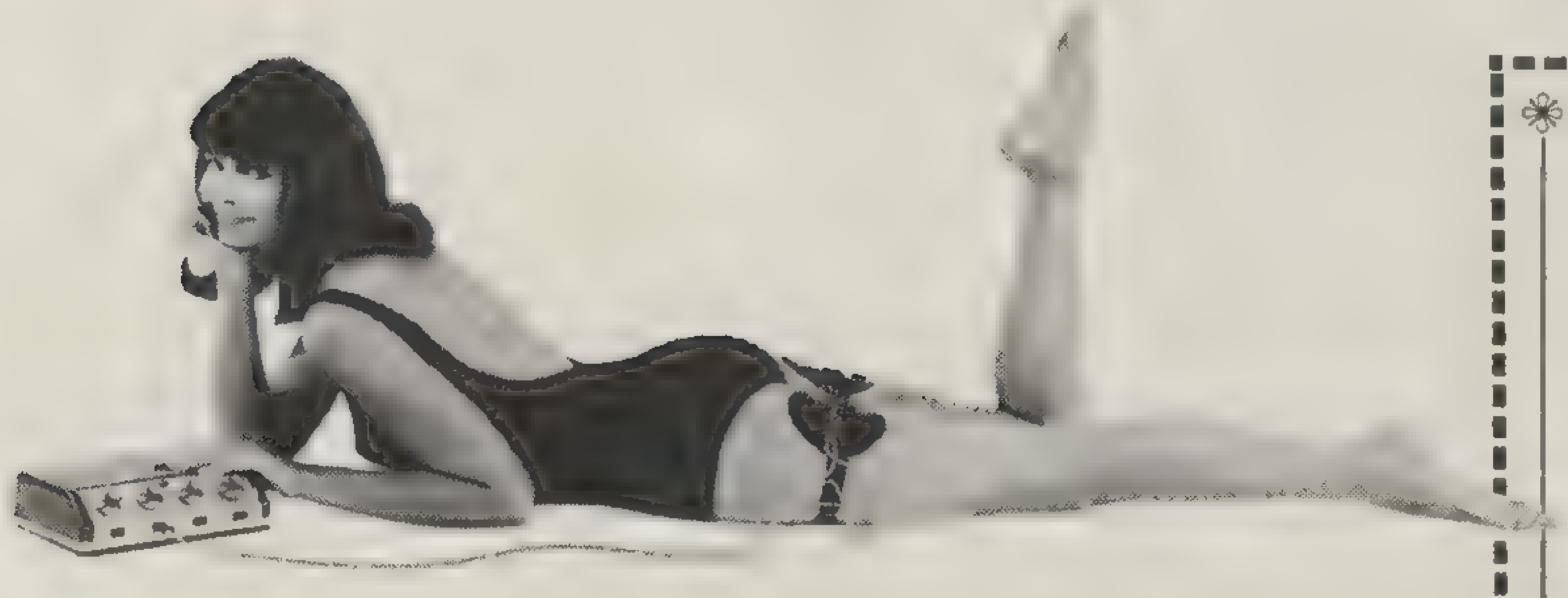

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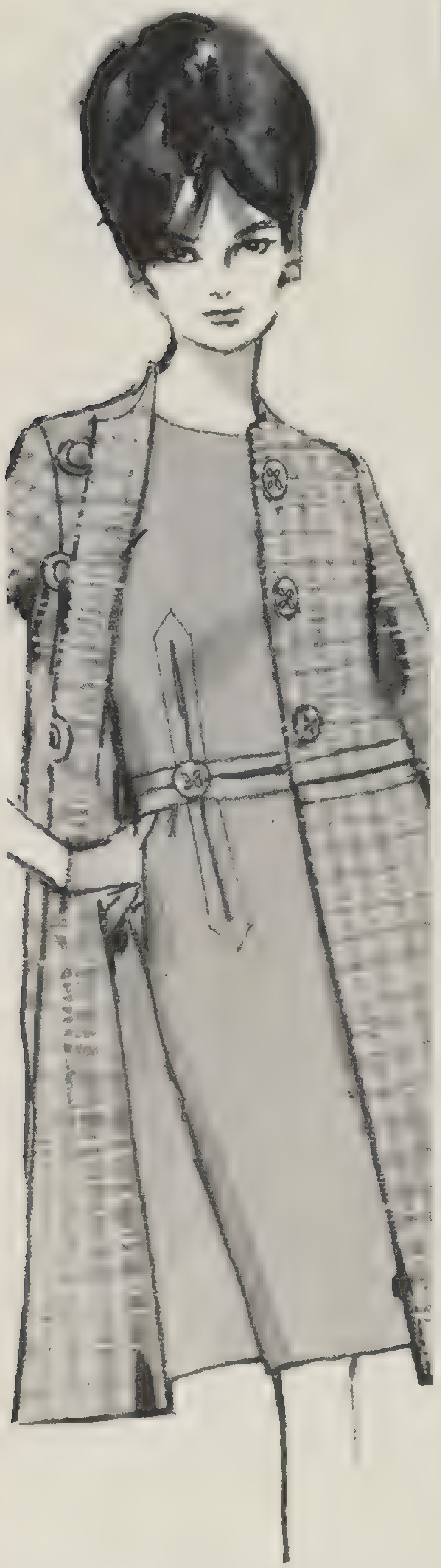

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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

No-soap cleansing bar gets on its feet

His wife seemed addicted to it—this amber, medicure-packed cleansing lotion. So did their teen-age daughter, who was led to it by her mother and by the collar, lest she forget, twice a day. He had noticed that the girl's skin had lost the murkiness for which it had become famous, in family circles, prelotion; that even his wife's generally excellent complexion had assumed a certain new glow. Since he had a tendency toward sporadic blemishes and a rather soily-oily face: Why not try that girl-stuff, figured he. With that initial plunge, Ten-O-Six, the now-classic corrective cleanser, became a family affair, purchased literally by the gallon, a gallon jug being one of the sizes Bonne Bell has put Ten-O-Six up in to meet family requirements. . . . Originally an M.D. prescription (Prescription #1006), Ten-O-Six owes some of its healing uniquity to isopropanol, hexachlorophene, allantoin (we'll let you look them up). . . . Now the cleaned-up family described will be thrilled to learn, if they don't know, that the Ten-O-Six formula has been enchantingly translated into a cleansing bar. No soap is this, Bonne Bell stresses, just a round of golden, see-clear-through, antiseptic goodness to be used instead of soap and before lotion. Idea is to massage its lather on face and neck with the pink foam puff. To work it into the scalp and hair to discourage dandruff. And to keep it dry in its own three-footed plastic house in between times.

As your hair goes, now goes your blusher

It seems only fair that people who have done so much for our hair colouring should apply their colour insight to the face that goes under the hair. And they have, as we noted with pleasure in May when Clairol came up with charts and discs to measure one's skin tone, plus cosmetics to cinch the rapport between face and hair. . . . Now they have delved into the situation even more deeply and this is the word on blushers vs. hair. Pale pink and honey for blondes. Peaches and cream for redheads. Rose with a touch of caramel for brunettes. Each complexion-coded cake of Clairol's Soft-Blush, in colours so delicate they're almost sneaky, has been put up with a mirror in a tortoise compact. So blush appropriately.

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Cool, calm and collected . . . this tropical twosome in fine Belgian Linen. Ideal travel companions—Roberta designs them with a crisp, neat line and a look of easy simplicity. Left: A straight, loose jacket, boldly pearl buttoned, cool neckline. Scarlet Red, Cornflower Blue and Aqua. Sizes 8 to 20. About $55.00. Right: Colorful striper trim, matching "hoopla" tie belt. All very casual, down to the gentle skirt. White with trim of Scarlet Red and Black; also in Strawberry Ice with trim of Strawberry tones; or Green Mist with trim of Green tones. Sizes 8 to 20. About $45.00. At stores listed or write: Roberta Dresses, Inc., 498 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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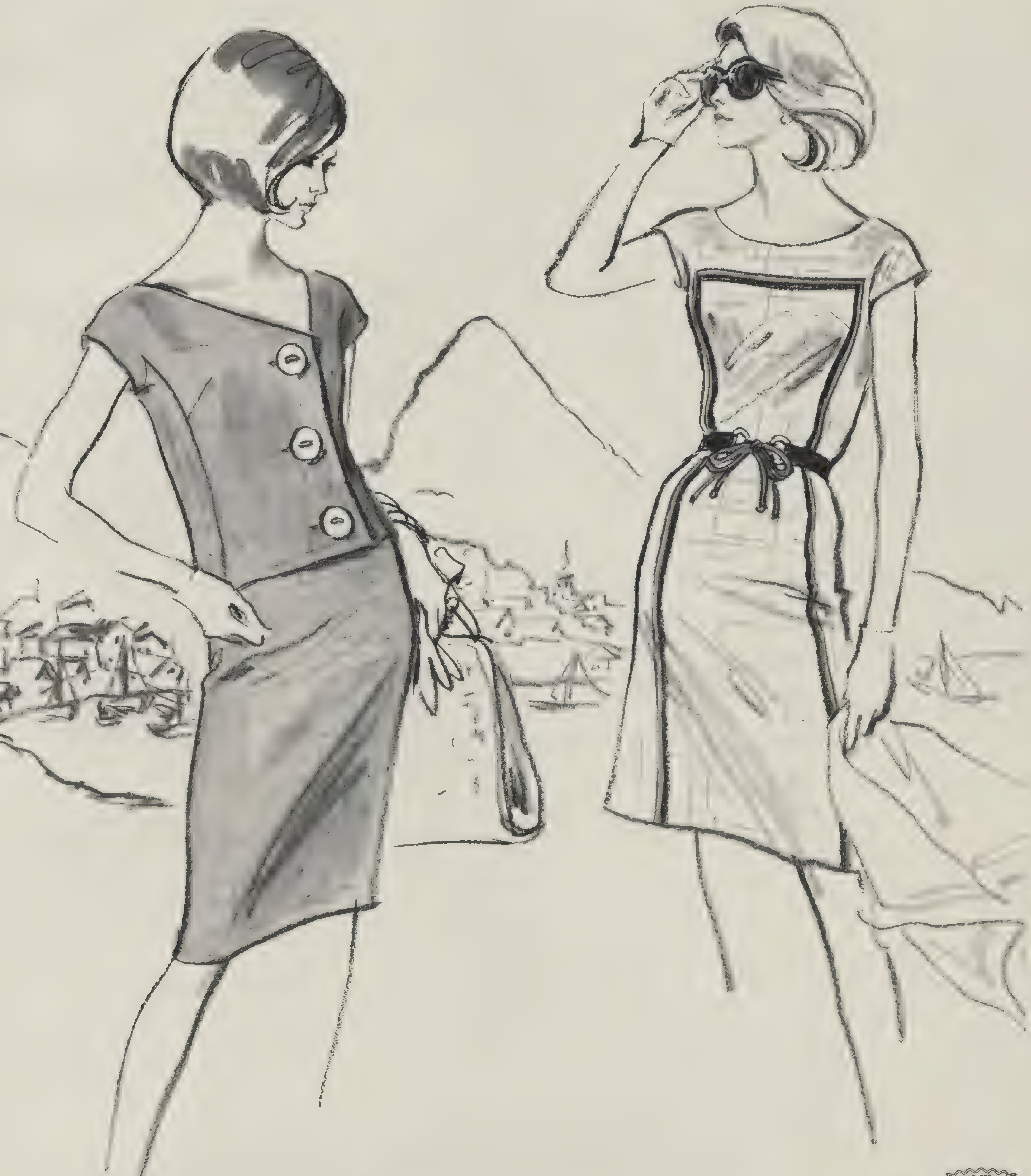

Roberta fashions in Sichel-imported Belgian Linen

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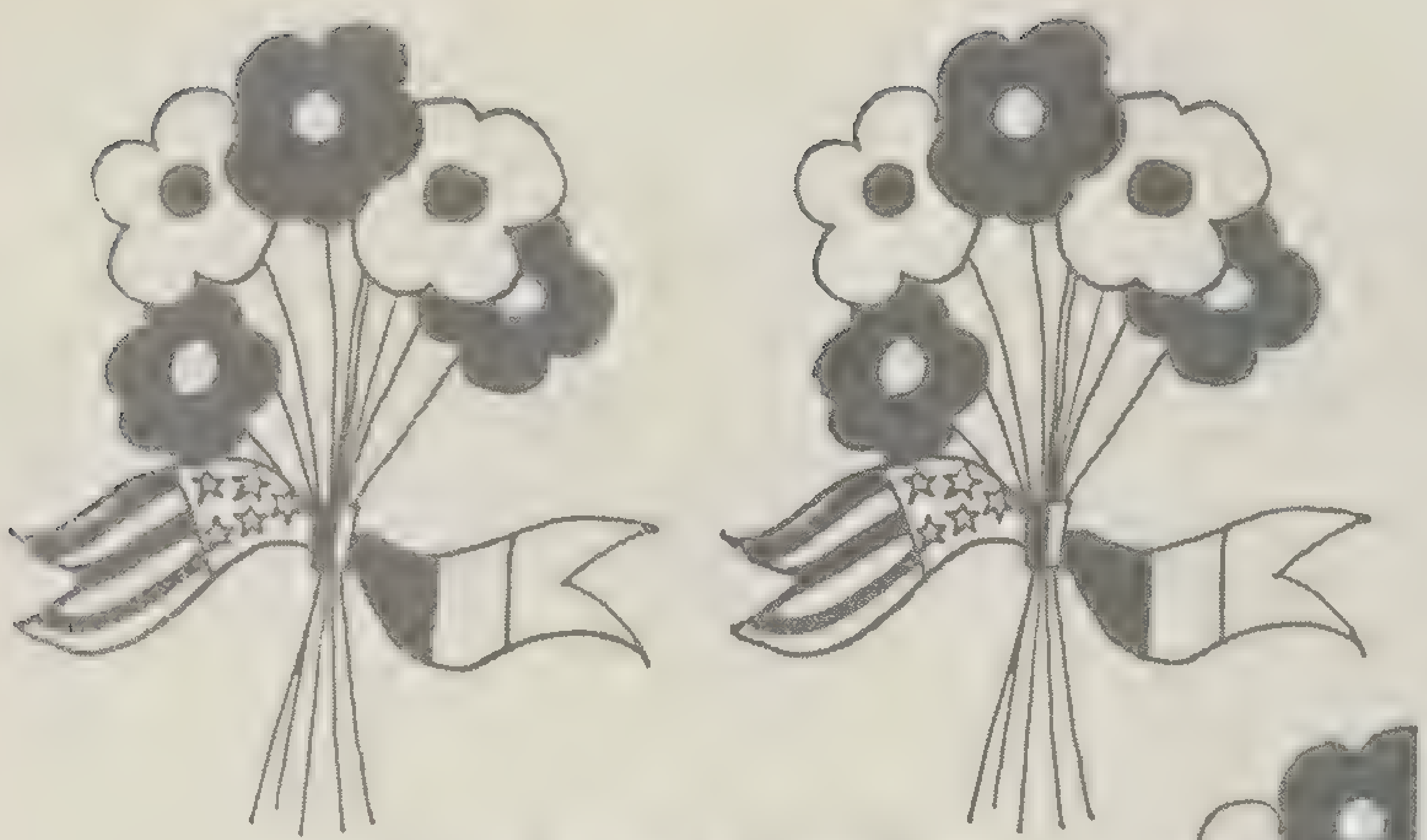

VOGUE'S 25th PRIX DE PARIS

Prix de Paris enrollees who have submitted their answers to the First Quiz are eligible to continue in the competition by completing the Second Quiz printed here.

SECOND QUIZ

Please answer all four questions.

Write a profile of yourself.
(600 words or less)

What woman in public life today do you think has great personal style? Explain why you approve of her way of dressing, and what makes it individual.
(300 words or less)

How would you define fashion? Which costume in the November 15 issue of Vogue best illustrates your definition? Which costume do you like least, and why?
(250 words or less)

If you win First Prize in the Prix de Paris, how do you envision your year at Vogue as a Junior Editor? What do you hope the job will involve?
(250 words or less)

Answers to the Second Quiz are due on January 10, 1966, and should be mailed to:
PRIX DE PARIS DIRECTOR
Vogue, 420 Lexington Avenue,
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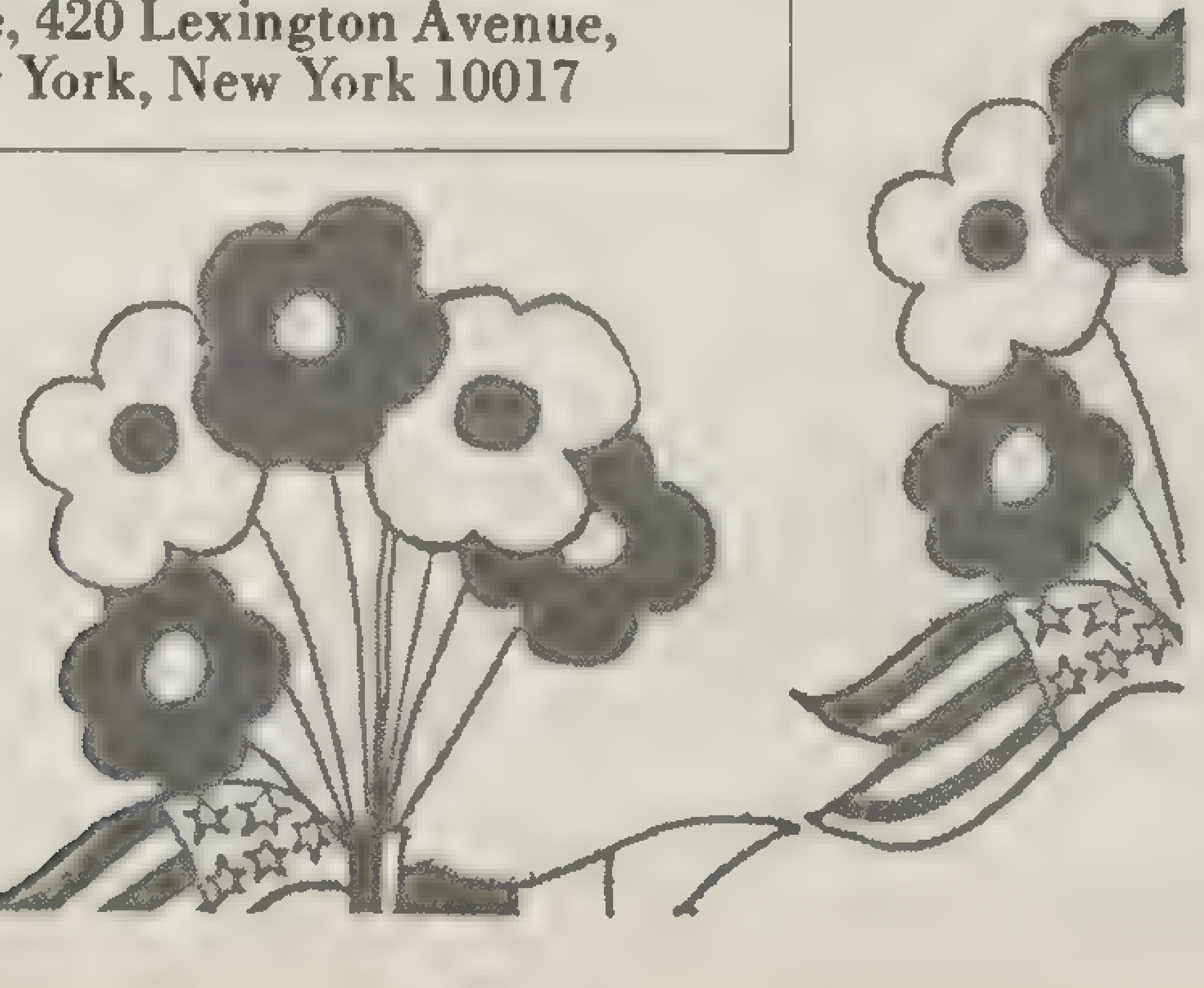

VOGUE'S

A whizz-bang 1908 carnival for the birthday of Mr. Henry J. Heinz, II

This dilly of a "1908 fête" bounced like a country fair, with a Ferris wheel, calliope, nautch dancer, fortune-teller, tintype photographer, and a bell-ringing strong-man machine. Given by Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Heinz, II, at their country house in Mount Kisco, New York, this time-twister celebrated Mr. Heinz's fifty-seventh birthday with at least fifty-seven varieties of fun. In costumes ranging from authentic 1908 treasures to some fetching far-fetches, guests danced and had a Pennsylvania Dutch dinner in a pink-and-white striped circus tent. There, in its centre, stood a replica turn-of-the-century village bandstand on which an orchestra (with tuba and banjo) dressed in band uniforms, beat out waltzes, fox-trots, polkas: "Shine On Harvest Moon," "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now." From

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4

NOTEBOOK

coconut shy to shoofly pie, this party, powered by Mrs. Heinz's nonstop imagination and attention, was a 1908 whizz-bang.

1. Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Heinz, II, in riding costume; Mr. Tom Poston. 2. The bandstand. 3. Posing for a tintype: Mr. and Mrs. John R. Drexel, III; Mr. John R. Drexel, IV; on the tandem bicycle, Miss Pamela Drexel and Mr. Howard J. Hook, Jr. 4. Principessa Luciana Pignatelli; Baron Heinrich Thyssen-Bornemisza. 5. Mrs. James Downey; Mrs. S. Carter Burden, Jr. 6. Mr. Charles Baskerville; Mrs. Irene Selznick. 7. Mr. Truman Capote; Mrs. John Barry Ryan, III. 8. Mr. Joseph Alsop; Mrs. Howard Oxenberg. 9. Lady Harlech; Mr. Howard Oxenberg. 10. Mr. Harry Evans; Mrs. Hannon Kelly.

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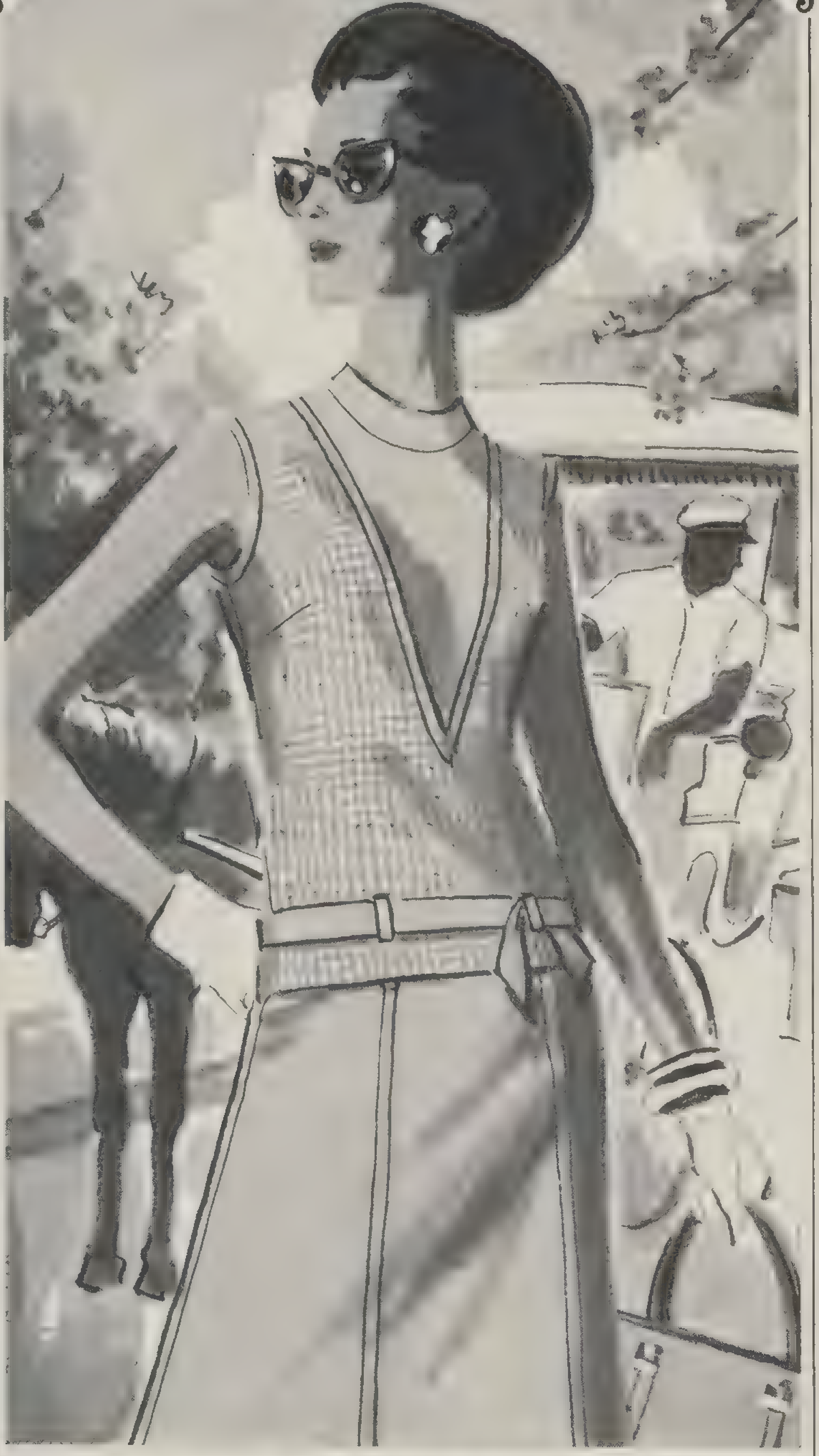

taste like this
is timeless

The season? Any one of four. The hour? Any one of twenty-four. From continent to continent, Cabot knitwear interprets the cosmopolitan charm of pure-bred fashion. This important two-piecer in knitted wool owes its deceptive three-piece look to a mock weskit with a richly carved pattern. Matching solid color smooth knit forms the inset dickey and low tie belt of the overblouse . . . then moves down to a stitched and gored A-line skirt. In Pink, Powder, Lime, Skipper, Coral, Black, all with White checks. Sizes 8 to 16, $50.00. BERGDORF GOODMAN, New York; THE BLUM STORE, Philadelphia; THE HIGBEE CO., Cleveland; SANDRA POST, Miami Beach and branches; JORDAN MARSH CO., Boston; BULLOCK'S, Los Angeles.

Cabot *KNITTING MILLS*
1410 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018

PRICE SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES.

Body and sun
Shirt and skirt idea—everything skimped

Follow the sun in the tiniest T—a skimp of pale-blue knitted cotton, snugged into a short mini-skirt this white, with one inverted pleat in front. Both by Koret of California. T-shirt, of Alamac fabric; about $5. Koratron skirt, of rayon, nylon, and cotton (Crown fabric); about $13. At Jordan Marsh, Florida; Hudson's. White leather hip-bag and belt, by Calderon: Bloomingdale's. Sandals by Bernardo. Panama hat by Adolfo. Sunstruck setting: Monument Valley, Arizona.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK: MOVIES

By Ralph Blum

Juliet of the Spirits,
"touching and daring"

Federico Fellini's first film in colour, *Juliet of the Spirits,* is like a superbly mounted espionage operation. The real achievement is discernible behind a cover of brilliant camera work, grotesque imagery, and scenes lush as an exhibition of Impressionist gouaches come alive. All this is as startling as ever, a delight for the eye, and a psychological puzzle game as well. But the valour of the film is somewhere else; its truth wears a mask.

"I wonder if I was honest," Fellini said in a recent interview, "if I didn't idealize the woman in order to remove her from the contest of masculine interests." The woman is Juliet—Giulietta—and, on the surface, this film appears to be a compassionate portrait of her psychic nature.

For two and a half hours, the mobile face of Giulietta Masina, Fellini's wife, tilts between laughter and tears as she prances through a gymkhana of vice and sensuality. Again, she is Gelsomina, Cabiria, the waif-woman in Fellini's commedia dell'arte troupe. Why, she can refuse an invitation to an orgy the way well-bred children refuse a fourth piece of cake. She is deluged by visions and memory fantasies that purport to go back to her frustrated attempt as a child-martyr in a school pageant to see God through paper flames. Without the allure of fantasy-living, Juliet is a dumb, boring, barren woman, humourless and blind to reality. Her timid dabblings in the occult unleash upon her a cavalcade of demons and succubi astonishingly unsuited to the prim little person she has become.

With the exception of her unfaithful husband, the other characters are clichés—the black-and-white stereotypes rip through the Technicolor—that would, in anyone else's film, stop the pulse of illusion cold. Regardless of all its visual splendour, Fellini's film might be merely a droll formalistic exercise—but for the nature of the fantasies themselves.

The autobiographical character of the film seems to confuse people. To suggest that in *Juliet* Mr. Fellini does for Mrs. Fellini what he did for himself in the character of Guido Anselmi in *8½* is sheer twaddle. What he does do for Giulietta Masina here is to give her another cruelly honest look at himself. What woman, after all, fantasizes up flotillas of naked ladies! Since early Aurignacian times, such cello-like, callipygian female forms have been the preferred objects for *male* sexual fantasy. It would be a disservice to Fellini if we failed to recognize the real secret agent. Never mind whose fantasies Fellini says they are: I say they're Fellini's.

Nor do I believe that Fellini's autobiographical film odyssey began with *8½*, or even with *La Dolce Vita.* Rather, I believe it is rooted in the stuff of his Rimini youth that underlay *I Vitelloni.* That film ended with the young Moraldo taking the dawn train out of town. And I remember, one day in Rome a dozen years ago, Fellini saying, "Now I am going to take the next step. It is called *Moraldo va in Città.*" But Moraldo never reached the city. I imagine him still riding in a dusty carriage, somewhere in the grey celluloid purgatory of the provinces, while Fellini displays his prowess in "the contest of masculine interests."

And yet, there is something touching and daring in Fellini's self-exposure before his Giulietta and the world. Yeats said, "In dreams begins responsibility." In *Juliet of the Spirits* Fellini has assumed public responsibility for his own dreams, his "unconfessed desires." If the Guido of *8½* was Fellini's mundane mirror image, then Giulietta's surreal fantasies reflect the image of Fellini's dream life. That is the astonishing accomplishment of this film, its novelty and its truth.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK: BOOKS

By Jean Stafford

Doobie Doo,

"awfully funny"

Doobie Doo by Ivan C. Karp (Doubleday) has a convoluted plot—complete with a subplot that in the end gets properly hooked up with the main plot—and is a parody of novels with convoluted plots and a spoof of the spoof genre and is awfully funny.

The chief performers in this circus that goes lickety-cut are Maynard Ricefield, a musicologist who works in a company that manufactures clavichords, harpsichords, and "Harpsichord Kits," and the two beautiful girls between whom he divides his evenings fair and square: Clarissa Chutney, a demure and "wordly" public school teacher, and Audrey Tumarkin who works in the "great Madison Avenue Gallery Belt" and is voluptuous and chic. In the side rings are Ricefield's friend Alex Claypole who served a stretch for selling "weeds to the needy" from his Good Humor wagon; Izzie, the bookmaker, who pays Irving Melman for the use of the telephone in his hosiery shop. Melman's musings, Molly Bloom style, on international politics and the telephone company, his list of people who can not be President (among many others, Professional Blood Donors and Stowaways will never make the White House) are so valuable that one questions the wisdom of Mr. Karp in silencing him untimely. "Whoever said that life was real was living in a dream world," observes Clarissa. The book is full of such profundities as this.

The Evening of the Holiday, and After Julius,

"virtuoso writing"

"And I am perfectly able to deal with this man, who does not even attract me . . . except insofar as he has the qualities that are attractive about Italy itself—grace and the lack of earnestness." Thus Sophie, the Anglo-Italian heroine of Shirley Hazzard's romance, *The Evening of the Holiday* (Knopf), evaluates the man who will become her lover. The book, like the man, is graceful and, though it is studious, it lacks earnestness. It is written in aristocratic English about Italian gentry who sit through insect-inhabited evenings waiting for the nigthingale to sing, and growing old, can say without cynicism that "life is a fuss." Miss Hazzard tells a simple love story of dreaming fulfillment and an inevitable leavetaking; but one reads it not so much for the events of it as for the cordial sights and sounds and smells that surround the elegant characters: bees at the marmalade on the lovers' breakfast table out of doors, a view from the window of an aged dying beauty "... of a sky, a hillside, a grooved orchard, and a farmhouse of rusty tiles and rough stone." The fastidious selection of detail makes one think of Colette or, perhaps even more, of Flaubert, if he had been a woman.

If it were not for the virtuoso writing, *After Julius* (Viking), by Elizabeth Jane Howard would be very nearly rental library fare, just as Miss Hazzard's book, if it were not so incisively limned, would be something to be read aloud in a drawing room. But *After Julius*, despite a rigid armature (the interior monologues of five characters flung together from Friday to Monday in London and in Sussex), is embodied with an interesting pattern of situations and a variety of fresh wit. The one outsider in the wellborn and well-heeled quintet, Daniel, a diamond-in-the-rough poet, is as attractive as anyone I have come across in a long while. "Everybody tied up with everybody else," he judged the rest of the house party, "like people in decadent books, they were." He lends a conspicuous hand in keeping this from being either a decadent or a slick book.

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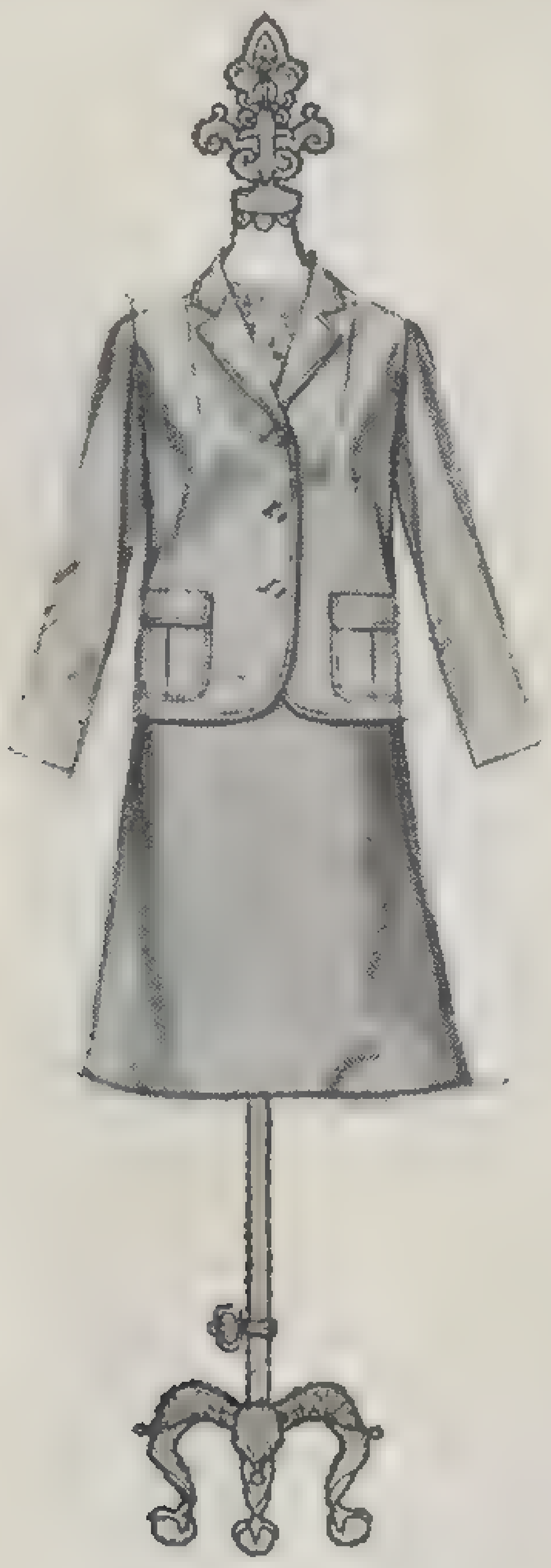

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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK: THEATRE

By Henry Popkin

The Devils,
"why did they ever stop dancing?"

John Whiting's *The Devils,* based on Aldous Huxley's *The Devils of Loudun,* shows us how the nuns of Loudun persuaded seventeenth-century France that a libertine priest whom they had never met had made them the victims of his witchcraft. This compelling historical drama pays us the compliment of never insisting, never preaching at us, never even telling us explicitly that the nuns and their champions are frauds. To his generally faithful record of history Whiting adds one unhistorical scene in which a visitor from court exposes the possessed sisters by cowing them with a box said to contain Christ's Blood and then showing it to be empty. The exposure is not pressed in the text, nor was it in the original London production, but it is thrust at us in the Broadway version by the ostentatiously sex-mad nuns and the libertine's leering enemies.

This elaborate production is more choreographed than directed by Michael Cacoyannis, who moves his devilish nuns around with as much dispatch as he displayed when he sent his war-torn Trojan widows into action in *The Trojan Women* off-Broadway. Things are different when we descend from choral movements to individual performances. Why did they ever stop dancing? Albert Dekker, as the harried priest's greatest foe. is not fanatical enough to convict a shoplifter, let alone a diabolist, and one of his allies has a quite irrelevant speech defect. Worst of all—incomprehensibly bad—is Jason Robards, sleepwalking his way through the rôle of the Priest, convincing us neither that he is a libertine at the beginning nor that he is a man of integrity at the end. As the Prioress, Anne Bancroft rises to some fine paroxysms and finally even effaces our memory of certain unhappy vocal echoes of the Bronx. She comes close to pulling the production together.

The Zulu and the Zayda,
"Skulnik skipping around"

The Zulu and the Zayda, "a play with music," is an all-purpose morality tract that takes a bold stand in favour of all the oppressed minorities—Zulus, Jews, and elderly grandfathers. Adapted (and vulgarized) from one of Dan Jacobson's best short stories, it has barely one adult moment in it. Little would be lost if *The Zulu and the Zayda* reduced itself, even more frankly, to being no more than a display of its attractive star, Menasha Skulnik.

The show would be no worse—and probably a little better—if it consisted only of Skulnik skipping around the stage for two hours, pausing only to say "Mazel tov. . . . Le'chayaim. . . . Yah zeit" and other presumably hilarious Yiddish words. Once in a while, this grandfatherly elf proves his versatility by saying something in English—when everyone *knows* he is not saying anything funny—and still getting just as big a laugh. Accordingly, he brought down the house with "I like soup."

The next time he sat down to a meal, the atmosphere was charged with silent hopes that he would get a chance to repeat this boffola, and, sure enough, he did. It is kindness to pretend that the real plot hinges on the next bowl of soup. Otherwise, we are required to confront such issues as "Will Skulnik's Zulu friend return?" or "Will Skulnik's unkind son repent?" In the face of these queries, we may, Skulnik-wise, answer a question with a question: "Are you kidding?"

We spilled a bottle of Burgundy down the front of this silk costume.

Most of it ran right off.

We blotted up the last droplets with a tissue.

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DU PONT

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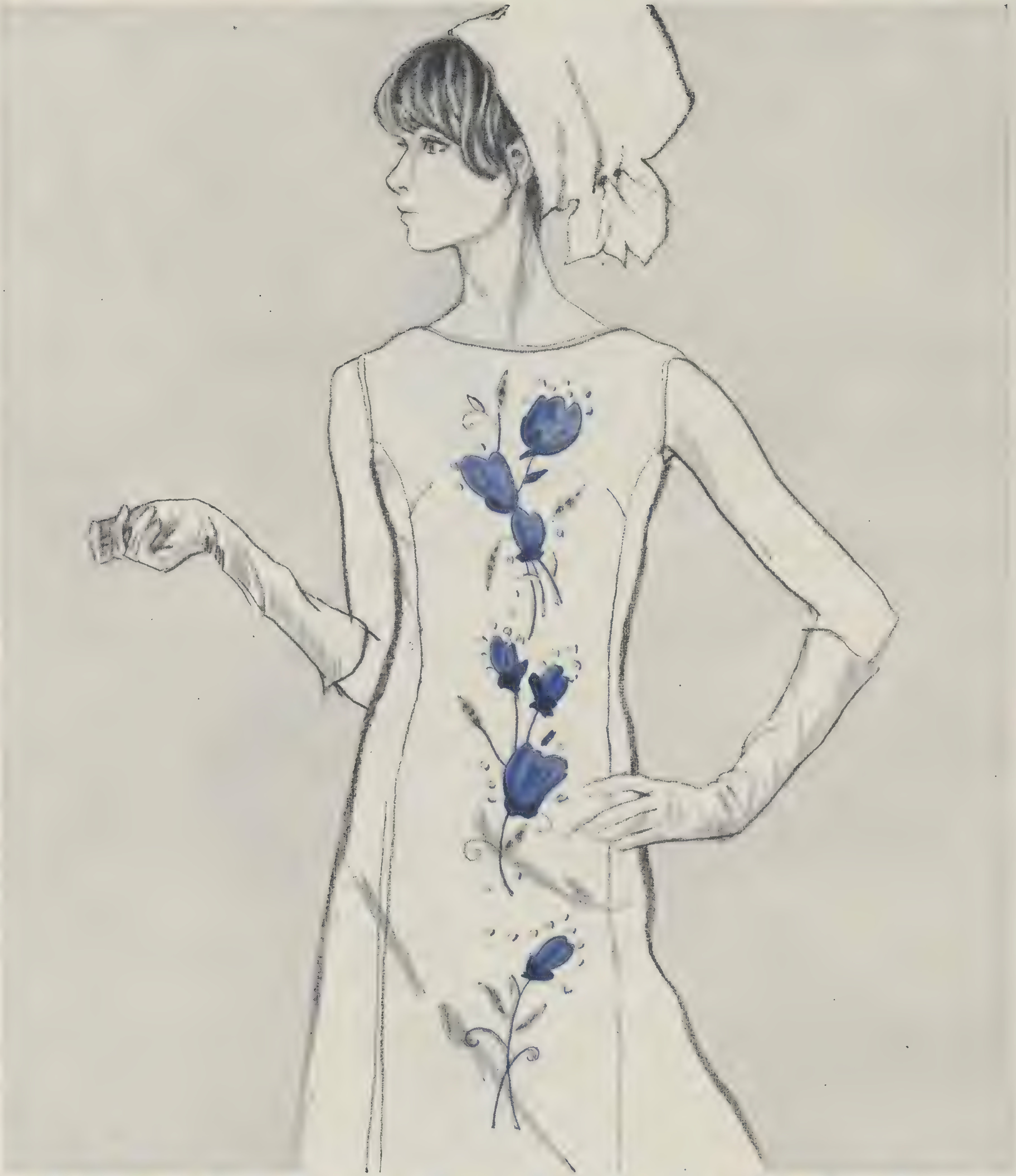

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VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

At Kenneth when you divest yourself of your "Mac" you slip into a soft little smock, voluminous, gathered with a drawstring at the neckline, deliciously coloured a ravishing rose, or cucumber green, or orange and pink roses massed. Everybody wanted to take hers home along with her new Kenneth head, so now you can buy them. $17.50. Boutique at Kenneth Salon, 19 East 54th St. . . . ***"The newest shoes are the ones you fall out of." That's what the man at Bendel said.*** What he means: the back is cut so low, so shallow, it just skims, barely cups the heel. Black lizard T-strap with this new slant: a mint green lining. $30. Henri Bendel Shoe Boutique, 10 West 57th Street. . . . ***Needlepoint has gone to the dogs.*** Mrs. Samuel P. Reed's Toby—an amiable, tail wagging beigey floormop of a Lhasa Apso, naps in his red wicker "house" on an anemone-patterned needlepoint pillow from The Woolworks, 783 Madison Ave. . . .

The handkerchief trick. Big cotton squares to fling around shoulders, over a bikini, on a wet head; or tuck in the pocket of bell-bottoms, a pea jacket—like an outsized hanky. 30-inch square of chocolate brown, printed—rather crudely, that being the appeal—with graduated mocha dots. 95 cents. The Shed House, 184 West 4th Street. . . . Same idea, also cotton in giant Paisley or foulard—red, black, magenta. $1, Limbo Boutique, 24 St. Marks Square. . . .

Altman's has a message from Mexico. It reads: "Thick, handwoven cotton the colour of butter pecan ice cream; borders of fringe; charmingly naïve, colourful, crude embroidery." All this makes a collection of spare shifts with flaring sleeves, slim pants with midriff-baring tops. Imported from Mexico, $25 to $80. Studio III, Altman's. . . .

JACK ROBINSON

New York: A party pyjamarama on Sunday night? Why not.

The invitation to Mr. and Mrs. Harilaos Theodoracopulos' party said, "come in pyjamas." So they did. Marianne Leroux wore the gold lamé culottes she "sort of designed" at Serendipity 3. Linda Hackett sewed her own robin's-egg blue satin pants with gold braid down the sides. Naty Abascal slipped into Robert Rosenfeld's eggshell Caprolan culottes with deep ostrich hem. Baby Jane Holzer, gyrating under that gorgeous mop of hair, wore a white crêpe jumpsuit from London's "Jane and Jane." Caterine Milinaire in her halter-back black crêpe bell-bottoms from Wallace of London. The hostess slithered into a Pucci geometric harem. . . .

Private pyjamarama at home any night? Of course. Betsy Theodoracopulos really believes in pyjamas

Above, cuddling with John, Mrs. Theodoracopulos in her Galanos jumpsuit—a slim-Jim bit of orange, fuchsia brocade for small parties. And if it's just *diner à deux,* Betsy whips up the vittles in a froth of an ostrich poncho, white crêpe pants. Tapemeasure, 560 Madison Ave. . . .

Fur by the yard. There it is on the bolt, ready to be unreeled to measure. Enough to cover a chair, a floor, a wall, a room, you: Mink paws, 48 inches wide, $150 a yard; Zorino, Guanaco, 5 feet wide, $150 a yard; Argentinian Fox $125 the yard . . . ditto 5 feet wide. La Boutique Georges Kaplan, 730 5th Avenue. . . .

For a virtuoso appearance, little britches, a cardigan jacket of silver lamé; the frou-frou ruffled shirt of silver embroidery on silvery silk organdie. $150. Mad Jacs, 543 Third Avenue. . . . ***Stitch up your own gleam.*** Dazzling theatrical, gold, silver fabrics, packed to the yard with high voltage. $2.50 up. Gladstone Fabrics, 117 W. 47th St. . . .

All that glitters is beautifully bold . . . "Diamonds" as big as the Ritz nestled in wrought-iron caviar-black patty shells. Dazzling earrings by Joseph Warner, $5. Fantasia Boutique, Lord & Taylor, 5th Avenue and 39th Street. . . . ***Golden "hairshirt," a hoot of a culotte.*** (Already ordered by Sybil Christopher.) Ruffle neckline, little high waist, straight wide legs. Made of a tinselly, bristling, gold lamé. $200. Splendiferous, 1312 Third Avenue. . . . ***Silver slip***—a little limp triangle, hand-crocheted of silver thread ending above knees, clasped under arms with a silver ribbon. Wear over a body stocking, with nudest stockings, silver slippers. By Constance Montague, $250. Martha's, 230 Worth Ave., Palm Beach, Fla. . . .

Be a sleek raven in a golden cage—a sleeveless, narrow-legged-to-the-knees, black crêpe culotte, comes with attached cage of floating black tulle traced all over with a crisscross of gold paillettes. $70. Eleganza, 61 Main Street, Millburn, N. J. . . .

More Boutique on page 164.

Is that tiny laugh line he loves...a wrinkle?

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Satura...the sooner the better!

Now, complete Satura skin care to counteract dryness, tiny wrinkles...replenish moisture for a smoother, younger look. New Satura cleanser, new freshener plus DG's famous moisture cream protect as well as correct! **Dorothy Gray did it!**

VOGUE's eye view: Look '66

In '66: You make the waves

Make the fashion. Literally. This is the way it is: tiny slips of dresses slashed away here, there, everywhere, form patterns of bareness on the body—your body forces the design. Little pieces of bias fall weightlessly on the body—your body shapes the silhouette. Tailored clothes with no inner construction lie naturally on the body—your body creates the architecture . . . the fashion.

FROM THE MOVIE, "STUDY IN WET"

Unconstructed

New word in tailoring. The way it will be. Shape all in the cut, no inner canvas to hold it. No inner construction, period. No tailor's muslin below the shoulders. None around the armholes. A sleeve will lie with perfect ease and lightness. The natural line of arm and shoulder will show—will be the line.

Consider the Omohyoid

A muscle. In from the shoulder, just above the bosom. Every other dress this year is chipped away there. Or whacked away on the rib cage. Slashed away at the waist. The back. The arms. . . . Here a chip, there a slash—never, ever have there been cutouts like these. Bareness is the pattern—on bodies like whips of steel, perfect all the way. (Chips of everything for '66. Chip TV, newer than transistor, poker-deck size. Chip radio, worn like a wristwatch.)

Swing

a small patent bag from a short, slim, gold shoulder chain. Zip white-duck gaiters over low-heeled black-patent pumps; wear with navy. In place of little white boots: little ribbed violet socks, same height; with buckled patent pumps. With a bright-yellow cloche: clear brown tweed suit, black-and-white tweed dog—the harlequin poodle, dog of the year.

Narrow coat over a soft little slip of a dress

Look '66 at its most snapdashio. . . . Narrow double-faced coat in clear, vivid green fleece: over a slip of beige jersey. Narrow houndstooth coat of blue and ivory, double-faced in blue: over a pale-blue skimp. Narrow vinyl coat in a strong-yellow Tattersall: over a violet linen smock, chipped away on the shoulders.

With a cobalt-blue airplane

wear a dark-blue tweed suit, matching ribbed stockings, matching suède shoes with golden buckles. Or tones of fawn only. (The plane? One of a fleet of colour with which Braniff will light up the sky.)

"Like pulling on a little blanket"

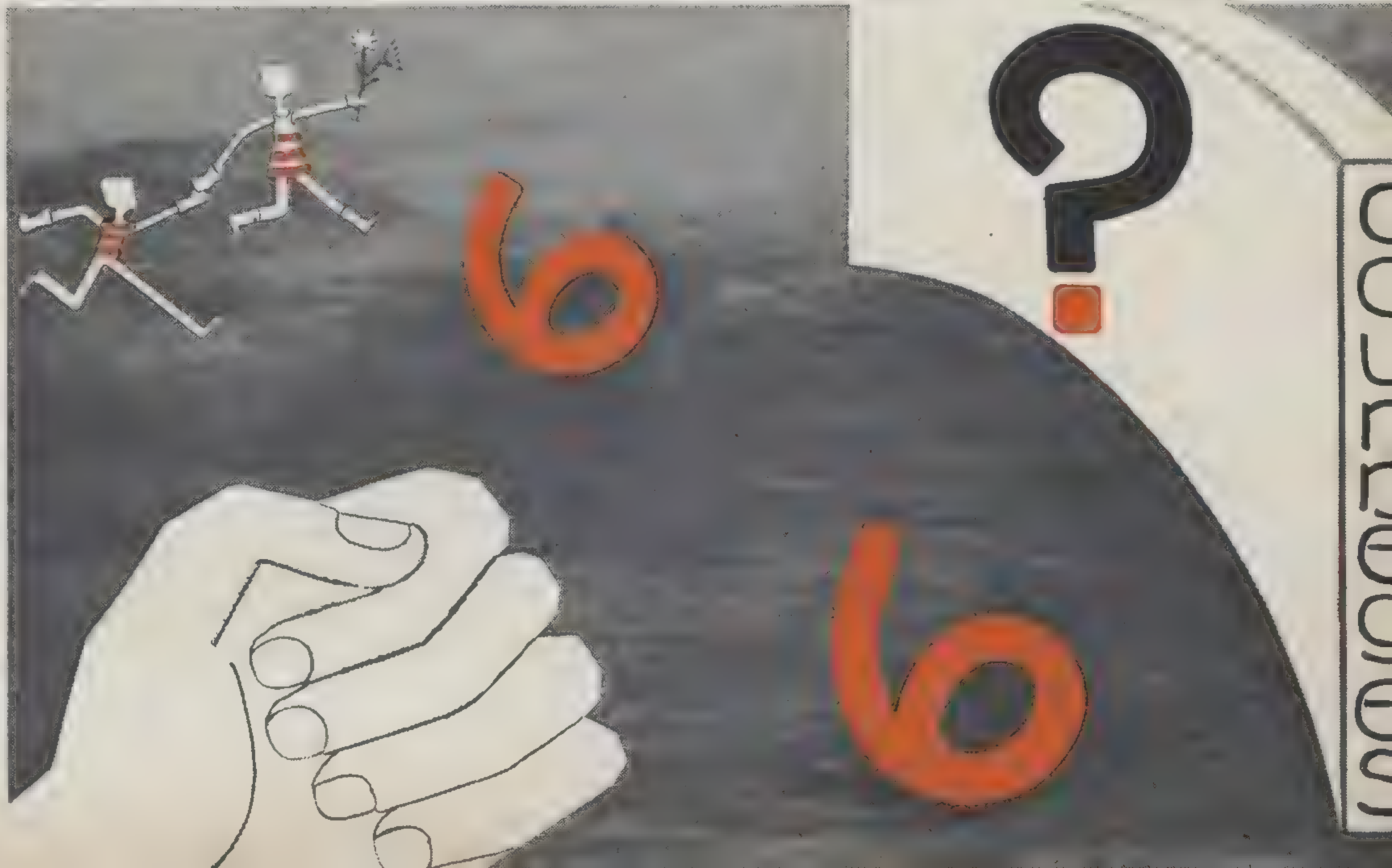
so one admirer describes the pleasures of wearing a double-faced coat—"so warm on bare arms, yet so light; it's what you need when you need it." Very top coat this year.

Mixtures of colour are here

As in houndstooth. As in Tattersall with ivory, buff, and white grounds barred in clean blues, reds, browns. As in the finest needle-line plaids—merging pinks and orange needled with magenta and maroon. Divine for a wide, nine-tenths coat, double-faced in maroon, with a narrow dress of matching plaid.

Newest Courrèges

is the drawing at right, done especially for Vogue. With symbols. Leggy figures: permanent breakthrough—the live-wire proportions that blew the whistle for fitness, knocked fashion into the here-and-now. Cocked fist: a blow towards 1966. Big question mark: big question—what next, Courrèges?



FROM HOMER GROENING'S "STUDY IN WET," CANDID PRODUCTIONS

HATAMI

It's a bird. It's a plane

It's super-surfers, *above*, riding in on a big one—the most glorious free ride of the century. Which has what to do with a photograph of a marvellous bikini-figure? This. On waves like these, a girl could ride into the shape of her life. More are. More and more will. . . . Sensational in the bikini, *above right:* Princess Ira Fürstenberg.

Rave-up night looks

at a rave-up New York night place: Princess Ira Fürstenberg in poor-baby sweater and enamel-blue hip pants; Baroness Fiona Thyssen-Bornemisza—shirttails knotted on the midriff, green-brocade hip pants. Both shown, *right*, at The Harlow, where the very next sound might be "rave-up" itself—whanged-up electronic stuff. Big brewing British thing. Meanwhile: British Beatle-sounds have been adopted, with charming lisps and hisses, by Brasil '66, an attractive young group whose usual beat is folk-bossa nova. Something like U. S. folk-rock. Which is now, as it happens, a big Paris thing, with a new girl, Francesca Solleville, making waves as the French Bob Dylan. . . . And how's that for Common-Marketing?

The first diamond

South African variety, discovered one hundred years ago this month. 21¼ carats, kicked up by a farmer's lad at play. . . . Celebrate brilliantly: plunge a diamond stickpin in the knob of a mule's-tail crop.

The established buckled pump

is suède or alligator or patent. Buckle is gold. Heel is low. And the soft, squared toe is flat, flat, flat to the ground. . . . Everybody is wearing it. (Pretty with legs showing through whitened and transparent textured stockings.)

As the colour is placed

the design is formed. More than ever now: more force to the colour, more geometrics in the placing of it—more power to design. Contrasts of black and white placed vertically—splitting a short silk dress on its side. Break-ups of colour into sections of brilliance—making a swing of faille. Ellipses of chocolate-brown and bright navy blue. Big ones. Little ones. Laid on a long plain shaft of white crêpe, carving it into vibrant islands.

Geometric hair knobbed up in a mule's tail, swung to one side. All squared away.

Adds length to the neck. Makes a strong design. More of this coming, and in more angles. The angle, *right*, by Ruel, Coiffures Americana. Maltese cross, about $5. Choker, about $4. Both, by Marvella. At Bonwit Teller; Himelhoch's; Battelstein's; Joseph Magnin. (We added the striped cocarde.)

PENN

Toe tight to the ground—

slightly squared: the flattened ankle-strap slipper; black patent with a pompon...and this year's textured stocking—whitened, transparent.

Golo slipper, at Henri Bendel. Christian Dior stretch nylon stocking. At Bergdorf Goodman; Joseph Magnin.

Look '66

PENN

Double-faced–

the small, straight, unconstructed dress and the tiniest flick of jacket: violet wool checks facing the world, tobacco brown on the double.

By Oscar de la Renta for Jane Derby; Anglo wool, loomed in America. Shoulder bag: Bagatelle. Both: Bergdorf Goodman. Dress and jacket: Hutzler's; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Marvella earrings. Kislav golf gloves. Hunt cap by Adolfo.

Double-faced and full–

the coat that swings: unlined, unconstructed, nine-tenths hem. Sits small and light on the shoulders, shoots wide... looks like a winner.... For openers: chamois-yellow wool, back to back.

By Originala, of Anglo wool, loomed in America; about $245. Bonwit Teller; Rich's; Julius Garfinckel; I. Magnin. Kenneth Lane bracelets. Risa earrings and Viola Weinberger gloves at Altman's. Brown hunt cap, by Adolfo.

PENN

Double-faced and narrow—

the lightest little blanket of coat and the lightest little low-belted dress, not a jot of construction between them. Red-and-green plaid; coat faced with grey, dress frisked in white.

By Monte-Sano & Pruzan, of Orceyre wool. Delivery, late January. Marcel Wagner gloves. All: Bergdorf Goodman. Coat and dress, also at L. S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Laguna earrings. Mr. John hunt cap.

Placement of colour—

forcing design on faille, making it swing: black-yoked overblouse widening into lapis . . . widening skirt in bottle green.

Grès two-piece dress; Bianchini silk faille. In America at I. Magnin. Kislav gloves. Alexandre coiffure.

Golden buckles—

and soft, squared, flattened-out toes: the little black pump that goes with everything...newest with whitened and lightened textured stockings.

Golo black leather shoes at Henri Bendel. Round-the-Clock stockings, of Orlon and nylon. At Franklin Simon.

Split of colour—

mostly white, black to one side: the geometric skimp in a sharp short dinner-break, silk and worsted.

Dress by Malcolm Starr; about $90. Mimi di N pin. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Gus Mayer; L. S. Ayres; Sakowitz. The geometric coiffure: Ruel of Coiffures Americana.

PENN

Checked vinyl skimp coat, skimp dress

Great together now: Tattersall checks, red and black, on bright yellow vinyl; short skimpy shape; neckline buttoned high and close. To slip under it, a tiny snip of a dress—at left, grey wool jersey with stripling narrowness.

Coat by Modelia, of Comark vinyl; about $60. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Dayton's. White leather hat by Miss Alice. Doro scarf. Marcel Wagner gloves. Round-the-Clock stockings. Dress by Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner, of Jasco wool jersey; about $160. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Dayton's. Christian Dior stockings.

Little snips of linen

At the top of the sixty-sixes: the quick young look of the skimpiest little dresses, skinning under a slick skimp of coat. At left, a snip of pale-yellow linen with round neck. Right, lime-green linen with a narrow yoke and shirring.

Both dresses by Jacques Tiffeau for Tiffeau & Busch, of Moygashel linen. About $125 each. Yellow dress, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Godchaux's; Sakowitz. Lime-green dress, at Henri Bendel; Hudson's; Sakowitz. Christian Dior stockings. On both pages: Golo shoes and boots; wigs by Vidal Sassoon.

PENN

Violet arriving in force—

with freshness, clarity, and flattery for all . . . from the faintest trace-of-violet organza, to vivid vinyl, to the purest church-violet linens and tweeds; details, page 158.

Gingham skimp arriving in violet—

with cigarillo sleeves, upstanding collar, and a cargo of nifties: over-the-shoulder bag in a geometric print; geometric hair in a blunt little mule's-tail crop.

Craig Casuals dress, junior sizes; of Wm. Anderson cotton. About $23. Sandor Goldberger rings. All: Altman's. Dress: Julius Garfinckel; Joseph Horne; Neiman-Marcus. Bag by Emilio Pucci for Jana. At Lord & Taylor. Coiffure, by Ruel of Coiffures Americana.

Look '66

PENN

Double-faced—the fabrics that shape the unconstructed look '66

For details, see page 158.

Look '66

Variety of surface and design—

mark '66 fabrics: strong textures breaking out again; bold placings of colour on cloth forcing design into whanging new proportions; details, page 158.

Racetrack stripes surfacing on jersey—

in varying widths, unvarying brilliance: explosion of design on an unconstructed wool jersey skimp coat . . . red, white, and black placed to go boom.

By Originala, of Racine wool. At Henri Bendel; Hutzler's; Halle Bros.; Frost Bros. Echo dotted silk scarf. Shalimar gloves. Kenneth Lane bracelets. Laguna earrings. Adolfo jockey cap, of Fleming-Joffe kidskin.

PENN

EVENING ZENITH: WHITE CHIFFON TOGA, PINK LAMÉ TEA GOWN

Two ravishingly serene dresses, drawn with an extravagant pureness of line, mark Castillo's triumphant return to Elizabeth Arden for whom he has designed a special collection. *Left:* The dress that is now and ever—white mink ovalling free of one shoulder looses a cascade of white chiffon in limpid toga flow. The satin evening slippers by Herbert Levine. *Right:* Calm as a calla, flowering lamé whorls about the body in a single great petal, closing to one side—a tea gown in pink and turquoise-blue lamé. I. Miller slippers. Both pages: dresses designed exclusively for Elizabeth Arden by Castillo; jewellery, Elizabeth Arden; coiffures for Elizabeth Arden, Guillaume.

PENN

"MY HAIR..."

STILL THE BIG BEAUTY PREOCCUPATION

Hope is a thing with feathers—in Emily Dickinson's book. But in ours, it's a thing with hair. Hair for which the hope ever dawns that this hair-obsession will end, and we can all get back to doing whatever it was we used to do before we spent our lives at the hair dresser's. (And just what *was* that, by the way?)

Why, really, must hair be such a bother—a bother to have right, and a worse bother when it's wrong? Probably for this reason: A coiffure is the only remaining piece of fashion that can not be produced by machine; that must be made to order, made by hand, each time it's done. Which is why its outcome is always so suspenseful. And why experiment never stops. And why some normally-reasonable women turn demonic at the hairdresser's—knowing, as they do, they'll have to live out any mis-choice made along the way. (Latest drama-producer is the choice of which of the many good hair conditioners to use, some of which are hairset-lotion as well. *One* of the array is going to perform magic for one specific quality of hair—while another could prove so softening the set melts within minutes; still another, so starchy that combing brings a flood of tears.)

In any case, to the hopefuls dreaming of the day when they'll escape their hairdressers' clutches, the 1966 word is: dream on. This won't be the year. Au, if anything, contraire. Strong, clear fashion calls for strong hair design. And a strong decision. But at least the latter, usually the most difficult part of the code to crack, has simplified considerably. Because whether you crop your hair or grow it, you have to find a way to make it neat. And that's a nice solid starting place for decision.

What makes short hair neat or not is one thing—one thing only: it's all in the cut at the nape. Sides can be long or short. The top can be flat or smoothly (Continued next page)

In England's wild North Country, where the Lambton children play, there isn't a whole lot of time spent at the hairdressers'. They do their own. And in a fashion the sixteenth-century painter, Arcimboldo, would have approved: they make things out of things. Here, out of several days of photography, and several more with nail scissors and a pot of glue, Lucinda Lambton—now the Hon. Mrs. Henry Harrod—has done an Arcimboldesque portrait of her seven-year-old sister, the Hon. Isabella. (Isabella's modelling fee for the sitting, which included just under five hundred separate expressions, one of which was active nausea, was a small, battery-powered vacuum cleaner—"Well, that's what she *wanted*.") For still another portrait, among the first in colour in her recently-begun career of professional photography, Lucinda Lambton, granddaughter of the fifth Earl of Durham, dressed another sister, nine-year-old Anne, as a boy, in a cherry-red velvet suit, to reproduce by Rolleiflex the Lawrence portrait known as The Red Boy. The portrait's authentic name is "Master Lambton." Its subject: son of the first Earl of Durham.

BEAUTY *bulletin*

with the trends for 1966 named and dated, next pages

VIBRATION. PERFUME WORD FOR 1966. NEW FORMS OF FRAGRANCE TO KEEP A SCENT HUMMING ALONG.

Isn't this what's wanted? Steady, one-scent scenting. Scent-polished bodies. Scented hair. All one scent. . . . (Vibrating above, detail from musical intrument sculpted by François and Bernard Baschet. Played with rubber mallets or hard bow, it unlocks new sound. From an exhibition at The Museum of Modern Art.)

(Continued from preceding page) raised. But for any head of short or semi-short hair, the nape-cut should fit the head as closely as a folded bird's wing; it should be cut, cut *in,* until almost no hair at the back—mid-head to hairline—is long enough to grasp in the fingers. Cutting like this is a project. It may require several goes. It *will* require trimming at least once every two weeks. And where the hair line isn't all that good to begin with, some waxing on about that same frequency may be needed.

What makes long hair neat or not is also pretty simple. Again, it's cutting; cutting as blunt and square as cutting comes. (Angular cutting draws the line between old long hair and new—leaving skaggledy ends looking, well, rather ethnic.) Once long hair is cut neatly, it can play all the angles, including the good new geometric ones; it can also be bound back to do some of the clever new horsedealing: the polo ponytail (see page 101) that's bound and bandaged neatly.

The gulf between long hair and short hair is closing. Closing it still further is wiggery. That people are still willing to buy wigs, the good wigs, means that wigs must be doing something right; thousands of dollars' worth of good wigs are sold in New York each day to women who already have a wig or two at home. The wig-hairpiece is next. More wig than hairpiece, this shape is a skullcap with bangs and sideburns, an exposed ear, and a nice little trim at the back; when it's on the head, its sides are pressed to narrowness by the wearer. (Narrow sides are a part of the neatening of hair.)

And, for speeding up the hairsetting process, there's this news. 1966 will be the year of the electrically-heated roller—not necessarily at hairdressers, but at home, for a fast re-setting. A few such devices are inching into the U.S. from Europe now. Our guess is before the year is out, the roller that gives a set in five or ten minutes will be everywhere. There's talk of speeding up hair colouring electronically, too.

More about what will change the face of beauty for 1966: In makeup, watch for whatever gives a makeup more strength—it's again a matter of strong clear fashion and what this needs; (Continued next page)

BEAUTY *bulletin* TRENDS *for 1966*

Geometric coiffures.
Blunted tassels.
Dynel hair by the yard.
Hair bandaged like polo-ponytails.

Vinyl mouths.
Superglossed apricot, peach, mauve, brick.

White liner under eyes.
White in every makeup.

Suntan without sun; suntan in tube or jar.
Right shade for real or fake suntan: biscuit.

Supple body lines.
Harder muscles. The body shrinkers' big year.

Paler spectacles frames, paler sunglasses.
Ivory, cream, pale auburn.
Frames shaped to make eyebrows disappear.

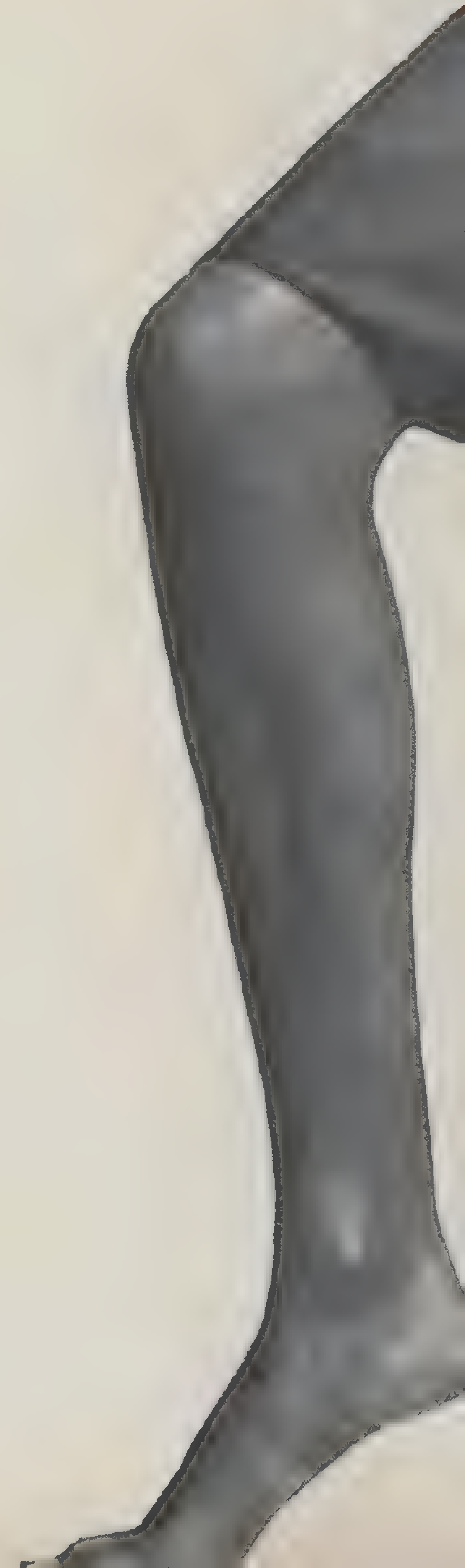
Good skin for real, realissimo.
Makeup thinned by sponge.

Speed-hairsets with electrically-heated rollers. Electronics powering beauty.

Scents with sidelines.
Body-glossing perfumes.

Light bulbs bought for beauty reasons.

More good-lookingness around than ever.



THE DRESS WITH NO PLACE TO HIDE: THE DRESS FOR

ELASTICIZED BODY LINES

Packed with smooth muscle, everywhere, until the entire body seems a single length of satin—elasticized by strength. That's all this dress, the next Grès success, asks that a figure be. A force for good condition, 1966's bare and narrow dress could be what finally puts a woman into some sort of regular exercise régime—and produces results. Even into middle age, and beyond, muscles can be made to make a comeback in strength and tone (the great Dr. Hans Kraus, authority on muscles, especially muscles of the back, has named gymnastics and calisthenics among the best of the basic sports to "put you in condition . . ."). The dress at left, with bikini briefs underneath, was copied from Grès by Bonwit Teller in raspberry Fibranne (a Staron fabric). The smooth, taut arm: fine place for Arpad bracelets such as these. . . .

VINYL: OBJECT LESSON FOR LIPSTICK-WEARING IN THE YEAR '66

Look at a piece of vinyl: as it gleams, so should a mouth. This is modern lipsticking; all dazzle. Dazzle in the formula itself, or in a separate stick of gloss—either way, as long as it makes a mouth alive. Colours with a dazzling future (stronger punch for stronger fashion design): apricot, peach, mauve, brick, and some newly brightened beiges.

HENRY CLARKE

BEAUTY
bulletin

(Continued from preceding page) punchier makeup—including lipstick with a lot more thrust. Lipstick colours going stronger but with no more "weight"—a trick of dynamics in which pearl whites and similar electrical effects can make the right things happen. . . . On the subject of electricity: it's time this happened: the electrical giants, G.E. most recently, have tumbled for women. They're making light bulbs that know what a woman needs in the way of switch-on flattery; cosmetic light bulbs. Some are gala little light refractors, but coming on before the spring is out is a whole new series of pinked-up bulbs in every wattage (you're supposed to use a slightly higher wattage in pink than you normally use in white; keep that in mind when you order for each room). . . . Suntans will change their ways, beginning at the resorts, and going on everywhere when summer suntans get organized. The fried dark suntan is out. Biscuit-colour is the new chic. And the suntan-encouragers that clock the sun with some care and restraint ought to be among every woman's beach belongings. Also, while the men will be the first to see this (it's labelled For Men), there'll be tubesful of tinted gels that put down fast, convincing-looking fake tans for faces and elsewhere. Also, expect to see more of the suntan gloop that tans without sun; this has been given a dermatological blessing, which is more than you can say about the sun itself. . . . Sunglasses and spectacles frames may get bigger before they get smaller (aren't they getting a bit too big for their boutiques, by the way?), but at some point in '66, we expect them to lighten, and maybe not be so big-eyed about everything. Much-liked prospects: frames just large enough to make the eyebrows disappear—in colours such as red fox, cream, palest amber (lenses as well), white. . . . In perfume, the trend is: perfumes with sidelines. The wisest oiseau in the world of French perfumery has given all perfumers something to think about: his "veil of scent," a body-polishing, skin-moisturizing cloak of fragrance that holds its scent. Its success, very influential; wait and see.

everyone will be going to the body-shrinker's, the way things look. Not to lose weight, necessarily (though this goad is good), but to gain elasticity, to shape up, to get supple. There won't be a city in '66 without its health clubs, its exercise classes. Say what you like about fashion, call it cruel if you wish—what it *has* forced on women is fitness. . . .

POLO PONYTAIL: WORN BY BARONESS THYSSEN-BORNEMISZA

Neatness. That's the object at right. That's why this good head of dark auburn hair (of which you'll see a great deal more, on pages 114 and 129 of this issue) is bound and bandaged back like a polo pony's tail. It's the new ponytail, and beaches aren't the only place it's turning up. We've seen it, slightly elaborated upon, at a few of the big parties; one famous Paris couturier has his eye on it for the showing of his next collection. Baroness Thyssen-Bornemisza's hair, dressed for this photograph in Arizona by Ara Gallant of Garrison-Ramon.

LIGHT BULBS WITH A MAKE-UP APPROACH: 1966 UPTAKE

What a blusher can do for the face, a complexion-pink light bulb can do for a room —and for everyone in it. Try it. White first, then pink. Difference: extraordinary....More details on beauty-conscious light bulbs at right....Bulb shown here, one of G.E.'s oncoming beauties....

THE DRESS THAT TELLS THE WHOLE ARM STORY— AND OTHER THINGS BESIDES

See the pretty dress. Pale pink wool, pearl buttoned. Butter wouldn't melt, et cetera. But look at the way the cut works around the arm: a whole new exposure. Exposed: the pectoral muscle at the fold of the arm—this should be round, filled with muscle, not concave.

Exposed: the arms' firmness. For exercise, see the experts—we believe in supervision. At health clubs, exercise classes, wherever. . . . Dress by Jacques Tiffeau for Tiffeau & Busch, in Anglo wool crêpe. Saks Fifth Avenue, Godchaux's, Sakowitz.

'66

BERT STERN

JOHN COWAN

PETER BROOK

"A NATURAL SABOTEUR OF ORDER"

Most directors spend their working lives trying to find answers, but Peter Brook is instinctively more interested in putting questions. His productions are always being admired for their fireworks, as though it were the supreme dramatic achievement to leave sparks before the eyes, but their real property is not that they are dazzling but that they are prodigiously disconcerting. In his work on Peter Weiss's *The Marat/Sade*, a dialectic dialogue set in a lunatic asylum, he has found the text for the most unseating production that he has ever done.

Peter Brook is a natural saboteur of order, concerned that everything he does should be not a consolation but an ambush, and in his doubting attitude to the stage and film conventions that allow us to go unharassed in the dark he is only being true to his time. When the atom has been split, how can we expect the three-act structure to hang together? Is there really any recognizable justification for the kind of film editing in which everything is there for a narrative purpose, when we know that the richest details of our lives are random? N. F. Simpson, the author of *One Way Pendulum* and *A Resounding Tinkle*, a surreally funny dramatist who cleaves to the worries of his world with the staunchness of a drowning man hanging on to a knapsack of pig iron, once said to me that he quite saw the justice of the people who complained that his plays hadn't any shape, but that he wondered himself whether imposing form these days might not be breaking faith with chaos. I think Peter Brook would see the point of that.

The way Peter Brook has directed Peter Weiss's *The Marat/Sade* derives in a clear line from all the work he has ever done. His passion for the density of Shakespeare is implicit in it; so is his doctrine of ambiguity, his delicate ear for the inflections of violence, his basilisk-eye humour, and his startling capacity to be at one and the same time as frightening as Hieronymus Bosch about people and as tender about them as Cranach.

The full title of the play is *The Persecution and Assassination of Marat as Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade;* it was born theatrically of the historical fact that Sade spent the last years of his life in an asylum where the inmates were permitted, in front of an audience of titillated Parisians and a director with advanced therapeutic ideas, to act out plays that Sade wrote for them. *The Marat/Sade* is a perspective view of the events leading up to the murder of the insurgent Marat during the French Revolution, and it has a number of jagged double angles built into the prism. The memory we are using is Sade's, looking back from fifteen years later and foreseeing a quiet future; but to us and the author, more than a century and a half of that future has become a past that we know to have been immeasurably violent.

The lunatics enacting Sade's vision of the Revolution, whey-faced in chalky asylum clothes, believe themselves fitfully to be the characters they are playing, but we never forget for a moment that they are not. Marat is played by a paranoiac undergoing hydrotherapy; Charlotte Corday, who assassinated him, is played by a girl with sleeping sickness and melancholia. The action of the play proceeds in spasms, often breaking down mutinously or locking into a rictus of lunatic incapacity, and we are aware all the time that these characters who operated with considerable power over the history of Europe are being enacted by people with no power over anything at all, men at the very bottom end of human possibility who can't even accurately retain the lines in which they call for justice and who may at any moment drop their banners to weep.

Marat is the voice of reason, but he is paradoxically reason's fanatic, and his opponent can already see Stalinism in everything he says. Sade is the Romantic anarchist struggling to release instinct from the rule of mind, but instinct unleashed can get no further than the four walls of his mad, diminished personality. There is no sentimentalizing of madness in this play, and no suggestion that to be unhinged is to be free.

Visually the production is remarkable. Sally Jacobs, the designer, has worked with Peter Brook to produce an asylum bathhouse that looks like a Géricault, a pale vault peopled with the sort of white-faced, red-eyed lunatics who jerk through the canvases of the great Romantic painters. Clive Revill as Marat, nodding over his books and writing furiously, sits in a lead hip bath that somehow evokes the tramp's boot from *Waiting for Godot.* Sally Jacobs made her original model in an ashen cardboard that she retained in the bleached-out look of the final set; the drawing is very fine, as in a Romantic engraving, and the walls dwarf the human figure.

Unlike the German production, where the acting area was a tiny confine between rows of baths fixed like church pews, this set is designed to allow the staging to be as fluid as possible. Most of the baths are hidden beneath the floor, which is built of duckboard over the revolve and punctured with hinged flaps that the actors can open and peer through with a carefully judged fraction of their bodies showing.

(Continued next page)

BY PENELOPE GILLIATT

LORD SNOWDON

A disconcerting profile on the frightening, tender director of the play, The Marat/Sade.

Visually *The Marat/Sade* conducts an experiment in the imagery of the human figure in rather the same sense as *Happy Days*, the Beckett play in which a woman is buried in sand by stages up to her neck. Sally Jacobs told me that the technique of representing the baths seemed insoluble until Peter Brook arrived back from New York one day with a floor with four holes cut in it. "He starts from the beginning. He has a sort of genius for throwing everything into chaos and then working to let the essentials emerge. If I give him a piece of paper with two holes in it, that's a mask, something he can work with that lets him start from nothing."

I think it may be Peter Brook's passion for asking himself apparently unanswerable questions that gives his work its characteristic flavour: stinging, quizzical, pithy, inquisitive. Why do we demand narrative solutions in plays and films? Is it possible instead to get us to respond with the same sort of absorption in pure behaviour that we have in life, where, Lord knows, the narrative interest is rocky enough? In his nine months of studio work before *The Marat/Sade*, with Sally Jacobs and a company of actors, Peter Brook worried away at questions that he had been interested in for years.

Why should we want an actor to pretend to *be* the characters he plays, instead of giving an account of them? Can modern directors do anything technically to approach the density of experience that there is in Shakespearean verse, with its swivelling images, its incessant subjective/objective shifts and its vision of reality as though in a series of receding angled mirrors with everyone seen through everyone else's eyes?

In the cliff scene in *Lear*, for instance, the spectator in a theatre is made aware of four versions of the truth all at the same time: blind Gloucester's belief that he is on a precipice, Edgar's knowledge that he is creating a precipice out of perfectly level Dover earth, our own outward observation that we are watching two men on a flat wooden stage, and our inward observation of the cliff as described by Shakespeare through Edgar, so high that crows look like beetles and fishermen like mice. If there is any way for directors to construct an attitude toward reality that is as facetted as this, Peter Brook wants to explore it.

Physically Peter Brook is a small, sagacious man, with brilliant eyes that gain the purchase of pickaxes on whatever they are looking at. He has expressive hands that make gestures high up and close to his body, rather as polar bears use their front paws. His voice is high and flat, and the derivation of the accent would be likely to defeat Professor Higgins or any other of the forty-seven million class experts who make up the population of England, for it is one of the very few English voices that seem to belong to no particular class or place. Sometimes, in fact, it doesn't even seem to belong to his own body as specifically as all that, for he can give you an impression of being able to throw it, like a cat.

His sense of humour is very particular to him. I don't think he likes jokes much, or at any rate not the ninety-nine out of a hundred jokes that involve some sort of flippancy or other device to neutralize extremity of feeling. Nor does he often laugh. But he can be very funny, and the theme that most often makes him make other people laugh is the eccentric amount of devoted concentration that we all spend on getting what we don't want.

Every now and again he will be struck by the ludicrousness of some act that he will narrate in an aghast, terse voice: for instance, the story of himself persistently trying to avoid having to direct a play that he detested, but which he ended up by putting on in two countries. Or the conversation of an Afghan who kept him talking for hours in a state of hermetic politeness on the edge of a dangerous desert without ever saying that what he wanted was to rape Peter Brook's beautiful wife. As in this story, there will often be quite an aftertaste to his humour, which is why people sometimes misguidedly think that he hasn't much sense of comedy; he has, but it ends in a gallows shrug that a lot of people can't manage.

One of the first productions of his that I ever saw, when he was knee-high to a grasshopper and I still at school, was Sartre's *Huis Clos*, the origin of the aphorism that "hell is other people." Sartre's inferno is merely an ornate room in which the lights can not be switched off; the director ended the play with an appalling pause between the three characters, then a peal of laughter drawn out like a nail from a quick, and then another pause. "Eh bien," says the only male character finally. "Continuons."

Peter Brook is a genuinely international man, impatient with the insularity of some of the men in his field in England and America, and one of the many things that is apt to drive him in exasperation from the theatre to the cinema is the comparative parochialism of the stage. He speaks fluent Russian and French, like his exquisite actress wife, Natasha Parry. Their daughter, Irina, was christened at the Russian church in Paris, where they have an apartment as a basis for an alternative life, when London closes in on him.

His work as a director of the Royal Shakespeare Company is no desk job, and he seems to be abroad a good half of the year; he chose to cut his film *Lord of the Flies* in Paris, and he has put on many productions in French, including John Arden's *Serjeant Musgrave's Dance*. Prolifically interested in experiment in all the arts, he takes a rare pleasure in the talents of other people.

Last time I saw him in New York, for instance, when he was directing *The Physicists*, he was elated by the possibilities that had been opened up by a film sponsored by Johnson Wax at the New York World's Fair. The movie used three screens side by side to show simultaneously three images that often had nothing openly to do with one another and might even be separated in time. It was exactly the sort of technical development that would appeal to him: a device to leave judgments open, with a thousand different possible computations available to the film maker, and the burden to decide squarely on us.

I think it may be true to say that art always has a rising inflection, and that this is one of the things that distinguishes it from propaganda, which makes statements, and also from what is rather misleadingly called "entertainment," which often has no voice of its own and on those occasions is no fun at all. Why is it that no play has ever possessed the popular imagination so powerfully as *Hamlet?* Is it because it asks more unanswerable questions than any other play ever written? Is this why we know Picasso to be a genius—because he takes nothing for granted, not even the hallowed convention that a painting should depict what we can see, which is that a man in profile seems to possess one eye, instead of what we know, which is that he has two?

Peter Brook's way of working on a production is based on questioning everything. His Socratic presence at a rehearsal is uniquely stimulating, though I know that there are a few actors who would rewrite that sentence

PETER BROOK

and call it uniquely shattering. He asks questions all the time, pushing a doubt or a hunch as far as it will go, and it takes a special sort of agnostic temperament not to be rattled by the fact that he may finally expect you to accept that the inquiry was a red herring proving only that the line of work was the wrong one. Some actors want their directors to be omniscient, or at least to pretend to be, and a man who says "no" to the cloak of the sage is no comfort to them. This is especially true of the older actors in England and America who have never worked in permanent companies. People used to playing in ensembles ask less relentlessly for reassurance.

Peter Brook was talking to me once about watching a rehearsal in West Berlin where the Berliner Ensemble was working on *Coriolanus*. "Orders were lobbing at them all the time, on every minute piece of business, not just from one man but a phalanx. An English actor would have been in hysterics. But nobody's ego seemed to have been crucified as far as I could see. . . . There was only one man behaving like—you know—like an actor: quipping, bantering, wanting you to tell him how well he's done it." He looked envious. Brook's own cast of mind has a self-reliance that endlessly pushes him beyond the director's usual rôle of the interpretative middleman. He has sometimes composed the music for his productions, for instance. For the Olivier *Titus Andronicus* he put together an experimental sound track of musique concrète, a barbaric collage of noises that sounded rather as if it were scored for Malayan nose flute, deep-sea tuba, and the Gorgon's eyeball.

He has also been his own designer. For *Titus* he drew a huge ribbed setting that evoked the cage in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine the Great;* for Eliot's *The Family Reunion* he made an eerie drawing room that was like some middle-class English tomb for the house of Atreus. Someday he is obviously going to write his own films, thereby becoming one of the very few English-speaking directors to do what the directors of the most eloquent films have done all through cinema history, from Eisenstein to Satyajit Ray and from Keaton to Truffaut.

Both of the pictures that he has made lately, Marguerite Duras's *Moderato Cantabile* and William Golding's *Lord of the Flies* (he made *The Beggar's Opera* practically in his infancy), have cool, speculative temperaments that seem to foretell what his own scripts might be like. The material of *Moderato Cantabile* calls into question most of our assumptions about narrative form, and looks at behaviour almost as though it were an abstract mobile. The film also has an affection and a warm family charm that isn't often noticed in Peter Brook's work. There is a practically wordless scene between Jeanne Moreau and a child on a ferry that I have found unforgettable, and a strange piano lesson where she sits watching her child struggling beside a subtly obtuse and competitive music teacher.

The second film, *Lord of the Flies,* is as doubtful about conventional sentiments as *Moderato Cantabile* is about conventional story techniques. People like to think of children as being incorruptible, projections of our instinctive hope that the essence of ourselves is virtuous and that it is only the world that causes us to fall, but in Golding's allegory a group of shipwrecked children reproduces, unaided, most of the political and social deficiencies that adults have ever managed.

And what about *The Marat/Sade*? When it opened in England a good many people, including myself, found it a muddle-headed work disguised by a staggering production. But I have wondered sometimes since whether the traditional division between ideas and effects can really be made about this work. The time-honoured method of responding to a play is to think about the matter as though it were in a book, separating it from the production as though the rational and the sensory halves of theatre fell apart as sweetly as the two halves of a peach. But in *The Marat/Sade* they refuse to do this.

If the ideas are insufficient, clumsy, and unresolved, which they are, this may be because their function in the play isn't really intellectual at all. It is almost as if they are sensual, of the same kind as Richard Peaselee's distracted pipe-and-cymbal songs, which embody not the political hope of adults but the premoral brutality of nursery rhymes.

The point of the play in production is not, I think, to analyze the merits of opposed ideologies; it is to make us sense the violence at the back of them *as though it were our own.* The chaos of the world has been pushed out into the periphery of our minds, and Peter Brook's acting experiments before coming to this text were an attempt to bring it back into the centre where it can knowingly be owned.

But for anyone to go through the process of realizing that the atom bomb exists inside himself takes such an absurd degree of courage that no one sane is capable of it. Better, perhaps, to start with the question of mimed rebellions in bathhouses.

For Marat, sitting in his bath, the ideals of the French Revolution exist in his own body as physically as the feeling of the water on his skin. For Sade, who is less fully developed as a human being but nevertheless a man with some sense of other people, the Revolution is without the idealistic overtones that it has for Marat. It exists as a rage in his own blood and as a phenomenon of infuriating indifference in others.

"The passionless spectator" is his primary object of hatred: the "unbreakable iceberg-face" of Nature, the Herald whose sanguine announcements sound so chillingly like the buttonholing optimism of our own newspaper headlines, the gawping smart Parisians at the side of the stage who are such an uncomfortable analogue of ourselves.

"These cells of the inner self/are worse than the deepest stone dungeons/and as long as they are locked/all your revolution remains/only a prison mutiny." Some of the best passages in this worrying, stammering play have to do with Sade's efforts to dig out the criminal inside himself: his greedy account of the torture of Damiens, for instance, and his narrative of the revolution-as-orgy, while Charlotte Corday lashes him with her long blond hair. But the play as Brook produces it is by no means Sade's advocate. Sade's efforts are heroically honest, but he is neither an admirable nor an enviable man, being without charity and mad. Marat's position is no easier: He is the humanist, but his humanism has become mechanical and worthless. The fugal form of the play has no resolution, and the burden to go on with it is stonily shifted on to us when the inmates take up our applause at the end and mockingly drown it by clapping us back. They may have achieved more than we have by assimilating the fact of violence into their own systems, but they are also less than we are, prevented by the chaos inside their skulls from redeeming their insights by political expression. The implication of Peter Brook's revolutionary production is that it is exactly this breakdown between realization and action that makes them madmen.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

Gordon Parks, *above, far left,* lean, attractive, who writes with immediate, lacerating candour of his rough youth in Minneapolis, St. Paul, Chicago, Harlem, and Washington in his new book, *A Choice of Weapons.* His first book, of his boyhood on a Kansas farm, *The Learning Tree,* will become a movie with Parks directing. A composer of concerti and sonatas as well as a famous photographer for *Life* and Vogue, Gordon Parks often writes in flight or when stranded in airports. (He scribbled the last pages of *Weapons* while trapped on a London monument waiting to photograph the Churchill funeral cortège.) Now, with a cello concerto and two more books in progress, Parks said: "Nothing gets in a good photographer's way."

Barbara W. Tuchman, *centre above,* tenacious and talented, whose brilliant new book, *The Proud Tower: A Portrait of the World Before the War: 1890–1914,* is out this month. A historian who uses "visual, tangible, smellable words," Mrs. Tuchman describes statesmen the way Henri Fabre described his insects: lovingly, dissectingly, with a certain poetic charm. After note-taking in libraries on yellow legal pads, she types about a thousand words a day, taping, stapling, gluing the parts together. *Tower* took her, off and on, four years to write; *The Guns of August,* which has sold almost a million copies in seven languages, two and one half years. Mrs. Tuchman, her husband, a New York internist, and three daughters spend as much time as possible at their Connecticut place, which belonged to her father, the famous art collector and banker Maurice Wertheim. There, Mrs. Tuchman works in a glass-walled cabin among the trees. "It's a nice place to suffer," she said, "but then I suffer when I don't write."

Michael Parks, *near left,* sinewy, sandy-haired, a young actor who sprang from stock to star rôles in the movies *Wild Seed* and *Bus Riley's Back in Town,* and who will appear next in *The Bible* and *The Idol.* His strong acting muscle, leashed tensions, and square-jawed look of quelled violence cut him out from the groovy, hung-up young. "I like what represents now . . . but I always feel pain," said Parks, who was once a migrant worker. Now, at twenty-seven, he has a 3.4 Jaguar, a motorcycle, and a new Cardin suède jacket. (Usually he wears sweaters, shorts, socks, and a stubble.) In his warm, engaging voice, Michael Parks said: "Vanity is absurd, I don't pretend to be a great actor."

Mirella Freni, *below, far left,* diminutive, irresistibly doe-eyed, a young Italian soprano who brought overwhelming acting intelligence and a voice with the sheen of brushed gold to her first performances at New York's Metropolitan Opera. As Mimì in *La Bohème,* she glinted with pure lyric art; spun, as Adina in *L'Elisir d'Amore,* a seamless coloratura line. A fresh, flash success since she sang *Bohème* at La Scala in 1963, Miss Freni lives in Modena with her husband and teacher, the conductor Leone Magiera, and their small daughter, Micaela. After a packed spring schedule in Italy, this summer Miss Freni will sing Micaela in *Carmen* under Herbert von Karajan at Salzburg. In the autumn, at Lincoln Center's new opera house, Miss Freni will appear in *Turandot* and in *Faust* as a prima donna who, a critic said, "tears down the house . . . and tears out the hearts of the audience."

Sandy Dennis and **George Segal,** *centre below,* who play the young, slightly corrupted campus couple, the cheese bait in the trap of the movie, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* A wistful, wispy girl with a whim of chiselled steel, Sandy Dennis first came to real notice as the kicky kitten in the Broadway comedy, *Any Wednesday.* George Segal is a versatile man, an actor of quality who has been remarkably visible in the movies *Ship of Fools* and *King Rat.* The big break, however, for Dennis and Segal, is their chance to be chewed out by The Burtons, egged on by director Mike Nichols, in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY: ADELAIDE DE MENIL, BRUCE DAVIDSON, RODDY MCDOWALL, MULAS, DENNIS HOPPER

FIVE SECRET CLUES TO MEXICO

The alien symbols of Mexico have been rapidly reduced to the sickly condition of the clichés: Mexico is so near, yet so far; so modern, yet so antique; Mexicans are passionate, artistic, and in love with death. Yes, where else do children suck candy skulls on All Souls' Day, where else do you find, within a few miles, ancient Indian pyramids, filigreed colonial churches, glass-and-steel skyscrapers?

For all that, the "cactus curtain" may be more useful than it is thought to be. It contains and limits the superficial understanding of Mexico. It annexes the commercial paradoxes of the country—so far, so near, so new, so old—to the travellers' mechanical timetables and space-tables. It finally protects that hidden essence of the five clues to Mexico: its secret sense of time, and of space, of strangeness combined with freedom, of desire, and of the instant.

Time is the first clue to Mexico. The coexistence of all the historical levels is but an outward sign of this subconscious decision which one feels so strongly in the people and the land: All time must be maintained. At the root of this intuitive project there are, to be sure, historical factors. Mexican history can be seen as a succession, in a phrase of the poet Ramón López Velarde, of "subverted Edens."

Recently, travelling from Mexico City to New York overland, I felt a certain ruinous quality in both countries. But the American were mechanical ruins, the ruins of promises made and kept and then tarnished by time in junk heaps, automobile cemeteries, smog-bound cities, blackened factories. The ruins of Mexico, on the other hand, were natural ruins: the ruins of origin, of life-projects promised and then left unclaimed or destroyed by other projects, natural or human, but always close to something that the eyes of innocence could only identify with a perpetually original force. There lies, as well, the difference between Mexican ruins and those of classical antiquity: A Toltec temple has no descendants. It is a ruin unto itself.

The "subverted Edens" of Mexico actually reach back into its origins. Tribal warfare meant more than military victory for one side. It meant the uprooting of a whole moral and social enterprise and its substitution by a new cosmological power. The Spanish Conquest could be seen as the final, apocalyptic paradox of a promise at last kept, of a golden myth concluded through destruction. The white, blond, bearded god Quetzalcoatl (the plumed serpent, the metaphor that flies through the ground and walks the heavens, the bearer of life and knowledge) returned from the East with the gifts of gunpowder, cannon, Cross, and sword.

Mexican time, in the Conquest, met its fulfillment only to meet its death. Since then, all time in Mexico has worn a Janus mask. Each succeeding wave of social turmoil has, implicitly or explicitly, broken historical time, denied the totality of the past. Yet the people themselves, under and beyond the political programs, have maintained a sense of the totality of the past.

This understanding of omnipresent time was, perhaps, the most important intuition of the Mexican muralists who, starting in the early 1920's, covered wall after wall in practically every public building in Mexico. In Rivera, Orozco, and Siqueiros, the prime preoccupation is this simultaneous offering of time. Sometimes it is spelt out with figures and legends of almost Pop Art delineation (Rivera painted the whole cast of Mexican history from Moctezuma to Zapata with as much deliberation as Warhol employs vis-à-vis Elizabeth Taylor, but with far less irony.) Sometimes it is spelt out in thrusting symbols of rearing centaurs and humanity on fire. Even at their most magnificent, in Rivera's National Palace in Mexico City, in Orozco's Cabañas Chapel in Guadalajara, or in Siqueiros's unfinished (he was unjustly imprisoned four years) Chapultepec Palace chambers, the muralists could not parallel their exciting vision of time with an equally significant use of space.

Their space was as vast as the time they spanned. Yet space, the second clue to Mexico, is a moral and physical counterpoint to the country's sense of time. Where time has been totally omnipresent, the space that contains it must shrink within forms of the utmost complexity. The *extension* of time craves in Mexico an *intensity* of space. Witness the use of open architectural space at Teotihuacán, Mitla, or Chichén Itzá. It is blank, immense, mute, or ironically repetitive in its patterns. The pyramids and palaces of ancient Mexico refuse and expel time: Their monumentality is willed as pure, timeless space, much as the plateaus that surround them. These monuments renounce all commentary and bid you fix your attention on details—serpents at Teotihuacán, Chac gargoyles in Mayan temples—in order to understand that it is in these highly wrought, self-contained spaces that the reunion of time and space occurs.

A synthesis of sorts is found in one of the less visited, but more significant, Mexican temples: the trun-

(Continued on page 155)

Three Movers in Mexico

Nothing exotic. An absurd amount of magnetism. Arms opened to life. All leaders. That is the Fuentes family, *opposite:* Carlos, Mexico's most important younger novelist and critic; his wife, Rita Macedo, a star in Mexico's theatre and movies; his stepdaughter, Julissa, whose Spanish record, "Teacher's Pet," flew to the top of the charts. They all have a certain pounce, a civilized charm, and a quick reach for hard work. In his new novella, *Aura,* Carlos Fuentes, who wrote "Five Secret Clues to Mexico" for Vogue, has achieved his nightmare effects with small, adroit nicks rather than razor slashes. An intellectual storyteller, Fuentes is particularly known for *The Death of Artemio Cruz,* a major novel told by a dying, rich Mexican landowner who remembers the anatomy of his country ever since 1889. Nothing Proustian, just indigenous Fuentes. Now the Fuentes family is abroad, on leave from their big Mexico City house, with its studio where Carlos Fuentes writes in what he once described as a "cross between Dracula's den and Heathcliff's hideaway."

BERT STERN

BY CARLOS FUENTES

audrey hepburn

AT THE PRET-A-PORTER

Here's the plot: take a girl like Audrey Hepburn—fit and dashing and slim as a reed; from the top of her cropped little mane of hair to her toes, marvellous-looking in the most contemporary way...add fashion with spirit to match.... Savour the results on these pages, in which, just for Vogue—and just for fun—Audrey Hepburn takes a make-believe whirl through the real-life fashion-excitements of the crackling, young, French pret-à-porter....Next Hepburn-plot to savour: *How to Steal A Million Dollars and Live Happily Ever After*, a movie-whirl about art forgers. *Left:* Wool jersey hood pulled up from the neck of a sleeveless top with no back to speak of, and a blaze of stripes—black, gold, turquoise. By Mihri Fenwick. Miss Hepburn's makeup here, and on the pages ahead, by Alberto de Rossi. *Right:* Vinyl crashes the pea-jacket-scene—shiny white dashed out as collar, belt, and sides on navy-blue wool; pants like a pair of sparkling white vinyl cigarettes. Turnout by Victoire for Hauser Sport. Clothes on both pages, at Bloomingdale's.

WILLIAM KLEIN

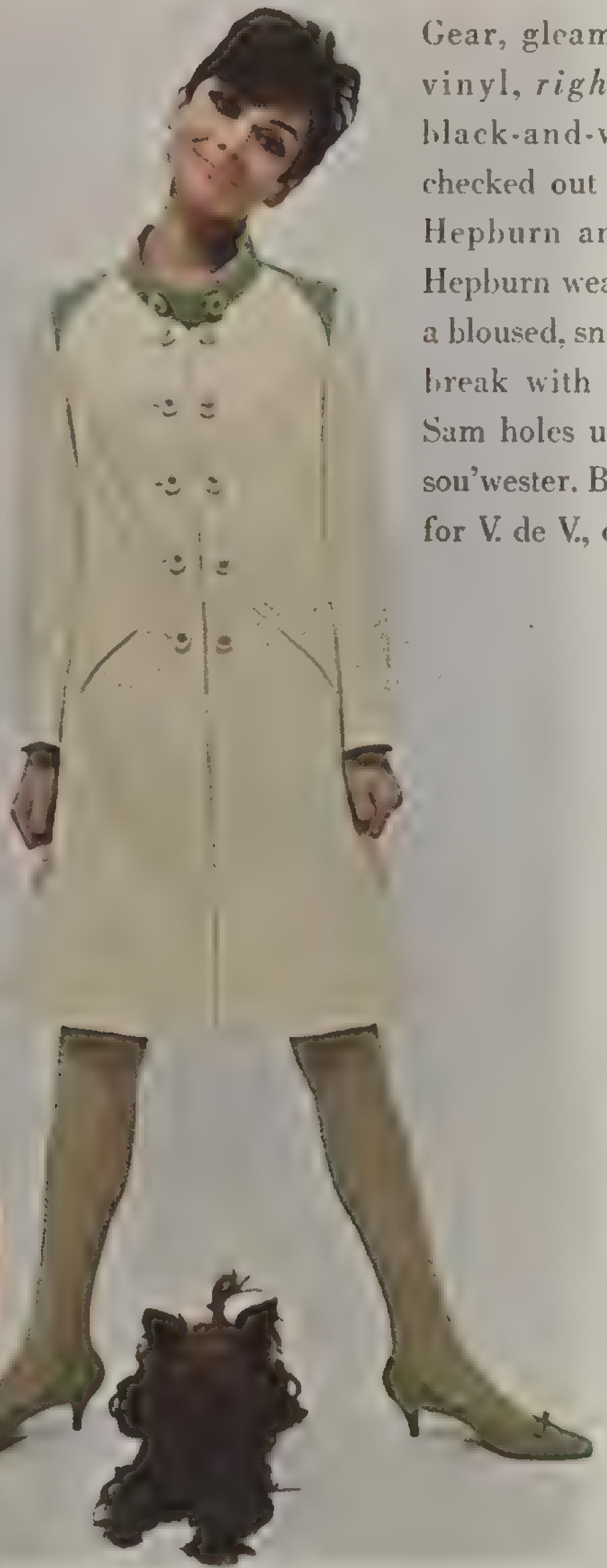
The kandy-striped shiny-vinyl streamline smasheroo, *left:* nifty when it's raining, ditto when it's not…straight, small, double-breasted coat in black and white. …Audrey Hepburn wears the big, snappy collar pulled up, holds a matching vinyl beret. Michèle Rosier for V. de V., of Comark vinyl.

Polka dots by the black, beamy dozen, *left,* on a beige vinyl envelope of a coat—self-sealing kind; has a Velcro closing…tiny yoke, tiny flare…licorice-coil collar and cuffs. Victoire for Hauser Sport. Shoes by Charles Jourdan.

Championship stuff, *above:* Audrey Hepburn in a speedy little shift of navy-blue wool jersey with bike-racer sleeves…red, white, and blue stripes set all the way in on a shallow V-neckline…tam of matching stripes hung back on the head; navy-blue textured stockings; black slippers kicking up bright white heels. Dress and tam by Sonia Rykiel for Laura. Shoes by Seducta.

WILLIAM KLEIN

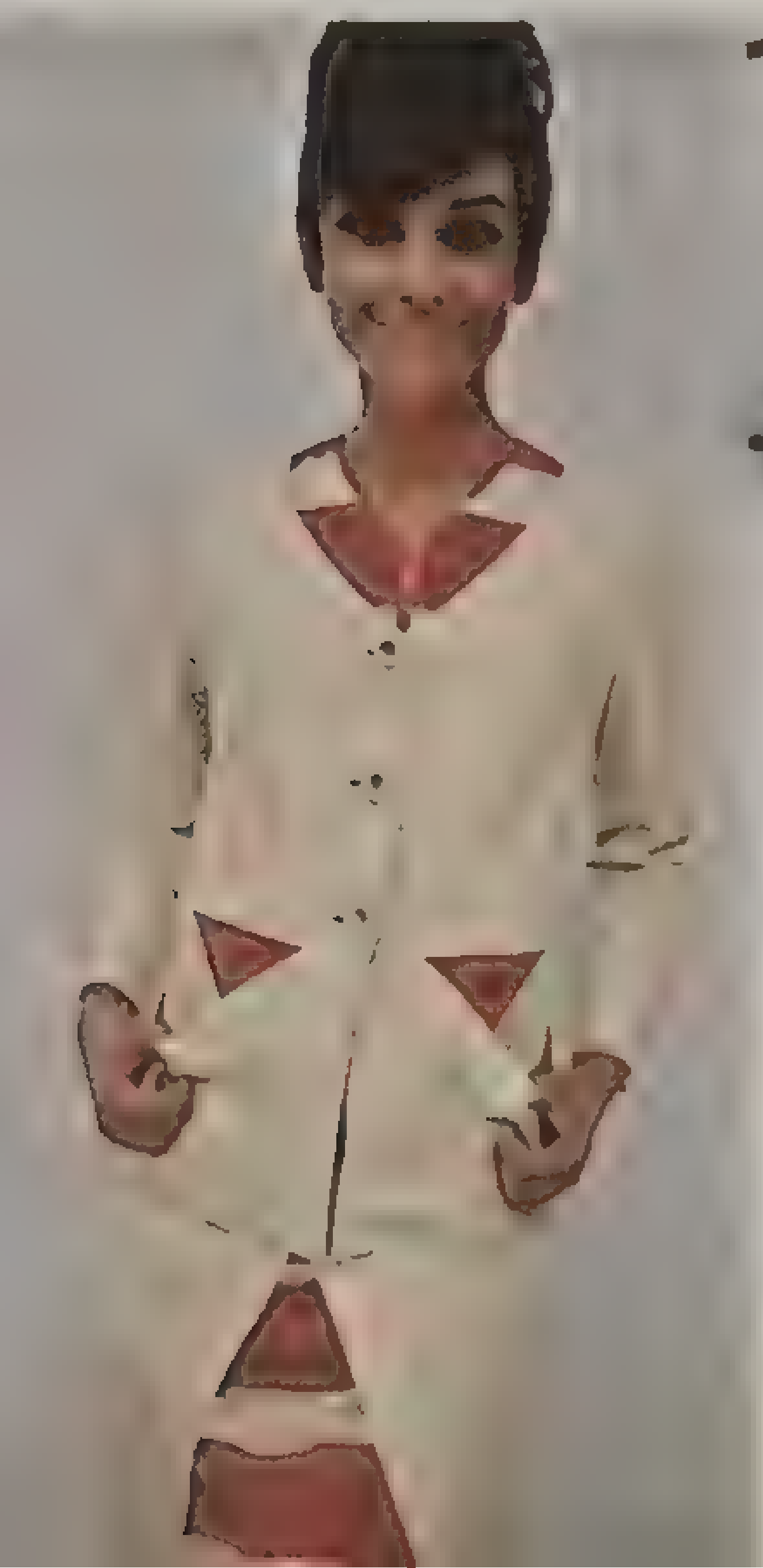
audrey hepburn AT THE PRET-À-PORTER



Officer's coat, *right*, from the crack young Emmanuelle Khanh regiment… pistache collar and epaulets on an elongating slice of ivory wool gabardine…narrowly double-breasted; arcs of stitching over the hip. By Emmanuelle Khanh for Pierre d'Alby. Carita stockings (flanking Miss Hepburn's Yorkshire, Sam).

Gear, gleaming, geometric vinyl, *right*, in a roar of black-and-white checks… checked out here by Audrey Hepburn and friend. Miss Hepburn wears the pants and a bloused, snow-capped windbreak with shirt sleeves…. Sam holes up in a matching sou'wester. By Michèle Rosier for V. de V., of Comark vinyl.

Geometric suit, *below:* ivory silk with clean, vivid angles of pink-and-white jersey flaring up everywhere …at the neck and pockets of the long, narrow jacket …blazing through a slashed-out triangle on the swinging skirt. By Emmanuelle Khanh for Pierre d'Alby. Clothes on these two pages: Bloomingdale's.



BODY AND SUN

Body: alone in sun, alone in century-bleached stillness of canyon and chasm; glorying in brown—shadow-brown, deep quiet colour echoing a deep golden tan. *Left:* Water-leotard, snug from throat to wrist to loin, shadow-dark against the skin. Belted brown the suit, of Orlon and Du Pont stretch nylon. $20. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Gus Mayer; Sakowitz. Cool-Ray Polaroid Sun Mask. *Opposite:* Backs are out—in the open, beautifully bared by a shadow-brown maillot that merely loops the shoulder. Suit of Orlon and Du Pont stretch nylon. $18. At Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; Jordan Marsh, Florida; I. Magnin. Both suits by Brigance for Sinclair. Worn by Baroness Fiona Thyssen-Bornemisza at Lake Powell, in Arizona's canyon country. All coiffures on these pages are by Ara Gallant of Garrison-Ramon; all the hairpieces are by Tovar-Tresses.

Brown taken bodily into the sun country—clinging like a shadow of colour on suntanned skin. *Opposite:* Matte brown jersey hugs the body—succinctly, clear to the small of the sun-gold back. Elisabeth Stewart maillot, of mocha Antron nylon. $24. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros.; Neusteters; Neiman-Marcus. Taking the Lake Powell waters: Baroness Thyssen-Bornemisza. *Left:* Shadowing the body, palest brown: the most seductive slant a bikini can take—knotted high on one shoulder, high on one hip. By Catalina; Mylast textured Antron nylon and Lycra. $22. At Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Burdine's; Hudson's. Giant sun sombrero by Marietta Larsen. Taking the sun in Wahweap, Arizona: Marisa Berenson.

BODY AND SUN...BROWN JERSEY, BARED BACKS...THE ASYMMETRIC BIKINI

JOHN COWAN

Left: Great natural beauty, backdrop for a reckless portion of beads falling over bosom and back—and, on other occasions, over a taut silk sweater. By Robert Originals, in sand-red rushed with rhinestones. To order at Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Frost Bros. In the timeless distance: Monument Valley. *Right:* Silver blazing on gold—shimmered bell-bottom pants flanking sun-bathed hips. By Sportwhirl, knitted of Mylar and nylon. About $20. At Altman's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Harzfeld's. Photographed in Monument Valley and Page, Arizona. On these and the preceding pages: Jacqueline Cochran's choice of moisturizing sun shade—Pick Your Tan.

BODY AND SUN...RECKLESS BEADS...SILVERED HIP-SLUNG PANTS

JOHN COWAN

This page: The sunny shorts-length now—high as can be, cut even higher at the sides—in cream-of-wheat cotton denim with frontier pockets, fly front. Here, on Baroness Thyssen-Bornemisza, with a close sweater of knitted cotton, same colour. Maroon stripes rim the neck, the belt. All by White Stag. Shorts, about $5; sweater, about $3; belt, about $2. All at Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Hudson's; Frederick & Nelson. *Right:* Short-pants turnout of white stretch twill, worn by Marisa Berenson—a double-breasted pea jacket with brass buttons, over high-cut mini-shorts. By Cole of California, of Lycra and cotton (Wellington Sears fabric). Jacket, about $22; shorts, about $7. Both at Lord & Taylor; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Carson Pirie Scott; Joseph Magnin. Both pages: Adolfo hats; the rock sculpture in Arizona's Monument Valley.

BODY AND SUN . . . MINI-SHORTS, CUT HIGH . . . LITTLE SWEATERS, LONG JACKETS

JOHN COWAN

JOHN COWAN

Left: Cut like a Crusader's doublet, a lineny white dress banded over side insets and an underskirt of bright printed silk. By B. H. Wragge; white overdress of Avisco rayon (Crown fabric); about $125 at Bonwit Teller; Rich's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Here, on Baroness Thyssen-Bornemisza. *Right:* Buttoned over bareness, a dress of surf-coloured linen, the back stripped down to straps like a bathing suit. All buttons: silvered cobra. By Sylvia de Gay for Robert Sloan, of Irish Looms linen. About $40 at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Gidding-Jenny; I. Magnin. Worn by Marisa Berenson. Backgrounds: man-made Lake Powell in Glen Canyon, Arizona.

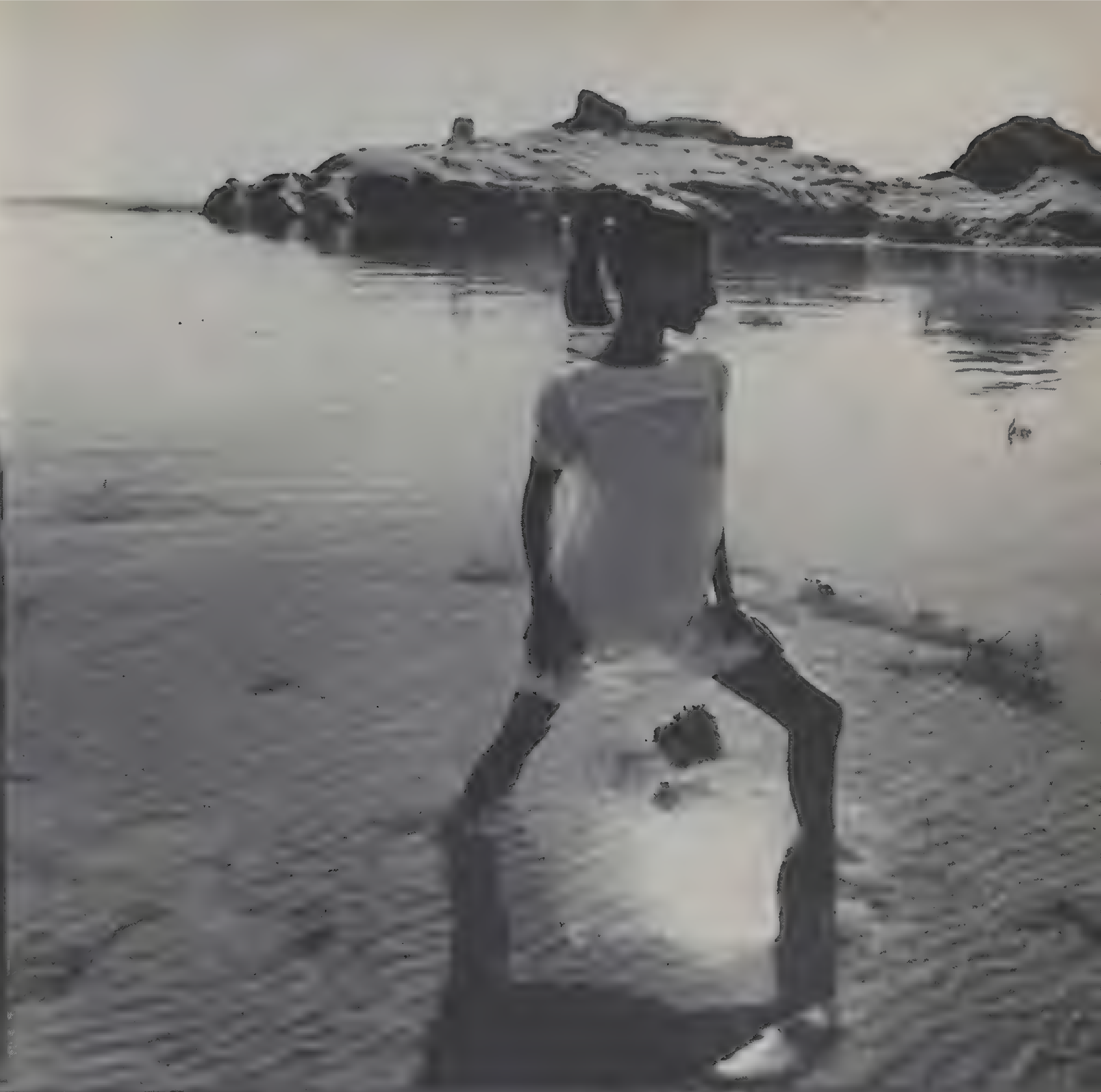
BODY AND SUN...THE CUTOUTS, BANDED TOGETHER...SHOWING PRINTS OR SKIN

Right: Tom Jones in Arizona—wheat crêpe shirt on a yoke, billowy sleeves; snug matching britches of Moygashel linen…on Baroness Thyssen-Bornemisza. Ellen Brooke for Sportswear Couture. Silk shirt, about $65. Britches, about $35. Henri Bendel; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. *Opposite:* More body, more sun—in ribbed beige knit, bikini top and bell-bottom hip-pants separated by miles of suntan. Worn by Marisa Berenson. By Sylvia de Gay for Robert Sloan; of Fortrel, Fibro rayon, and flax (Crown Knits). Top about $12; pants about $30. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Julius Garfinckel; Montaldo's; Joseph Magnin. Marietta Larsen fedora. Pouch-belt by Canterbury. Arizona setting: Monument Valley.

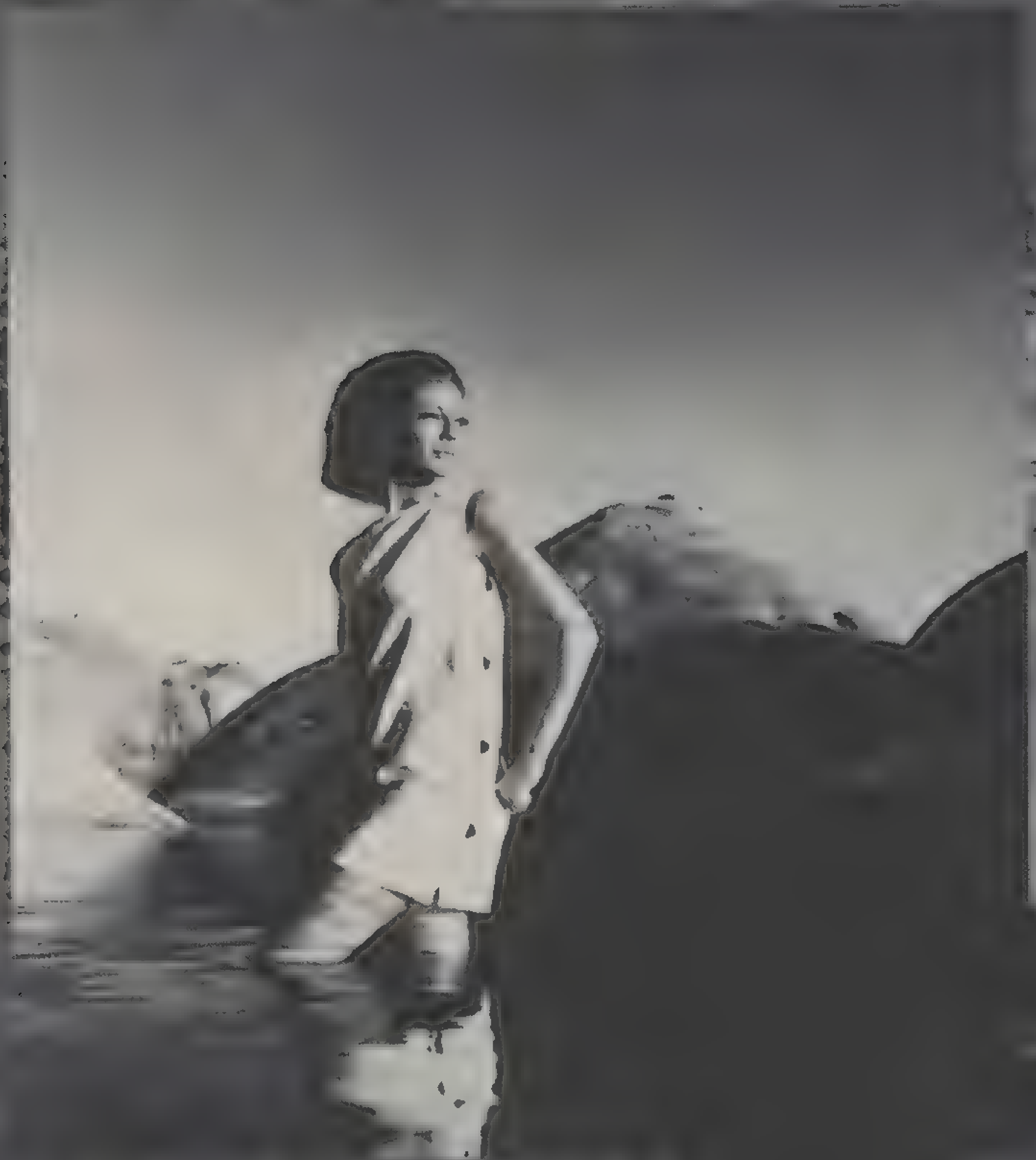
BODY AND SUN…LITTLE LINEN BRITCHES…BELL-BOTTOM BIKINI

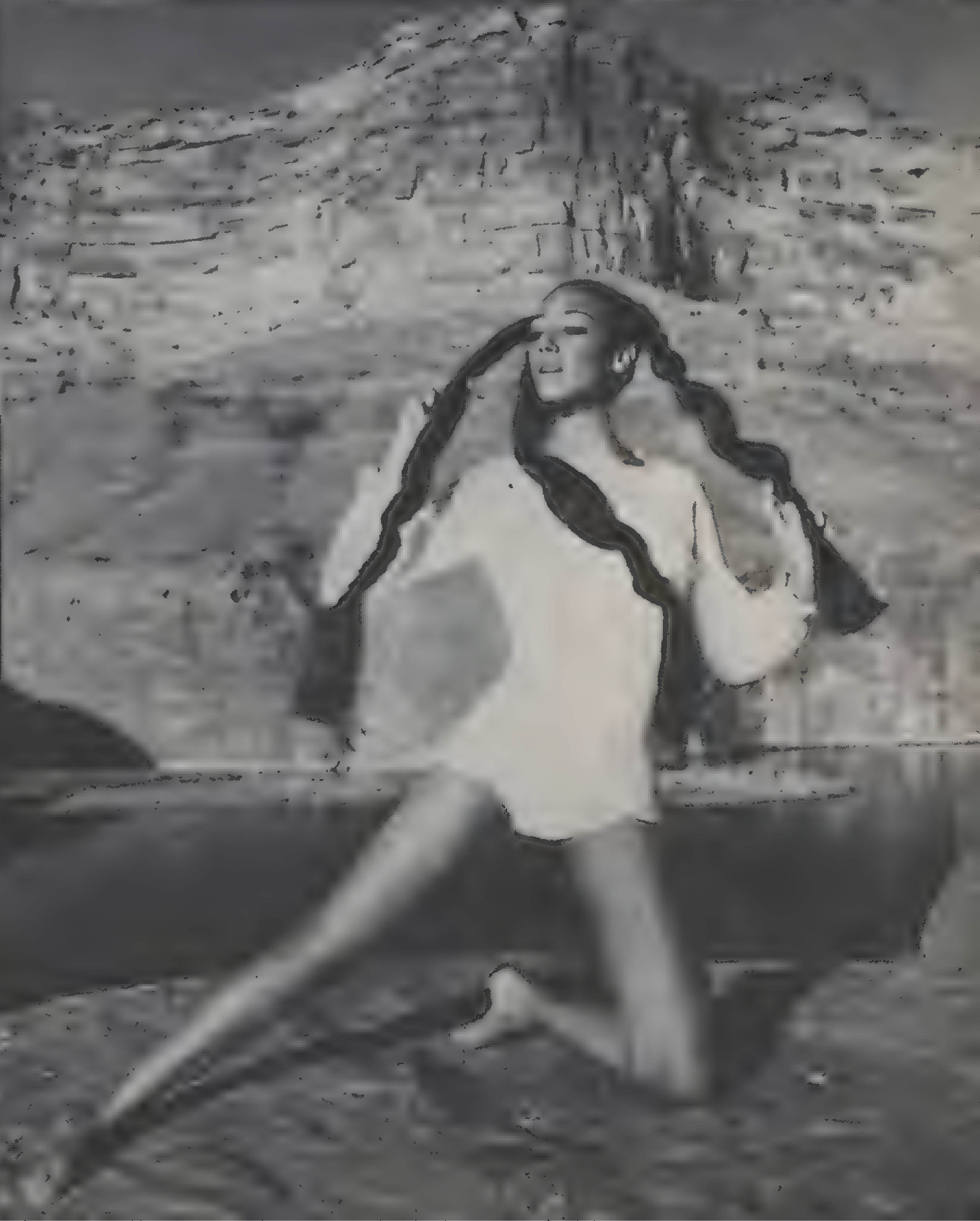
JOHN COWAN

BODY AND SUN...LITTLE WHITE BIKINI-COVERS...HOODS, SMOCKING, FROGS



Left: Long shirt of white jersey with a hood-collar, long sleeves—soft enough to roll into nothing. By Countess Sybilla for Sacony, of Arnel; about $23 at Saks Fifth Avenue. *Below:* Wading-length shift of white ribbed cotton, side-closed with navy-blue frogs. By Sea Weeds, of C. & J. Ryan cotton; $23 at Bonwit Teller. *Above right:* Dotted Swiss baby dress to see a bikini through—puffed sleeves, high yoke, ruffles. By Lady Bug, of white Dacron and cotton (Pedigree fabric); $15 at Best & Co. All these, worn by Baroness Thyssen-Bornemisza.

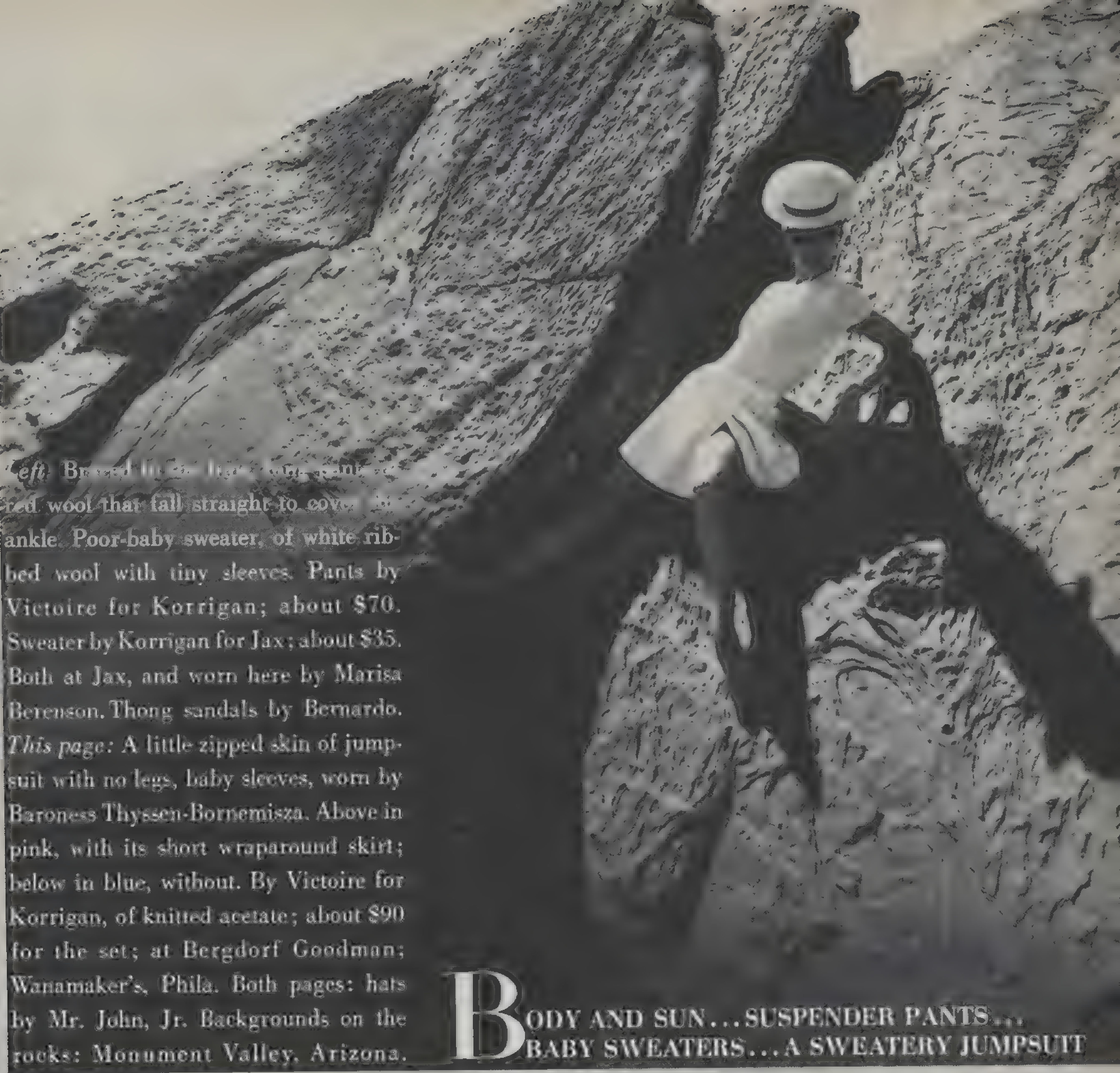




Directly right: White cotton terry-cloth cover-up, with pink smocking on the yoke, on the cuffs. By White Stag; $8 at Lord & Taylor. Shown on Marisa Berenson. Background on both pages, Lake Powell at Glen Canyon, Arizona.

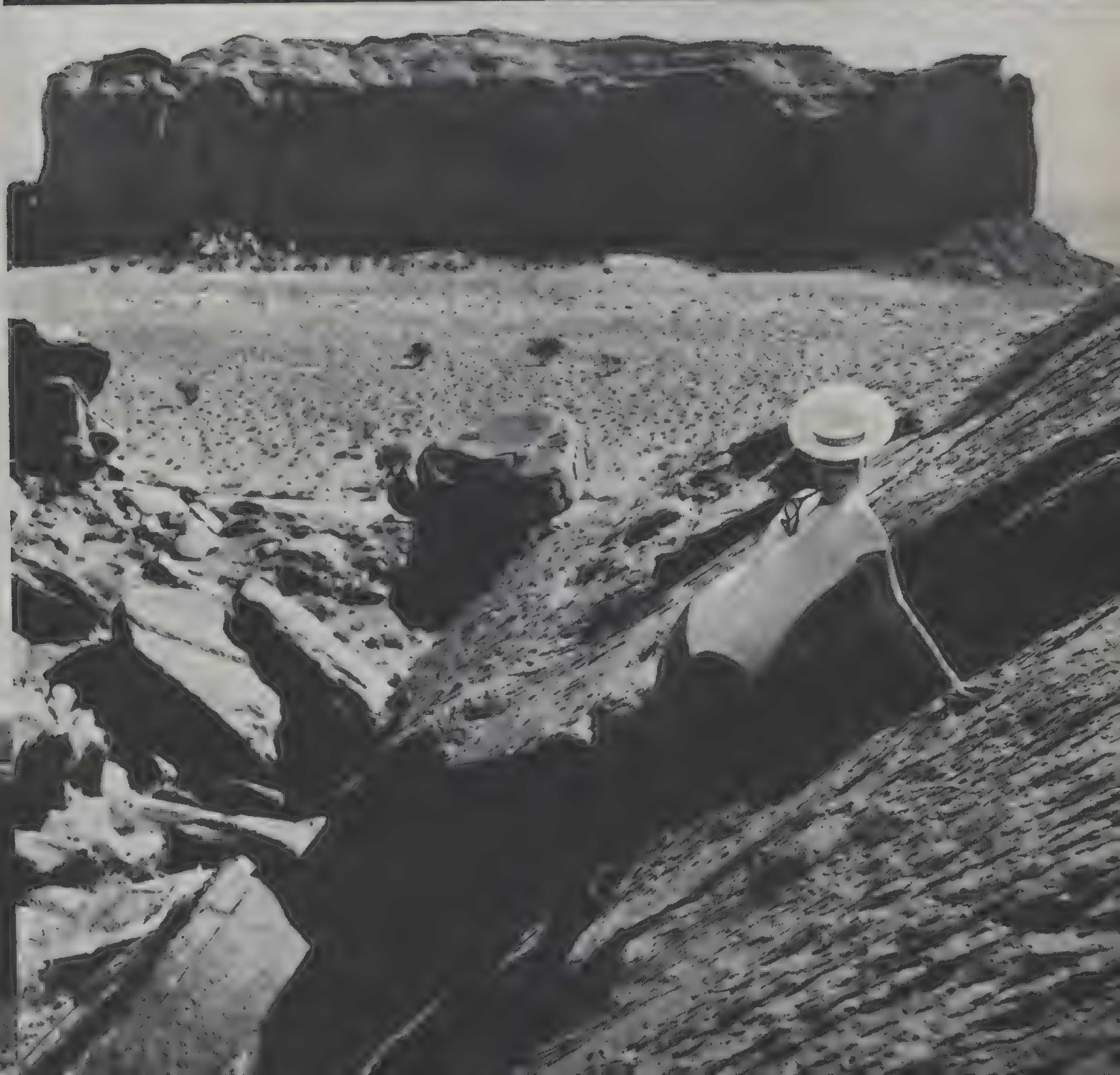
JOHN COWAN

JOHN COWAN



Left: Braced in [illegible] long pants of red wool that fall straight to cover the ankle. Poor-baby sweater, of white ribbed wool with tiny sleeves. Pants by Victoire for Korrigan; about $70. Sweater by Korrigan for Jax; about $35. Both at Jax, and worn here by Marisa Berenson. Thong sandals by Bernardo. *This page:* A little zipped skin of jumpsuit with no legs, baby sleeves, worn by Baroness Thyssen-Bornemisza. Above in pink, with its short wraparound skirt; below in blue, without. By Victoire for Korrigan, of knitted acetate; about $90 for the set; at Bergdorf Goodman; Wanamaker's, Phila. Both pages: hats by Mr. John, Jr. Backgrounds on the rocks: Monument Valley, Arizona.

BODY AND SUN . . . SUSPENDER PANTS . . . BABY SWEATERS . . . A SWEATERY JUMPSUIT



JOHN COWAN

BODY AND SUN...CUTOUT WAIST, HALTER-BARED BACK

Opposite: Crisp air-cooled shift, the colour of raspberries; all around the waist, cutouts baring little rounds of suntan...on a pale day, blot out the holes with a thread of chiffon handkerchief. By Cardin. Of Fibranne and cotton. Copy by Bonwit Teller. *Left:* Cowled in front, naked in back—a halter dress of vanilla linen, bow-tied over more bareness at the small of the back. By Ellen Brooke for Sportswear Couture, of Moygashel linen. About $10. Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Halle Bros.; Neiman-Marcus.

JOHN COWAN

BODY AND SUN...LOW PANTS, STRAIGHT, FLARED...SHIRTS, BABY TOPS

Opposite: White twill pants, low-slung and straight, with a tiny white undershirt graph-lined in green. Pants of Dacron and cotton (Galey & Lord fabric); about $15. Top of knitted Du Pont nylon; about $14. Both by Sportwhirl, at Altman's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Roos-Atkins. Straw hat by Mr. John, Jr. Bernardo sandals. Sunglasses by Riviera. *Above:* Hip pants of Mexican yellow and turquoise stripes, turquoise ribbed baby-sweater. Pants of Dacron and cotton; about $15. Top of Helanca Du Pont nylon (Suemel fabric); about $9. Both by Gregg Draddy. At Altman's; Himelhoch's. Adolfo hat. Sunglasses by Sutain. *Left:* Flared-out pants and long shirt of bright blue Dacron meeting at a low pink beltline. Shirt about $23; pants, abou $20; both of Stehli fabric. By Tudor Square. Altman's; Woodward & Lothrop. Mr. John h

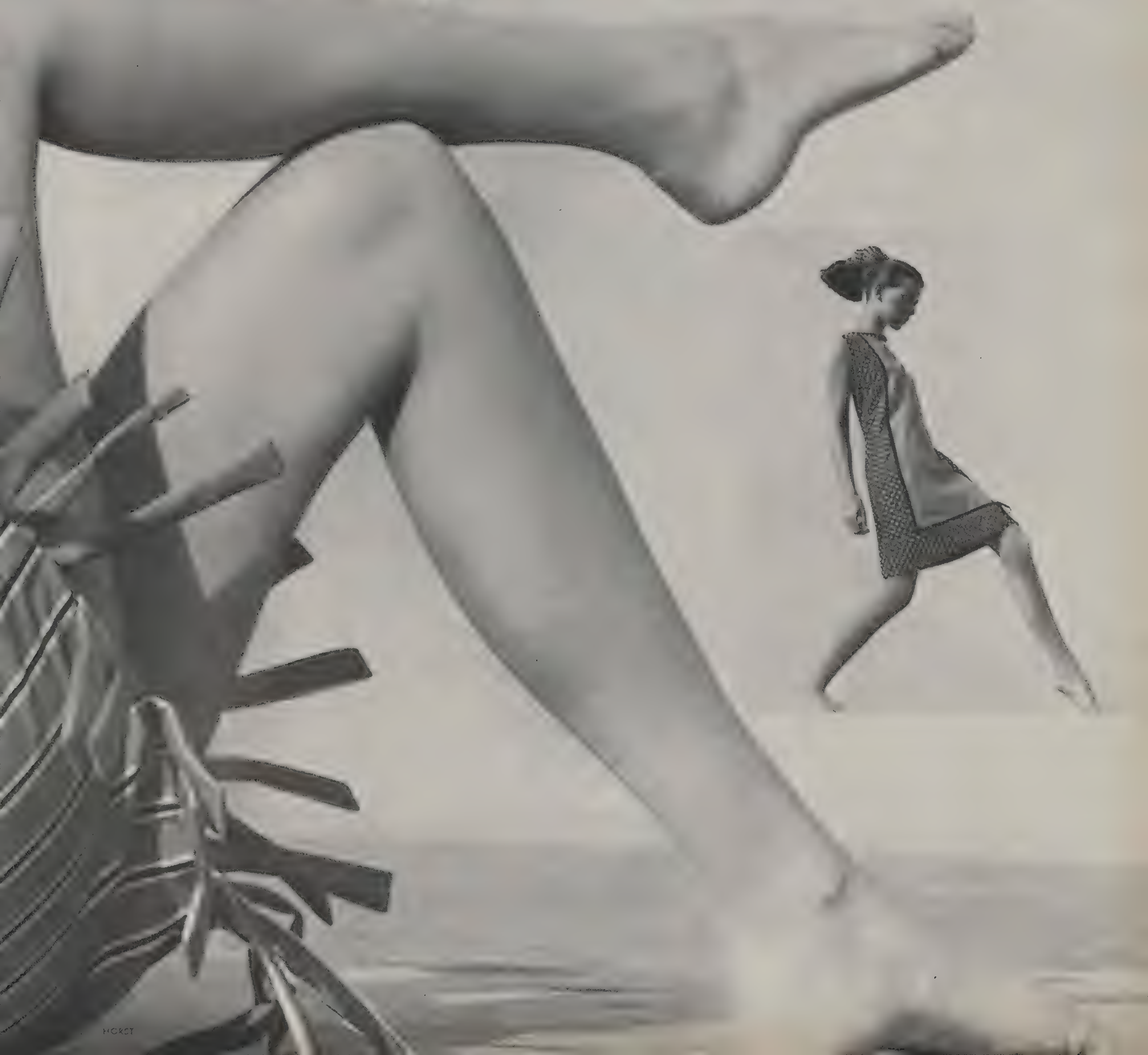
Right: Little cotton shift to the sun—bandanna top Paisleyed red and black, pointed into a flick of white skirt. From Altman's Mexican Collection. $35. Coiffure: Marc Sinclaire. *Opposite:* Yellow hip-slung pants on a neat new tack—they close like a bandanna, with a quick wrap-and-tie. Slicked therein: the sunniest undershirt top—knitted, ribby, rib-clingy. Both by Loomtogs. Pants, of Dacron and cotton (Greenwood fabric), about $15. Top, of Dacron-and-cotton knit, about $8. Both: Altman's; Woodward & Lothrop; Hovland-Swanson; Neusteters. Tilted straw Panama, by Adolfo.

BODY AND SUN...
BANDANNA-TOPPED SHIFT
BANDANNA-WRAPPED PANTS...

JOHN COWAN

For wherever the sun flames, waves flap, and lunch is being served: mini-dresses of cotton, brief and brilliant, to go barefoot over a bikini, or to town later in the day with stripped-bare leather sandals. *Far left:* Tucks all over, bands of lace, little shrugs of sleeves, in natural-coloured cotton. By Loomtogs; about $18. At Altman's; Woodward & Lothrop. *Centre:* Stripes of orange-black-white cotton, strips of fringe to flutter over bare brown knees, a small shifty shape cut in at the shoulder tops; about $20. *Below:* Barefoot dress of black-and-white dotted cotton, an apron-panel of white edged in black; about $30. This and the dress above, made in Jamaica, exclusively for Bergdorf Goodman and I. Magnin.

BODY AND SUN—BAREFOOT DRESSES, BRIGHT, SASSY, SNIPPED-OFF



HORST

"In Brazil, I watched the fishermen near Bahia, above. They pull in their nets to the cadence of the African-sounding song they sing."

Above: "At San Francisco Church in the old quarter of Bahia."

Right: "Sifting diamonds from sand at the Boa Vista mines."

Below: "Jeep-travel near Boa Vista."

Right: *"The missionary plane flew us to Tepequem."*

Left: *"In Black Lake people throw gifts to the sea spirits during the ritual of Macumba."*

Below: *"On a fishing raft off Bahia—the fishermen always stand. I sat, half in water."*

Bettina:

THE ADVENTURES OF A PASSIONATE TRAVELLER

EDITOR'S NOTE: Bettina, the attractive Frenchwoman who was one of the best-known models in the world, is becoming one of the best-known travellers. In 1964 Vogue published her Nile diary. Recently, accompanied by the French photographer Maurice Jacquin, Bettina started down the spine of Latin America. From the supreme comfort of the Richard Burtons' house in Puerto Vallarta to the supreme discomfort of mosquito-infested desolate jungles, she wrote it all down. Her last-minute saves in crises: an American army hammock and an indestructible sense of humour. Excerpts from her journal begin here.

JANUARY 26. Left Acapulco, magnificent but Americanized, a sort of California plus coconut palms. The only Mexicans my photographer, Maurice Jacquin, and I have seen are hotel employees and shopkeepers. They all speak English and any real contact is out of the question. It's hot, and the midday sun is beating down on the car. Beyond the town the people are smiling and happy and have no objection to being photographed. A stop at one of the beaches. It's so beautiful that we're sorry to have wasted so much time on civilization.

It's dark by the time we reach Zihuatanejo, where the guidebook recommends the Hotel Catalina. The bedroom is quite dreadful, green walls and yellowish light bulbs. I pull the bed into the middle of the room because there are spiders on the walls.

JANUARY 27. The village is much to my liking. The streets, still empty at five o'clock in the afternoon because of the heat, are Mexican the way one imagines them. No modern houses, but a glimpse, through open doors, of hammocks and cool gardens of tropical plants. The lights go on and people come out. Gaming tables—some with a simplified roulette and others with a kind of lotto—attract even children. A theatre is playing a Zorro film, which fits the scene.

JANUARY 29. At the shrine of Guadalupe in Mexico City. Groups of pilgrims climb hundreds of yards on their knees up to the church. Men and women of all ages and Indian children, all moved by a religious fervour which causes them to forget the pain of the climb. The men have the best of it, because their trousers protect their knees from the stone steps.

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BETTINA IN BRAZIL

Wherever Bettina travelled, from Mexico to Brazil, *left,* she managed to look precisely right—right for bright beaches, rain-sopped cities, dust-sopped roads, hot jungles, and cold plateaus. Managed is the operative word, for Bettina planned. Her clothes were mostly French and Italian. She bought hats and jungle boots along the way, and added, in Peru, one chill-breaker: a llama wool poncho.

MAURICE JACQUIN

"At the Shrine of Guadalupe in Mexico City, left, *pilgrims climb hundreds of yards on their knees."*

BETTINA'S ADVENTURES IN MEXICO

"Acapulco, above—*California plus coconut palms."*

"Down Usumacinta River in a mahogany canoe with mahogany paddles, above—*and packing-box seats."*

JANUARY 31. Eight-thirty A.M. After packing a suitcase with a strict minimum of clothes, we set out on a five-hundred-mile tour; a hundred and fifty miles to Papantla and three hundred and fifty more back to Mexico City, via Veracruz. All the way to Papantla the landscape is constantly changing; the climate, too, because the road goes up over the mountains. It's quite cold, as we cross wide stretches covered with cactus. Very strange. This is the silver-mine country.

An Indian village. A market going on. Very pure and very colourful. I'm a little afraid of how people may react to the camera, but they seem to be enjoying themselves, like children, maintaining at the same time an attitude of reserve and a total lack of curiosity. These Indians, clean, dignified, and gentle, have a melancholy air. Men, women, and children all wear the same kind of hat, and I, too, put on mine. The most comical thing about this tiny village where there are nothing but Indians is the music coming out of a café. Twist music and the voice of Trini Lopez are the only noisy elements of this Sunday market.

FEBRUARY 1. Veracruz, a big city, noisy and gay, to which we take an immediate liking, even if a policeman fines us for disobeying traffic regulations. Looking for a restaurant, we finally end up on a square surrounded by houses painted pink, green, and white. We eat in an arcade where groups of musicians come to play in our ears.

FEBRUARY 2. Elizabeth Taylor Burton has lent me her house in Puerto Vallarta for a three-day rest. It's warm, and all the Americans are shouting greetings at one another. Palms everywhere, all the way up to the mountaintops. The sea is a bright blue and the village very Mexican in character, with steep streets bordered by attractive houses, Spanish-Mexican style.

Arrival at the Burtons' house, at the top of the village. The telegram gave an incorrect date for our arrival, and the secretary was about to leave in a Jeep for the beach. A divine house, full of colour and plants, with a superb view over the bay. Our quarters are comfortable to the nth degree. A thoroughly equipped beach, with lunch served under straw umbrellas.

FEBRUARY 4. We decide to go to Mismaloya, a nearby village, the locale of *The Night of the Iguana.* No way of getting there except by boat. After a thirty-five-minute sail we reach an attractive fishing village, with palm huts built along the shore. On the right side of the bay the film set has been transformed into a deserted club. The place is utterly charming. The houses on the set are for rent, but no one is living in them. Probably tourists find the place too isolated. I wouldn't mind spending a whole vacation here.

FEBRUARY 6. Back in Mexico City. Star of the bullfight: El Cordobes. An enormous, excited, noisy crowd, and a smell of cooking oil and fried meat. We get, at a stiff price, a couple of seats up in the bleachers. It's worth it to see El Cordobes some other way than on television.

FEBRUARY 8. Dinner with Merle Oberon de Pagliai in her superb house, with French cooking and delicious wine.

FEBRUARY 10. We take off in a two-seater plane for Palenque. Half the plane is occupied by our luggage. I'm up front with the pilot, who looks more like a garage mechanic than a man responsible for our lives. No use thinking about it. We fly very low over a jungle studded with yellow trees giving it the appearance of a leopard skin, and some stretches of water I shouldn't care to fall into.

Four-thirty P.M. We land at Palenque on an airstrip half dirt, half pebbles, and overrun by cows and cowboys. High temperature and humidity. An Indian village: dirt streets, with ditches on either side, tiny houses. We wonder about the hotel, Casa Domingo Lacroix: It's painted green and seems to be in the hands of two pale little boys, six and ten years old. The room is a perfect horror.

We set off in a Jeep for the ruins. A long, rocky road, with the Jeep slaloming from hole to hole. The vegetation is the most tropical we have seen. The beauty of these ruins in the middle of the jungle startles me. On each hillock a dozen pyramids surmounted by temples. We are all alone, no tourists. And the smell of orange blossoms, flowers, warm earth, and the jungle is inebriating.

At the hotel we have to wake up

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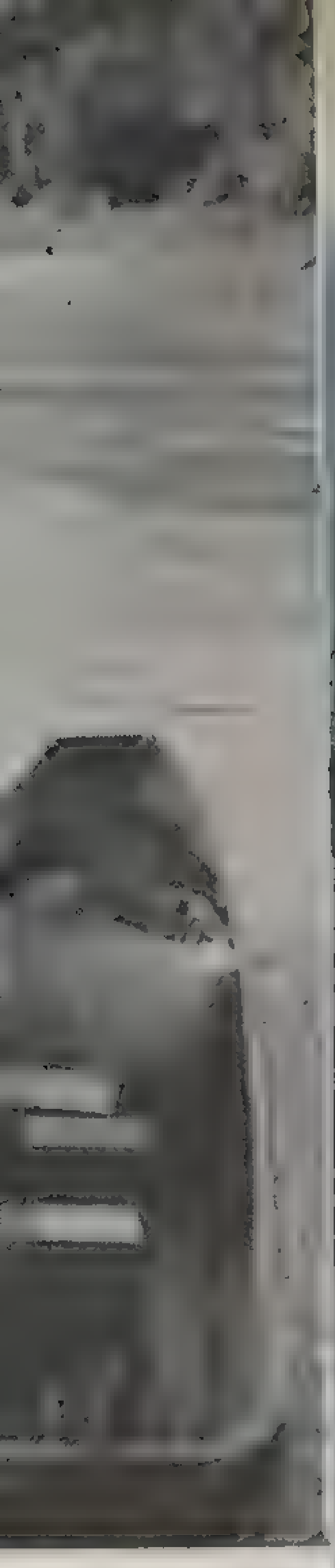


MAURICE JACQUIN

"The beauty of the Palenque ruins, right, startles me."

"Machu Picchu—magnificent, right. *The sacred river of the Incas flows below."*

the two brothers sleeping in a hammock strung up outside. The key to the front door is in their possession.

FEBRUARY 11. Six P.M. San Cristóbal de las Casas, Mexico. We are at a high altitude, and it is very cold. The taxi takes us to the house of Madame Blom, widow of the well-known archaeologist Frans Blom. Madame Blom, a Swiss woman about fifty-five years old, is grey-haired, blue-eyed, and tanned, with two Afghan hounds, one on either side. She welcomes me as if I were an old friend. Great style and authority. Really somebody.

The rooms of the beautiful old house give on to a patio filled with flowers. The other guests are already at dinner when we come in. An American couple; a young girl, also American, strangely dressed in a cadet uniform; a young Indian boy with a Mayan head; a young man wearing a poncho, and a Negro girl student from Washington who is here to work for three months with Madame Blom. We plan our expedition to the Usumacinta, a jungle river. Madame Blom, who organized the trip, is coming with us.

FEBRUARY 13. The big day of our departure for the Usumacinta River. Very few people go there, because it's a real expedition. Another single-motor plane, but the pilot inspires me with greater confidence: He looks something like Henry Fonda. For two hours we fly over dense forests, crossed by winding rivers. We land at Agua Azul on a grassy field among the village houses. Everything is very green. The plane will pick us up the day after tomorrow.

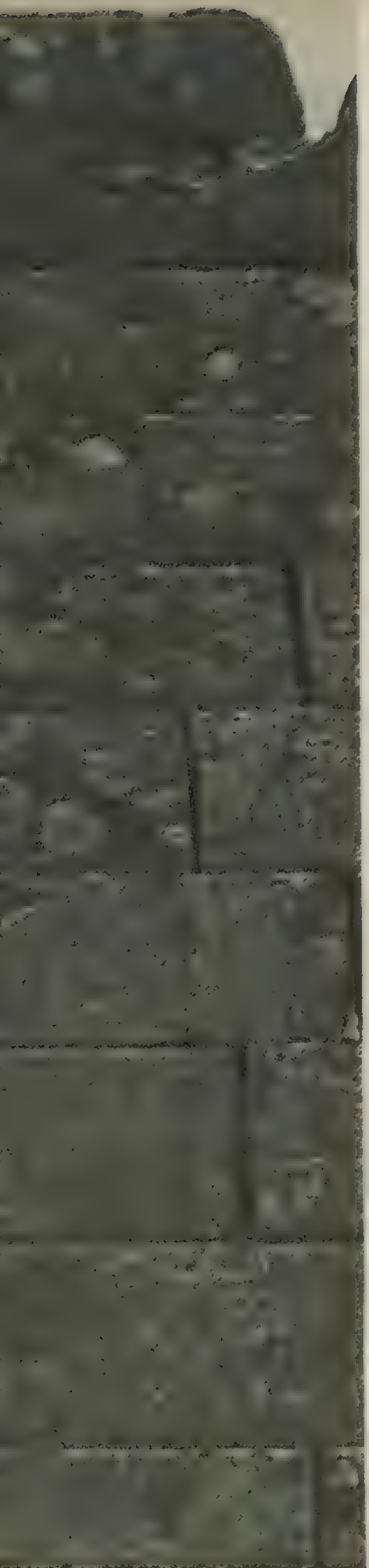
Madame Blom negotiates for a canoe, and at noon we start down the Usumacinta. Clouds in the sky, but agreeable light and a mild temperature. One Indian paddles at the bow, another at the stern, both of them standing. The canoe and the paddles are all made of mahogany, the local wood. Three packing boxes serve as seats—not the most comfortable for a five-hour journey. We move swiftly through the silence, between banks bordered by tropical forests. A lot of parrots. As time passes, water seeps in through a hole in the canoe and covers our feet.

At Yaxchilan Madame Blom greets her friends, the caretakers of the temples, and their families. The camp consists of two huts. In the larger one we install our hammocks and mosquito nets. Thank God for the nets, because five minutes later we are surrounded by mosquitoes.

Madame Blom is put out because the three outboard motors, one of which was to be mounted on the canoe to carry us upstream back to Agua Azul on Monday, are out of order. We may be delayed for several days, even a week or more, if the Indians are unwilling to paddle against

"Indian shepherds at Cuzco, above right: *'Money' is the universal English word."*

"The Incas in Cuzco, right, *foretold the future by the size of llamas' hearts."*



"Machu Picchu, **below:** *an Inca city on a peak, with marvellous mountains wreathed in clouds."*

MAURICE JACQUIN

BETTINA'S ADVENTURES IN PERU

the current. Her authority prevails over the Indians' indecision. We leave tomorrow evening and paddle the whole night in three canoes. We hope for moonlight to guide us.

At seven o'clock a frugal dinner of eggs and bananas, eaten by the light of a kerosene lamp. The sound of crickets, frogs, and the caretakers' singing. Our hut has no walls, only a roof, and it's just as if we were sleeping outdoors.

FEBRUARY 14. Dawn. It is hardly light, but pigs, chickens, turkeys, children, and Madame Blom's tinkling silver bracelets awaken me. Breakfast of eggs and black beans. We must make the whole tour before six o'clock if we want to meet the plane tomorrow.

We walk for hours through the warm, damp tropical forest, where the sun won't arrive until late in the morning. We are perspiring and yet we have to keep covered up because of the persistent mosquitoes. The vegetation is marvellous, with all sorts of rare and precious plants which grow miserably in city apartments, but here are as tall as trees. Our two guides use machetes to cut vines and roots which give out pure water, wonderfully refreshing.

Hillocks of stone hidden under the vegetation are actually temples worn away by time, and each one of them still has steps, lintels, and finely sculptured columns. The landscape, romantic and a little sad, is admirably suited to the ruins. By now the sun is high, and we return to the encampment, hot and exhausted.

A swim before lunch. The river banks are infested with tiny black mosquitoes which devour us. The pigs are always underfoot. News: One of the motors will go, at least for a while, which allows us all to leave in one canoe, with all our baggage. But Madame Blom, who is experienced in the ways of the forest, makes us set off early, with the two other canoes behind us in case our motor breaks down.

For an hour the motor runs and everything goes well. Then, the breakdown. The two Indians pick up their paddles and propel the canoe along. We have to avoid the rapids, which might overturn us.

At seven-thirty a stop in the darkness, on a pebbled beach, for dinner. A piece of tough chicken seems delicious, because we're so hungry. The two Indians, tired, keep looking back to see if the other two canoes are catching up with us. Nothing in sight. We go on.

Ten P.M. The others are here at last. Madame Blom changes over, with all her baggage, to the smaller of the two canoes. Into the third go baggage and gasoline cans. Then, through the jungle, by the light of the moon, the three canoes race one another along the banks. With this little fleet, we look like smugglers.

Midnight. Stop on a beach to make some coffee. The men recut their mahogany paddles, which have been worn by the rocks. Then off again. I sleep uncomfortably all the way to Agua Azul.

FEBRUARY 16. We leave San Cristóbal for Guatemala. The taxi driver taking us to the border is not exactly a pin-up boy, and the taxi is an old Chevrolet with a pink Madonna painted on the hood and a Saint Christopher on the door. On the windshield are pasted a picture of Pope John XXIII and an advertisement for Alka-Seltzer; on the rear window the name of San Cristóbal de las Casas in big letters. If these don't protect us from an accident, what could? Before setting out, the driver makes the sign of the Cross.

FEBRUARY 22. Flying to Peru. Sunrise over the Andes, but clouds in the sky. Arrival, among the clouds, at Lima, Peru, where it's the rainy season. We decide to set out at dawn for Cuzco and Machu Picchu, and to go to Brazil on Friday.

FEBRUARY 23. Four-thirty A.M. I stagger around like a sleepwalker. Travel is all very fine, but a schedule like this is exhausting! We take off in an old crate on a two-hour flight over the Andes; some of the peaks are covered with snow. Cuzco, eleven thousand feet above sea level, is cold and damp. A guide takes us to see the town and the ruins. First, the ruins of the baths where the Indians bathed and worshipped their gods. It's pouring rain. Indian shepherds are on the scene, and I put them into a picture. "Money! Money!" The universal English word.

At the second group of ruins, where llamas were sacrificed, the Incas foretold the future by the size of the animals' hearts. A third set of ruins, the most important: the walls of a fortress, with fine shapes and ingeniously cut stones, reminiscent of the nuraghi of Sardinia.

Back to town. The old section is very pretty, with its Spanish-style houses built on Inca walls. One church has a solid silver altar and a pulpit carved out of a single piece of wood, which represents forty years' work by the artist, whose skull—lugubrious detail—is set on top as a reward for his masterpiece.

FEBRUARY 24. Our train for Machu Picchu is special, a kind of early, single-car electric model. We climb first, then finally go down through a beautiful valley, along a stream swollen by the waterfalls which feed it from the Andes. This yellow and turbulent stream becomes the Amazon before it reaches Brazil. The arrival is magnificent. We're lucky enough to have a bright sun. The ruins of an Inca city on the summit of a peak, with marvellously outlined mountains all around, covered with trees and wreathed in clouds, make up for the long journey.

(Continued on page 164)

LADY HESKETH AND HER "SMALL, PERFECT PALACE"

BY DAVID MCEWEN

Lady Hesketh, my sister, likes to think of her house, Easton Neston, dispassionately, enjoying it for its extreme beauty, not solely because it is her children's home. She will always remain at heart a Scotswoman and a romantic one. This, coupled with her great intellect and the sadness of early widowhood, has prevented her from being overwhelmed by Easton Neston.

This house, completed in 1702 by Nicholas Hawksmoor, constitutes the masterpiece of his career, and the only private house he ever built. It seems tragic that his life should have been so overshadowed by Sir Christopher Wren and Sir John Vanbrugh for both of whom he worked: for Wren as a senior draftsman, for Sir John as a junior partner. As the house now stands, it is not what Hawksmoor intended, and although the original design was splendid, it was too strongly reminiscent of Vanbrugh to command the unique interest that Easton Neston now does. Of Hawksmoor, Sir Reginald Blomfield said: "He was incessantly trying to translate Vanbrugh in terms of Wren." Now Easton Neston is not the splendid but rather heavy design that Hawksmoor intended but a small and perfect palace similar to the Petit Trianon yet far larger. Most of it honey-coloured stone, the house has, on the south side, one red-bricked wing, built by Wren; on the north side there is an artificial pond and garden. "Everything," said Nigel Nicolson in *Great Houses of Britain,* "that has ever been said in praise of the Trianon applies equally here." When Gérald Van Der Kemp, the Curator of Versailles, saw Easton Neston, he said that the sensation was the same as seeing Versailles for the first time.

The house in Northamptonshire was commissioned in 1696 by William Fermor, Lord Leominster, and has remained in the same family. (The title, Lord Leominster, died out.) In the church some fifty yards from the house, the early Fermors lie in the family vault in their suits of armour. These Fermors died long before the present house was built. In more recent times they married into the Lancashire (Continued on page 162)

Lady Hesketh, *left,* a young woman of marked sensibility, with a feeling both for the eighteenth century and 1966; here, by the pond at Easton Neston, her enormous honey-coloured house with its noble proportions, built in 1702. With her, twelve-year-old John Fermor-Hesketh, her youngest son.

CECIL BEATON

TWO STUDIES, ONE MOOD, OF LADY HESKETH

With great gay blue eyes, dark-haired Lady Hesketh, *above,* looks like a tender Hogarth portrait with her head wrapped in a scarf and a straw hat romantically on top as she stands on the Grand Staircase of Easton Neston. *Opposite,* Lady Hesketh, looking like a Gainsborough portrait, with a black-velvet ribbon around her throat, her hair caught high.

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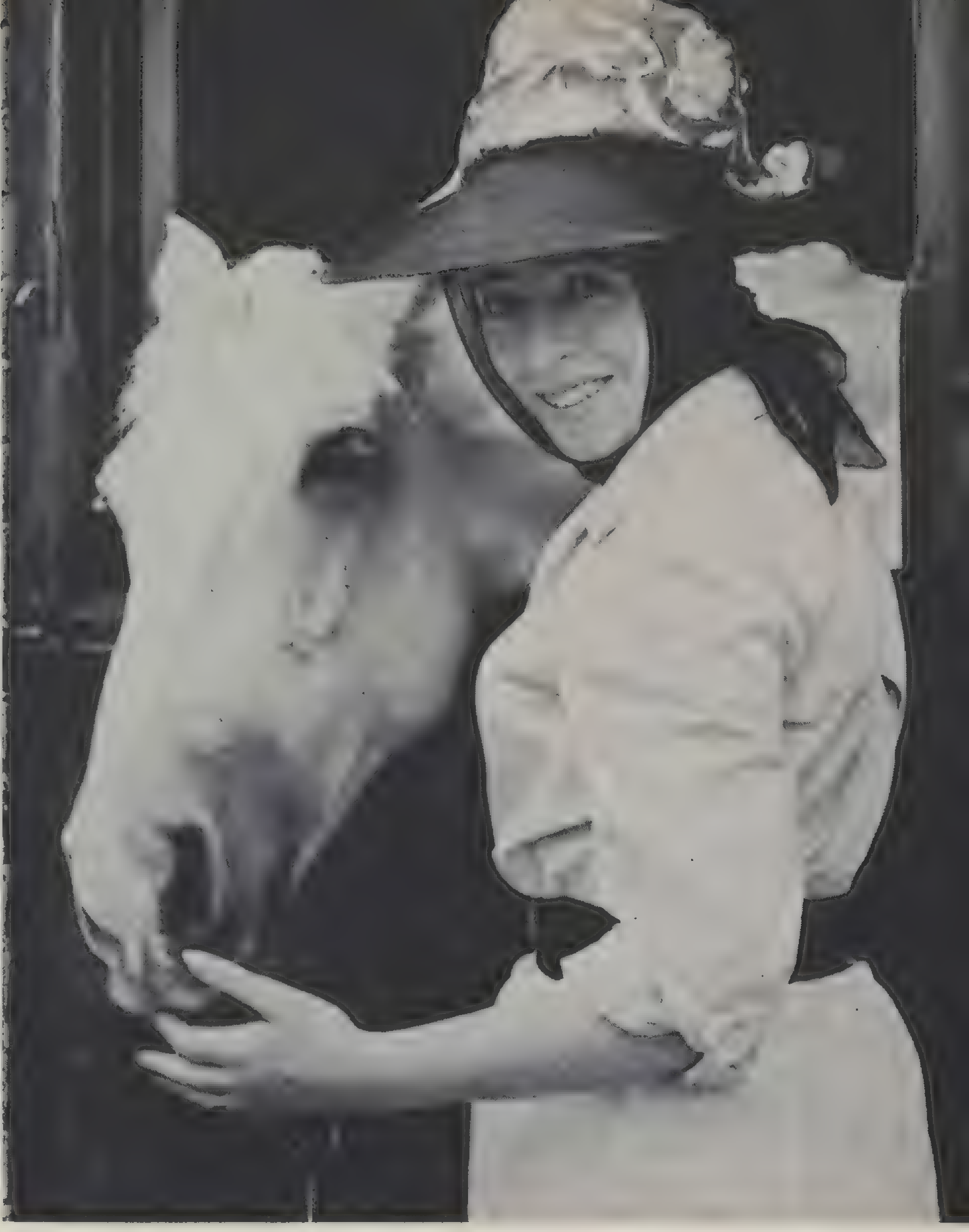
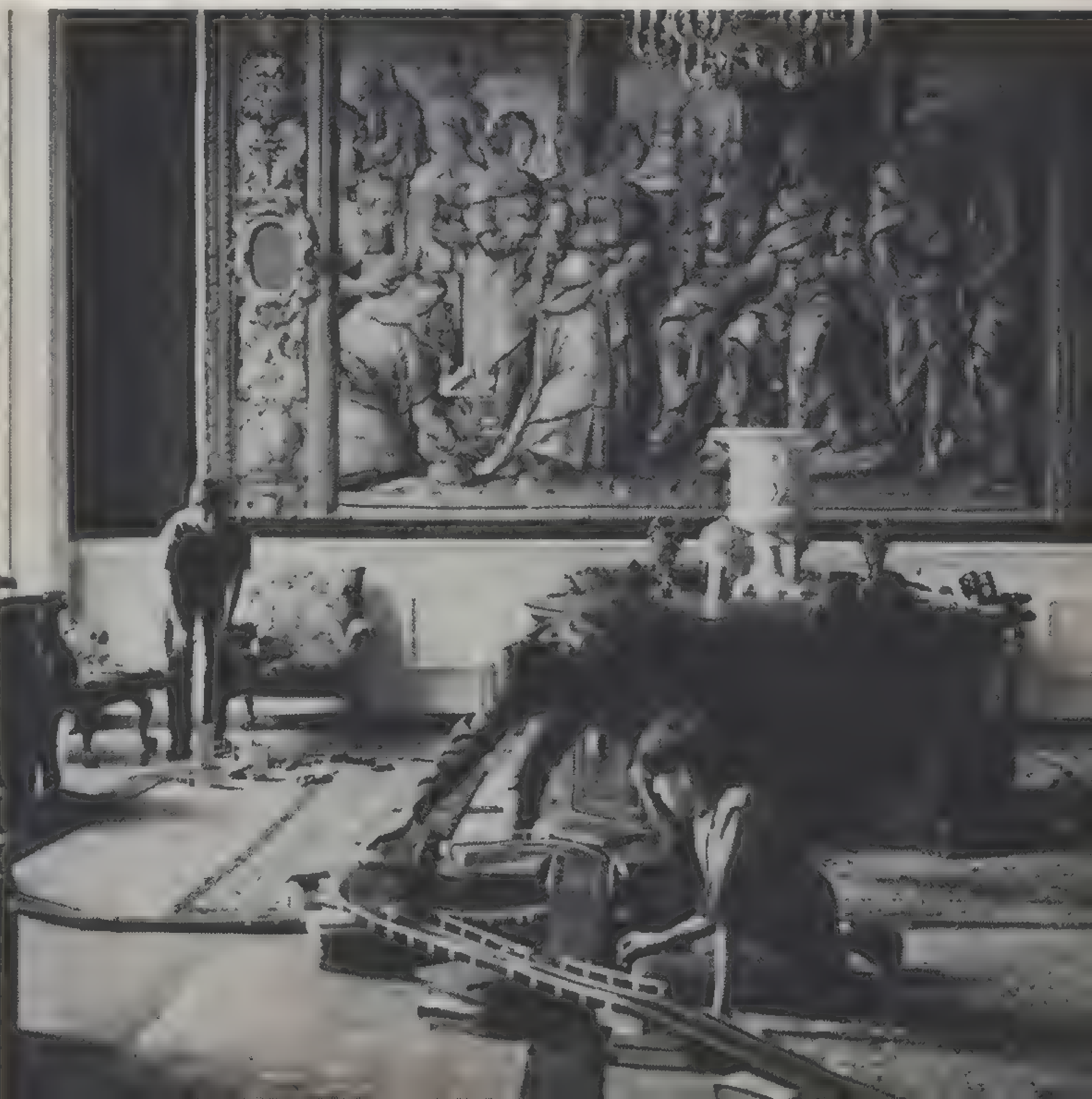
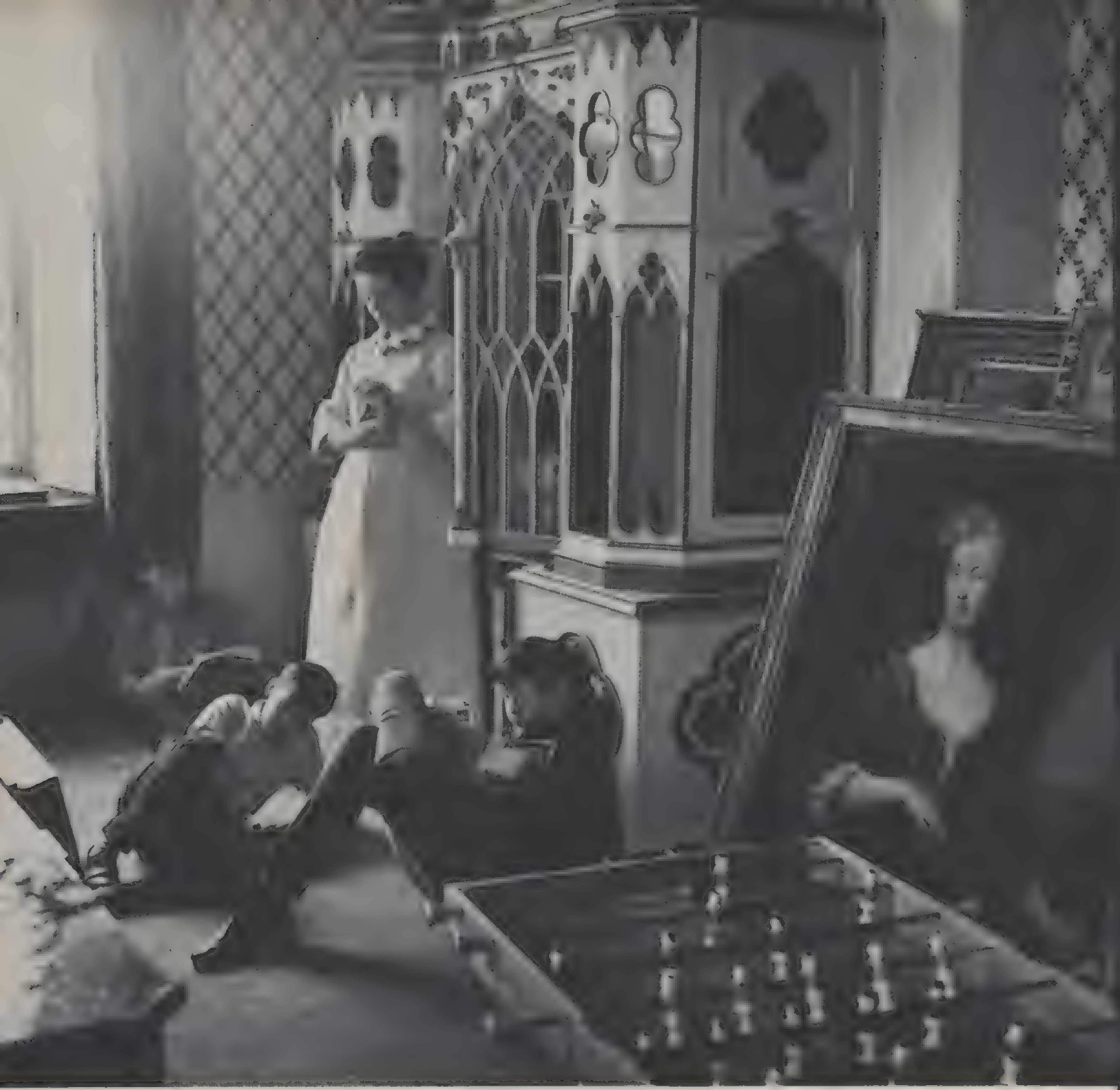


THE SURPRISING LADY HESKETH

Left, Lady Hesketh, knowledgeable about a variety of matters including politics and heraldry, redid Easton Neston, giving the house added beauty and a surprising mélange of objects and wall coverings. Here, in this lovely double image, she stands in front of a table with Charles II boxes, laces wrapping the mirror, and behind it all a romantic Mortlake tapestry of Niobe and her children. *Above,* Lady Hesketh with her Irish hunter, Moonlighter. *Right,* her three sons, Alexander, Lord Hesketh, with his younger brothers, Robert and John, playing Scalextric, a game in which racing cars speed on electric tracks. Behind the boys, another Mortlake tapestry, this one of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. Commissioned for the marriage of George Villiers, the first Duke of Buckingham, it shows the combined coats of arms of the Duke and his wife, daughter of the Earl of Rutland.

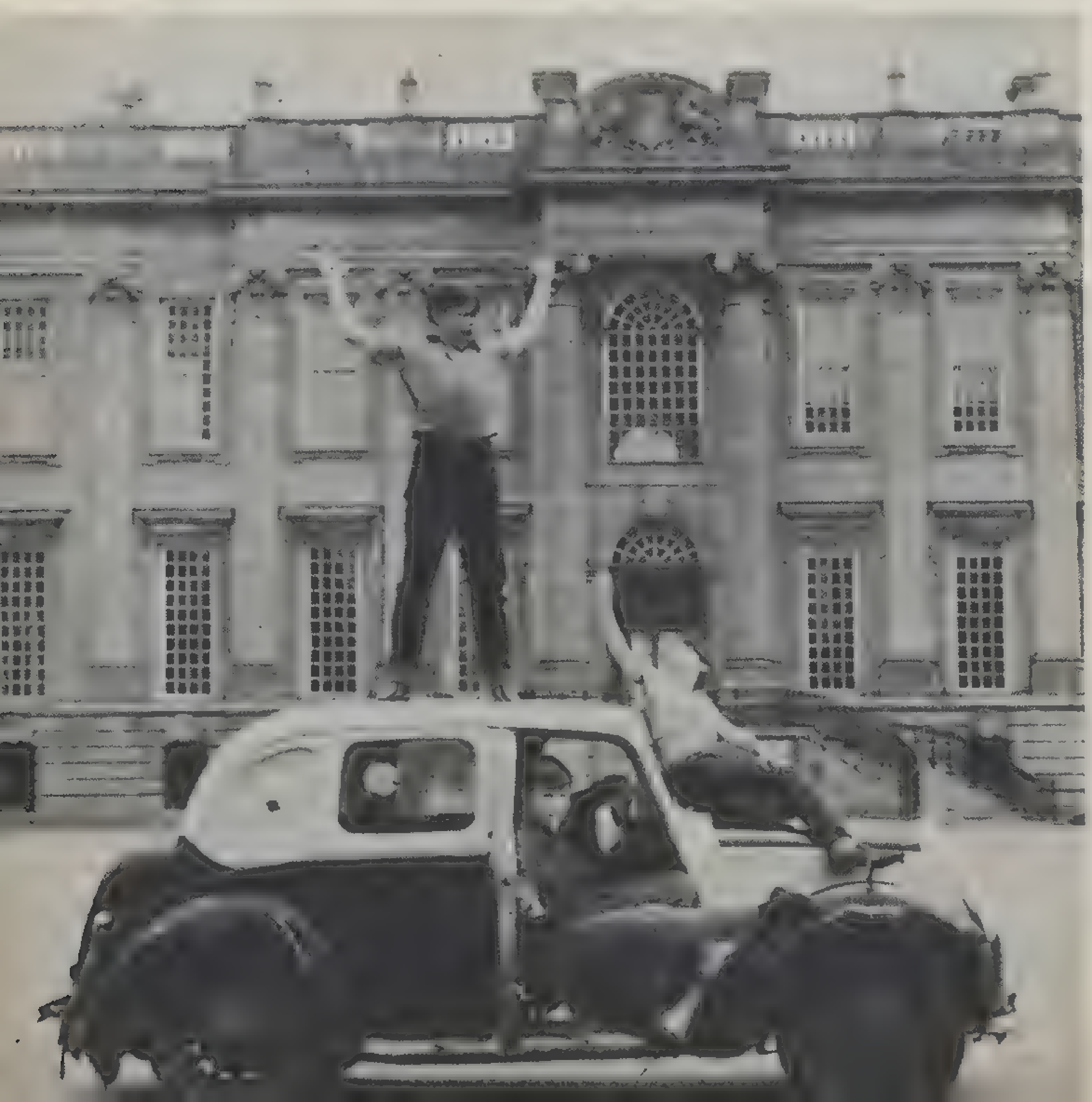


CECIL BEATON



MAGNIFICENCE AND ODDITIES, COUPLED AT EASTON NESTON

Right, Lady Hesketh in a sweep of Chinese yellow, a long coat from Balmain, standing in her extraordinary drawing room, pale blue with eighteenth-century white stucco, and a black-and-pink Aubusson carpet. *Above,* in the children's schoolroom, another surrealist mélange; a toy cupboard in Strawberry Hill Gothic, a game with levers called "Le Baby Foot," and, for no reason, a portrait of Sarah, the first Duchess of Marlborough. *Below,* the three sons of Lady Hesketh in their own yellow-and-black car in front of Easton Neston. High on its façade, the Fermor motto, inscribed in Latin; its translation: "Now and Always."



CECIL BEATON

It all started with *sangría.*

I met Federico Fellini at the Studio Palatino in Rome, where he was working on the sound track of his new film, *Juliet of the Spirits.* Outside, it was a scorching summer noon; inside, the projection room seemed all twilight coolness. On the screen, in a misty green garden planted with rose bushes, José, the mysterious Spanish nobleman-philosopher of the film, was making *sangría.* "Three slices of lemon, three slices of orange, three spoonfuls of sugar," he explained to Juliet, played by Giulietta Masina. "In Valencia they add a clove, but not in Madrid. We prefer a *sangría* with a more subtle taste. It quenches every thirst in those that drink it—even that thirst which is never acknowledged."

A little later, I found myself in the kitchen of the studio restaurant cutting thin slices of oranges and lemons for Fellini as he prepared a pitcher of *sangría:* "My specialty," he said. We joined some of the film crew at a table in the commissary. "When I work, I generally prefer to eat alone," Fellini said. "It is the only moment I can both concentrate and relax." He tapped the shoulder of a young man who was hiding behind large glasses. "This is my film cutter, Ruggero Mastroianni," Fellini said to me. "Brother of Marcello, our national seducer." Mastroianni *frère* ate his soup with an injured air, looking something less than a conqueror. "It depresses me to talk business while I eat," Fellini continued. "Also, I have very little appetite. I arrive full of enthusiasm and after a few mouthfuls, my only concern is to leave the table.

"Like most Italians, I don't really care for travelling, but I like foreign cooking. Chinese in particular. To my surprise, I found they have the same food in Poland as they do in Rimini, where I was born. Thick soups with big pieces of meat and vegetables."

"Is there anything you particularly dislike?" I asked him.

"All 'innards' so dear to the Romans—tripes, sweetbreads. And greasy dishes. What I like best is soup with rice, beans with rice, *manzo bollito* (boiled beef) sprinkled with lemon juice or *salsa verde* (green sauce). My wife is a very good cook." At that point, he rose abruptly, tapped me on the cheek, and left me to finish my lunch with his co-workers.

Later, once more in the projection room, Fellini sat beside me: "You see, I am still impressed by my childhood," he said. "My mother was a severe woman and a religious one: no meat on Fridays. That sort of thing. My father, a wise man, travelled a great deal. When I was twelve years old, I too left home and roamed for a few days with my elder brother. We went to Bologna where he said to me: 'Now, we are going to stuff ourselves with all the things we like.' And so we did. At home, I was refused many dishes because they were sup-

(Continued on next page)

GIULIETTA MASINA FEDERICO FELLINI

A SECOND FAME: GOOD FOOD

BY NINETTE LYON

The first fame of Federico Fellini is as a prodigious moviemaker who, in a series of films which he writes and directs—La Strada, The Nights of Cabiria, La Dolce Vita, 8½ *and, now,* Juliet of the Spirits—*has created a world: a tumultuous world so uniquely his own that Felliniesque becomes an adjective, like Chaplinesque, Shavian, Rabelaisian. The first fame of Giulietta Masina, Mrs. Fellini, is as a beguiling actress who has created a woman: a modern waif who wanders through Fellini's sphere looking for herself. Her best rôles are in his films: Gelsomina, the idiot clown in* La Strada, *which, in 1954, brought the Italian Fellinis to international fame; the harlot of* Cabiria *which won for Fellini an Academy Award; and now* Juliet *(see page 70), the betrayed housewife who, in Fellini's first colour film, learns this Fellini lesson: "The world is not black and white. The point is not to idealize life but to live in its rhythm." Professionally and privately the Fellinis,* right, *who have been married twenty-two years, complement each other. Looking rather like a rough-cut Roman emperor, he bursts through a room, a set, a city, like a hurricane. With the shining face of a wise child and the most expressive upper lip in the world, she is the hurricane's eye. Explaining how he works, Fellini said: "It's like taking a trip. I have a script; my bags are packed. But I only know in which direction I want to go. I might be on a train, and want to get off and take a mule. Or fly. I want to discover day by day how to get there."*

PENN

posed to be bad for me. My mother fussed about our health. In the evenings we would only have a kind of coffee, made of barley, and bread with jam."

I asked Fellini if food had played a part in his career. "I began life as a journalist," he said, looking solemn. "My first article was about cooking." As I wrote this last bit down, he began to laugh. He was teasing me. "I started my cinema career as a gag man," he added. "I will be honest now: I never did any jokes on food."

But there, on the screen, was another scene from *Juliet of the Spirits* which seemed to belie his words, using food quite decidedly in its punch line. Nuns, veiled in deep violet dresses, were hurrying a group of little girls wearing angels' wings onto a stage. A school Christmas play was in progress. Little Juliet, as the martyr, was being burned on a bed of red paper flames. To everyone's consternation, Juliet's angry grandfather shot forward from the audience, climbed on the stage, and grabbed the child away, shouting: "What are you teaching these children? What do you want to do to these innocents? Put meat on your gratings . . . play cannibal, you fools . . . or cook each other . . .!"

* * * * * *

A few days later I visited Giulietta Masina at Fregene, the sea resort near Rome where the Fellinis live. White stucco, recently built, their house is surrounded by towering umbrella pines, the same kind that grow around Juliet's house in the film. The effect of the house is bright, simple: tiled floors, a polished wood table in the dining room, a large marble worktable in the kitchen. "I learned to cook during the war," said Giulietta Masina, "when Federico and I were first married. Those were the days when you had to make an omelette for four people with one egg—stretched with flour, milk, spinach. My one-egg omelette became quite famous." As she talked, she made, with her small, pretty hands, the round gestures of all Italian housewives; smiled with her wise, round eyes.

"I like cooking," she said. "When I am not acting, I do a great deal of it. Sometimes I also cook while a film is being made. Not so long ago in Poland, we were in the country, about thirty miles from Warsaw. I had a small trailer. My dresser and I made one big Italian dish every day: *spaghetti alla Carbonara* (with fried bacon and raw eggs), or *rigatoni con pezzi di carne* (pasta with chopped meat). I invited the crew, one or two at a time. Every once in a while, film equipment was brought from Berlin and I would have cans of tomatoes, spaghetti, Parmesan sent to me, at my expense.

"I have my own variations on classical dishes: In borscht I put Parmesan cheese instead of sour cream. Manzoni and Shakespeare have been a great help to me in cooking. Did you know that spaghetti came from China and that tomatoes were discovered in America, perhaps by Christopher Columbus? Come, I will show you my tomatoes. . . ." She led me into her attractive garden behind the house, which was not unlike the film garden where José made his *sangria*. "Before I start a film," she said, "I must lose a few pounds. For two weeks, no pasta, no soup, no beans. Only *carne e verdura, carne e verdura* (meat and vegetables), what a bore."

As I left, Giulietta Masina gave me *her* specialty—a jar of brandied cherries—and these recipes:

Federico Fellini's Sangria

1½ bottles strong red wine
2 tablespoons Strega
2 cups orange juice
1 cup lemon juice
6 thin slices of orange, cut in half
4 slices of lemon, cut in quarters
3 peaches, peeled and sliced
4 tablespoons sugar
3 tablespoons brandy
2 cups soda water

Mix everything in a large pitcher. Serve very cold with some fruit in each glass.

Salsa Verde

3 hard-boiled eggs, chopped
1 bunch parsley
1 clove garlic, minced
½ cup oil (olive or peanut)
1 tablespoon vinegar
1 anchovy filet, minced
Salt

Chop the parsley until very fine. Add eggs, garlic, and anchovy. Continue chopping until very smooth. Add remaining ingredients. Add salt to taste. A tablespoon of crumbled, stale white bread may be added to this sauce.

Spaghetti all' Amatriciana

1 pound spaghetti
4 quarts boiling water
Salt

Giulietta Masina explains: "I take a pound of spaghetti for four people. Put salt and spaghetti at the same time in the boiling water: Salted water is dense and slow to come to a boil. Cover the pan until water boils again, stir the spaghetti so it does not stick together, and cook with the lid half on for 12 minutes. Drain the pasta and shake in the collander under cold water, then return to a heated casserole, add the sauce, and mix it by shaking it forward and backward, from side to side, then round and round. . . ."

The sauce:
5 tablespoons olive oil
1 big red onion
2 tablespoons water
1 small hot red pepper
7 ounces streaky salted pork
  or bacon
4 tablespoons dry white wine
½ pound fresh tomatoes
Salt
3 leaves fresh basil, when available,
  or 1 teaspoon Pecorino
  cheese, grated

Heat oil in a pan, sauté the thinly sliced onion but do not let it get brown. Add water, red pepper and cook for a few minutes, then put in the bacon cut into pieces of about 1 inch. When it is crisp, cover with wine, and let it reduce completely. Add tomatoes, peeled and coarsely cut up, a little salt, and simmer only for 5 minutes: tomatoes must stay firm. Just before serving, add chopped basil, and mix with spaghetti. Serve with grated Pecorino cheese.

Mexico

(Continued from page 109)

cated Toltec pyramid at Xochicalco, where the serpent uncoils around the base of the structure and finally bites itself, initiating its own sacrifice. In Xochicalco, time and space are at one, circular, self-creating, and self-devouring. Space as the depository of time is the theme and intention of the great, isolated sculptures of ancient Mexico and, notably, of Coatlicue, the Mother Goddess, whose representation in the new (and to my taste, slightly Mussolinian) National Museum of Anthropology in Mexico City sums up, to a barbaric (that is, pre-personal) degree, the cubic reunion of time and space.

The final answer is there. Time, loose, lost, rootless, infinite, finds its prison and expression in the absolute square. The monolithic, four-sided figure admits no fissure. It is the perfect block, the all-containing and self-containing totality of intensity. It is headless: Mexican deities are not anthropomorphic; they are gods, not men, and gods alien to men, not subject to the vacillations, temptations, or freedoms of men. The Gods are more than an illustration of nature. They aim to be what nature can never be: otherness, a different reality, the only meeting place of pure space and captured, flowing, time.

The third clue to Mexico derives from this mystical decision to create a reality separate from everyday life, whether natural or human. It is a third level of strangeness, a paradoxical encounter of what can not possibly be touched or affected by man or nature (the sacred, in one word) yet must be physically and imaginatively constructed by human minds and human hands before it is alienated and made separate. There is here, in the sculpture of the Aztecs above all (for the original sculpture of the Olmecs, of the Pacific, and Occidental cultures of Mexico, had a decidedly humanistic approach), a significant tension between man's works and his estrangement from them.

The square Coatlicue, with her garland of skulls, her skirt of serpents, her lacerated, open hands, is impenetrable, monolithic. She is created, like all the gods of the Indian pantheon, in the image of the unknown, and her decorative elements, if we can separately call them skulls, serpents, hands, actually fuse into a composition of the unknown. Seen in their ensemble, they can no longer be named. They are part of a ritual culture, a culture of sacred repetitions that willfully leaves out spontaneous change, historical renewal.

The Aztec state was totalitarian, and it bade that its symbols be fixed and monolithic and that its sense of history be the denial of history. All totalitarian states kidnap history and seem to convince otherwise intelligent people (even those who oppose dictatorship) that history is the province of fatality and art the repetition of form. The permanent, if perhaps unconscious, thrust of the free human spirit is best seen in the secret taint of liberty one comes to acknowledge, as through a revelation, in these purposely alienated, distant figures of Aztec ritual. For, finally, these figures have been created by men and, since they foreclose change, they remit the man that observes them to a sense of origin and, there, to a questioning of that origin, and through the questioning to an imagination of opposites and alternate realities, and through them to a clandestine belief, perhaps cloaked in myth, in an original unity, a wholeness, a possibility of choice that in nostalgia breeds the desire for freedom.

This might well be the reason why all art, even the willfully estranged art of the ancient Mexicans, is in the final analysis a seed of freedom. By concealing its truth, this art sparks an exploration of truth. By demanding belief, it ends by generating doubt. By exacting contentedness with the world that is, it breeds nostalgia for a world that was and, with luck, desire for a world that can be.

My emotion when contemplating the ancient Mexican sculptures is born of this tension and of the discovery of all the deferred freedom to be found in the imaginatively human evi-

(Continued on page 156)

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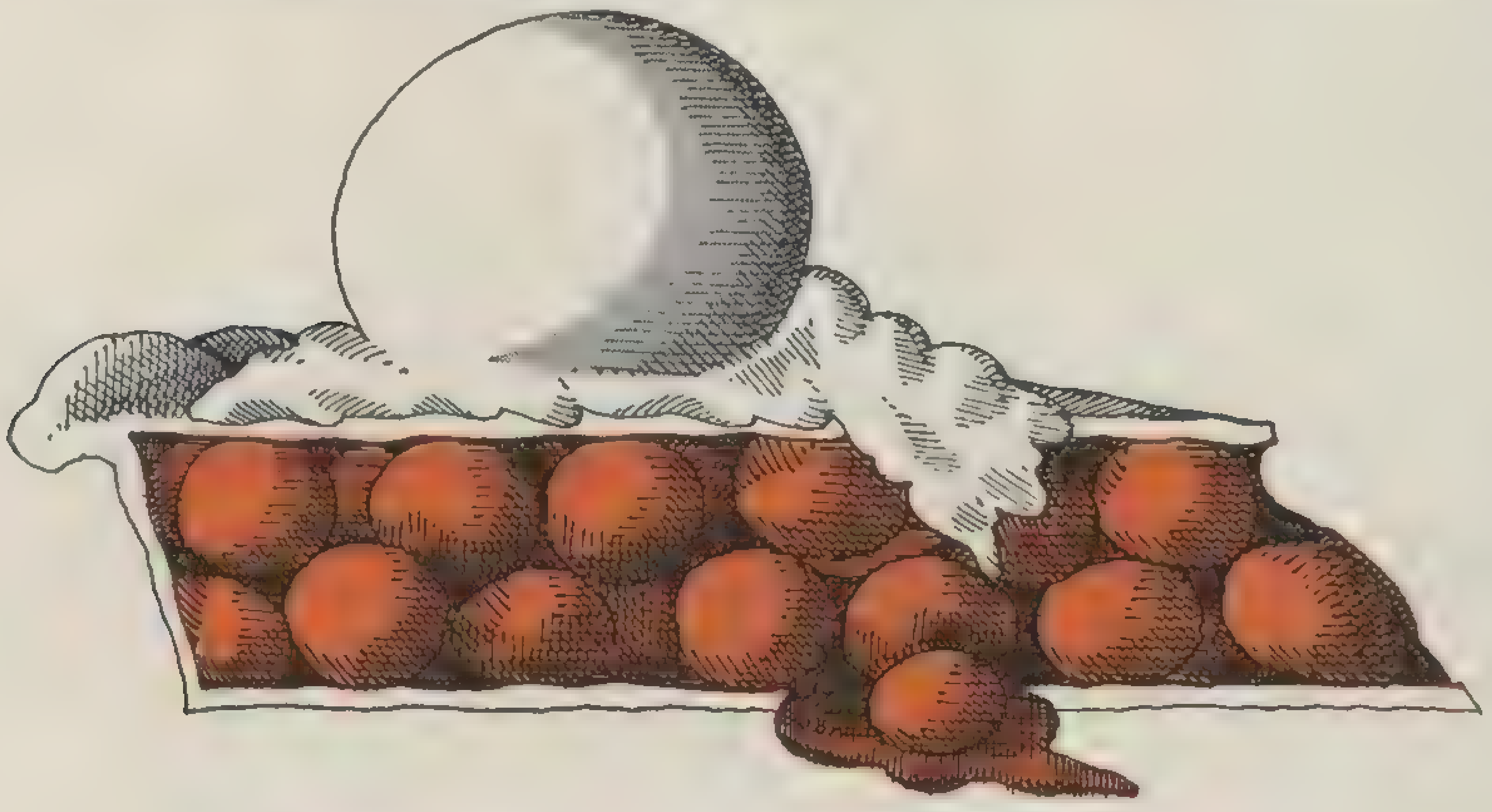

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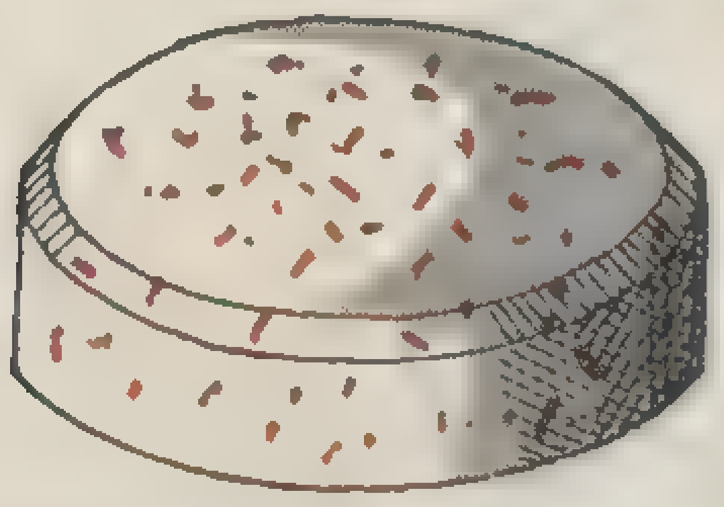

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Mexico

(Continued from page 155)

dence hidden within their totalitarian negation—the reclining grace of a basalt Chac Mool, the fake (ironical) grimace of a Zapotec urn, the unconscious dejection, as if godliness were a human fardel more than a divine state, of Xochipilli, the Lord of Flowers, in his volcanic rigidity. The monolithic intention is thwarted by a secret, almost conspiratorial, sense of the contradiction placed there by the anonymous artist.

For it must not be forgotten that these frozen deities were, willy-nilly, driven into flux by the free imagination of those who named them and, in perpetual fusion and confusion, called them mirror of smoke, flower of feast, sea in the shell, home and prayer of the dawn, bells painted by the moon, knife of the obsidian butterfly, serpent of the clouds.

When André Breton called Mexico the chosen land of Surrealism, he furnished this fourth clue: In Mexico desire meets its immediate response. This, too, would seem paradoxical, and it is quite so. For in this land of necessity, desire is a foremost fact of life and imagination.

Western culture has been, in a sense, one long pilgrimage towards the meeting of desire and its objects through a maze of permanent contradiction—false desires, false objects—and permanent diminution of lesser desires, lesser objects. In Mexico, the unreachable distance between desire and the thing desired has kept both at an incandescent purity, and the arcs drawn from the shore of aspiration to the shore of realization overlap all realistic contingency.

In Mexican popular life, in its definitive acts—in love and death, in passion and revolution, in art and the fiesta—the opposites meet, and desire is but the strangeness of opposites: Death will be life, revolution a feast, a passion an art, dreams will be reality, spirit will be matter, accident will be essence, body will be soul, you shall be I. A mask and a dance suffice, an encounter or a farewell, any celebration that is a coming together, a coming closer to things before death, disease, age, or parting separate them. A disguise gives you the desired beauty, bravery, sensuality, levitation, otherness. You shall be I.

Desire is the love of something else: It is a transfiguration into something else. When Breton identified the Mexican spirit with super-realism, he was actually understanding that in Mexico desire must spring over reality to meet its object, its opposite, and find the unity of the "subverted Eden" in the imagination of Eden restored. Thus, the longing for Paradise lost and the impossibility of a real Paradise future in the present time leaves one with only the instant as possibility.

The Western world had to pass through the Marne, Dachau, and Hiroshima to get there. In Mexico, the danger and estrangement and violence of centuries long ago bred into the people the conviction that nothing can repeat itself, all is final, the end is around the corner, in a stray bullet, a chance meeting, an outburst of passion, in simple hunger, slavery, or disease.

One then understands the so-called Mexican love of death as a dual resource of life. Death is the completion, the other half of life, yet death is only saved in life, death is only a part of life if it is made a permanent companion, a conscious fact, an object of celebration and tragic resistance. Death is also the resource of transfiguration. It is the way out of life, and life, says the song, is cheap. But death is also the way into life, since life is worth only as much as the tragic consciousness allows it. This is what *mañana* means: Not putting things off for the morrow, but prohibiting the morrow from intruding on the sacred completeness of today. When the total past throbs around you, abstract or future time becomes worthless: *Mañana* can be empty, only today is sure.

The fifth and final clue to Mexico is this value given to the instant, this ultimate paradox of the instant retained, eternalized within its fleetingness. In this fi-

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Mexico

(Continued from page 156)

nal tension, I believe, the Mexican experience achieves its contemporary relevance. Listen to these separate voices linking the existential pulse of Mexico and the modern world. One voice belongs to the poet Octavio Paz: "The instant is the highest point of the temporal tide, the extreme intensity of time and, within the same movement, its destruction." The other voice to Simone de Beauvoir: "Only art can justify this absolute presence of the instant, this eternity of the instant that will have been forever." Paz, from the centre of the Mexican experience, could say: "The instant reconciles the oppositions that make up temporal succession," while Beauvoir, from the centre of the Western experience, could echo: "Art alone can reconcile all those inconciliable moments that make up human life."

The candy skulls, then, the black earthen mermaids of Oaxaca, the braided straw angels, the cardboard skeletons, the multicoloured candlesticks that form the tree of life, and the hollow Judases made to crack and burn on the ceremonial instant—the Saturday of Glory, the day of resurrection—are not all these fascinating, fragile, and provisional figures of popular Mexican art the grave and jesting reminder that beauty can be created to withhold the passing moment, to redeem it?

In the midst of this time of all times, of this space that concentrates time in its instant baroque fullness, of this separation and reunion, of this desire beyond the bounds of reality, a new Mexican art is flourishing. For today, and not only in Mexico (whose major public sins are political totemism, cultural chauvinism, and upper-caste solemnity), monolithic faiths, ritual paralysis, and rigid incantations continue to separate man from man and desire from reality.

Mexican art, which had its Pop party away back with Diego Rivera and whose abstractionists arrived too late and derivatively, has once more found its expressionistic, free-moulding, sensual, and humorous creators. José Luis Cuevas and his expression of the tragic rupture between secret human existence and accepted social justification. Vicente Rojo and his plurality of signs. Rafael Coronel and his paintings of lonely separations and obscure dangers. Alberto Gironella and his corrupted Queens and decaying Infantas. Pedro Coronel and the eternal return of the prodigal.

Beginning in the middle 1940's with Rufino Tamayo, Ricardo Martínez, and Juan Soriano, the new movement refused the false, unwieldy space of the muralists as well as their hieraticism, and faced Mexican art with its true resistance: that of the time and the space, the freedom, the alienation, and the desire we have been speaking about. Muralism had become a fact, almost fetishistic in its obsessions: It had decayed—in the lesser followers of the three great artists of the 1920's—from self-discovery to self-caricature. The new painters, in their different ways (they do not conform or uniform into a single school), are the harbingers of that time unleashed against the dead time of the false, decrepit, and oppressive. They are, as Paz wrote, "contemporary to all men," and this, as Sartre would say, means the consciousness that we all live in a world that is objectively one and the same, but in which each one of us is—and all in relation to the world and each other are—different.

All art is resisted by reality, yet is a fruit of that resistance. The resistance that contemporary Mexican art and life meet is not very different from that which art and life face everywhere: We are either engaged by the world or we engage the world. And we engage—that is, we defy that we may love, we defile that we may consecrate, we deny that we may affirm—the world by breaking its ritual order with our secret time and space, by refusing its static separation through our unique desires, by wounding its abstract chronology with our immediate mediation in the instant. On this wider stage do these five clues to Mexico finally become five clues to Man.

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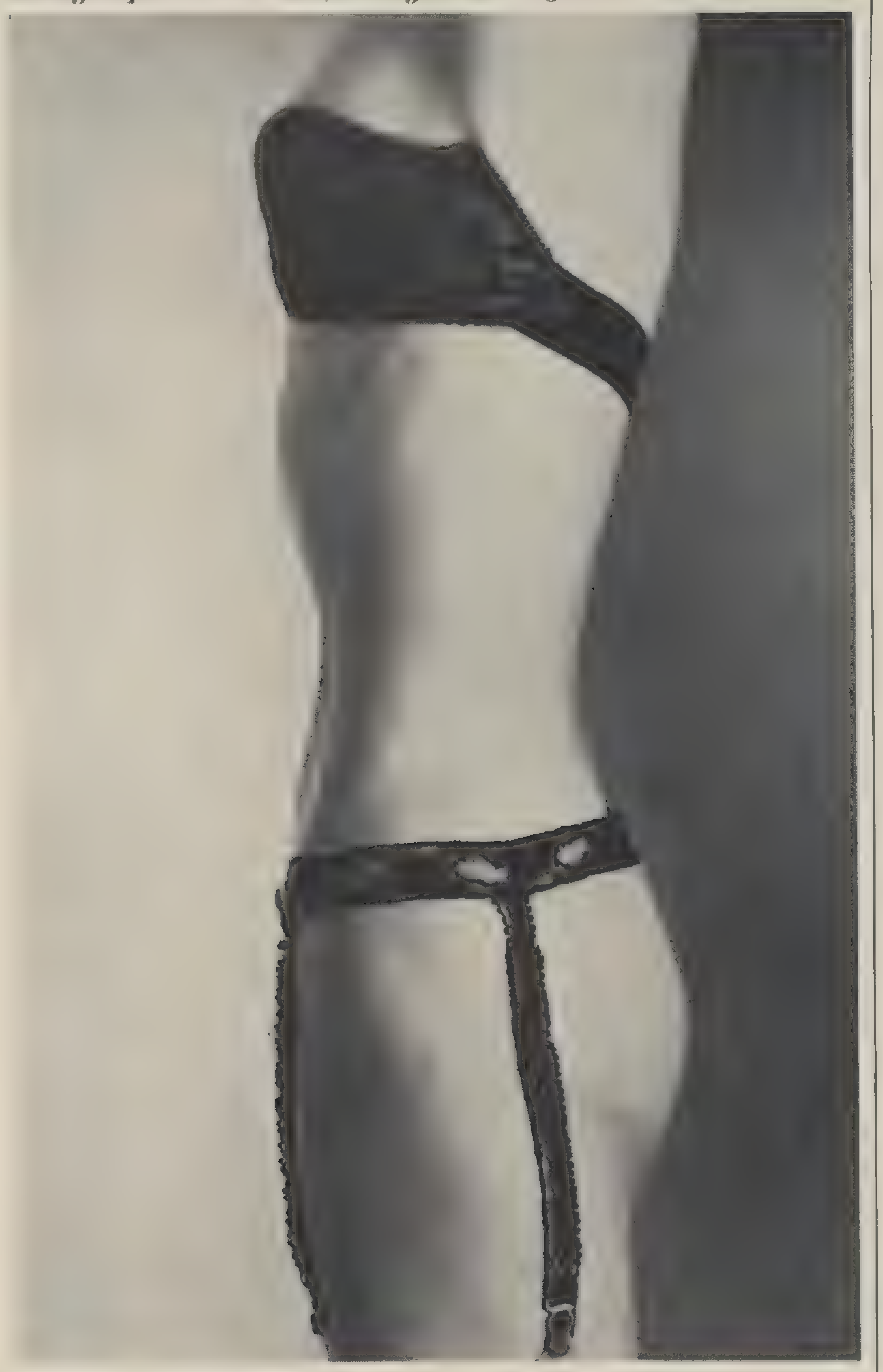
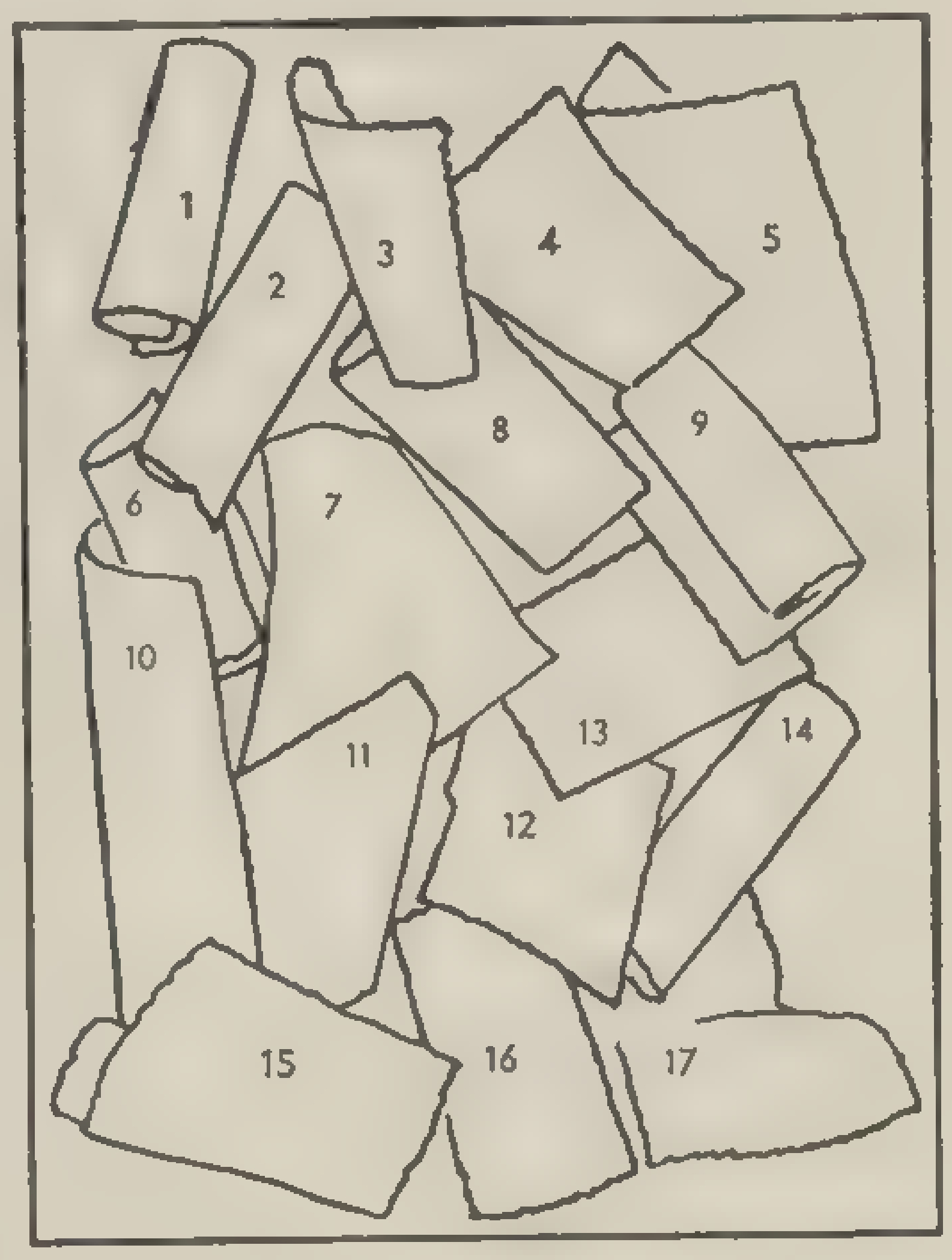


Light little underpinnings in black lace over nude marquisette—a strapless brassière that's designed to stay up, anchored by a wide Lycra band across the back . . . fastens in front, holds the bosom high and rounded, weighs next to nothing; $6. A bikini stretch garter belt that's designed to stay down around the hips, for dresses cut below the waist in back, for dresses with cutouts of bareness where other garter belts might show; $3. Both by Olga, of nylon and Lycra. Available February 1 at Bloomingdale's; Woolf Brothers; Joseph Magnin.

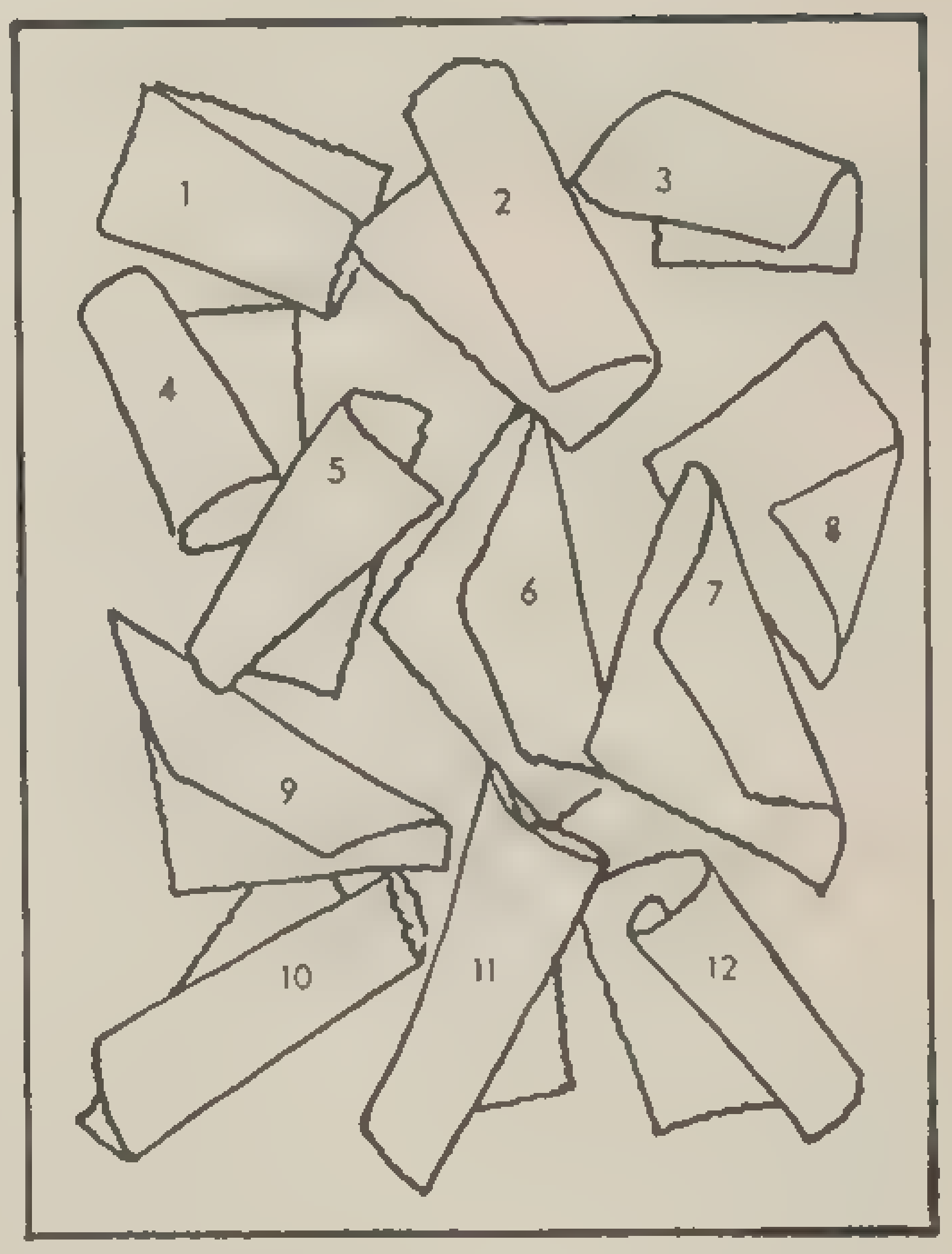
Look '66

(Details about fabrics on pages 89, 90, 91, 92)



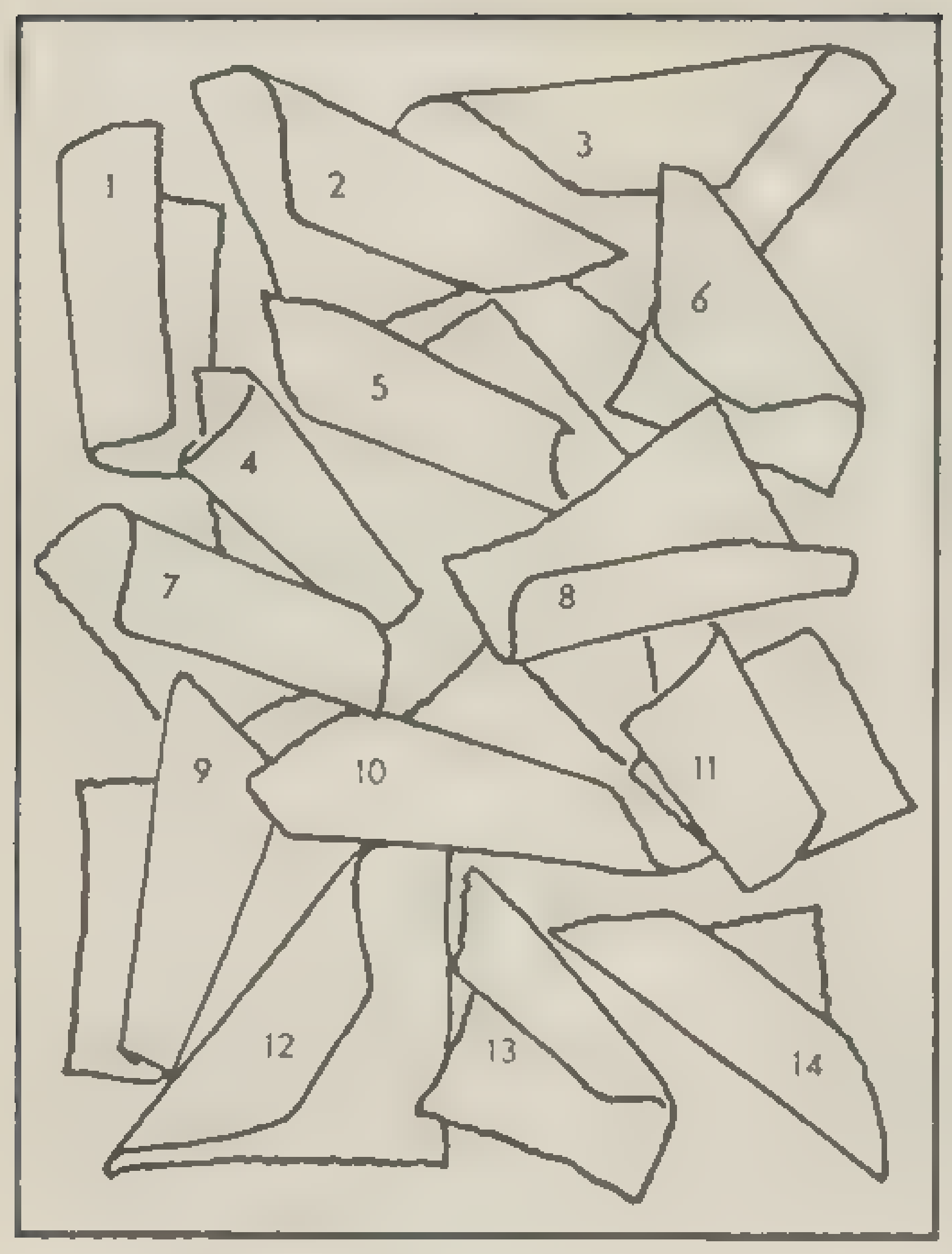
VIOLETS ARRIVING IN FORCE. Everything coming up violet—all nuances, all fabrics, from nubbled tweed to slick vinyl.

1. Lilac, pencil-striped with lacquer red—terrific for a little summer skimp-dress. Of rayon and linen. By Amity.
2. Fresh violet-and-white checked cotton gingham by Dan River.
3. For a narrow bias-flow of evening dress—soft, drapable jersey in vibrant red-violet. Of Orlon and wool. By Alamac.
4. Crisp cross-plaiding of wisteria and white for a spring suit. Of wool, worsted, and rayon. By Moreau-TSM.
5. Bright violet with a tight, terry-textured surface. Of Arnel and nylon. By Stehli.
6. Deep wisteria glacé linen for a baby-smock dress. By Chantal.
7. Giant green cloverleaf print on mauve-and-white silk. By Tzaims Luksus. At Sormani.
8. Shining violet vinyl for a zingy Anything-Goes skimp coat. Comark.
9. Vivid violet wool whipcord for a tailor's suit. Forneris-Sormani.
10. Faintest violet organdie—cotton by Stoffel-Galey & Lord.
11. To cut up into the tiniest skimp dress with cutouts of bareness—lively violet crash of rayon by Bianchini.
12. Windowpane checks of violet on white cotton. Galey & Lord.
13. Breezy silk shantung in garden purple. By Maxwell.
14. Wanted for a gingham smock—checks of white and misty-mauve voile to drift from a high yoke to the top of the knee. Of Dacron and cotton. By Galey & Lord.
15. A delicious print of little violet buds on a trellis of green stalks; sunny yellow background. Silk shantung by Falconetto-Lesur.
16. Deep bold tweed of church violet and white for a coat. Of wool, cotton, and polyamide. Petillault-TSM.
17. Floating chiffon in a clear, resonant purple. Of Du Pont nylon and silk. By American Silk Mills.



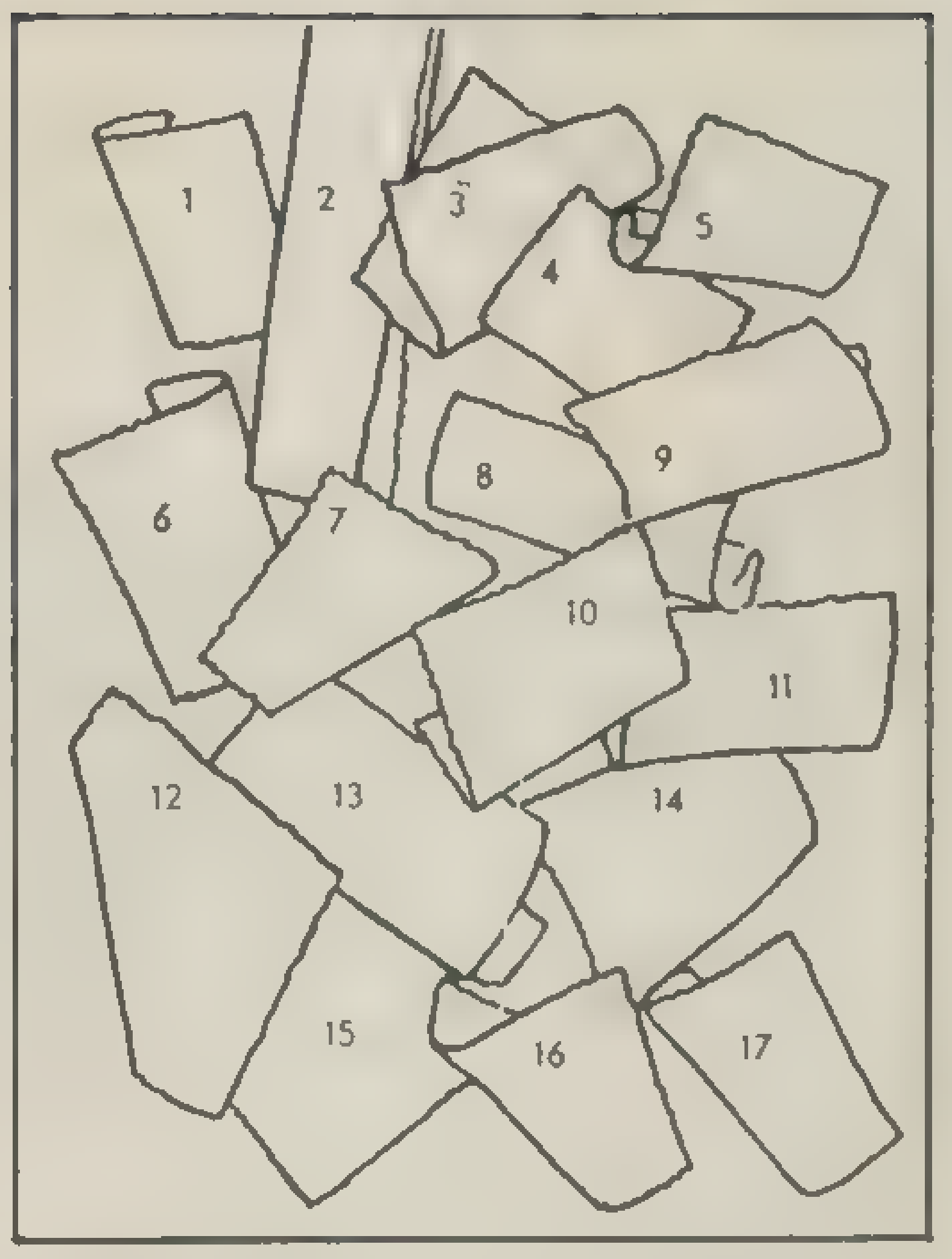
DOUBLE-FACED: THE NATURALS. Two faces of fabric, woven or bonded together, make the new tailoring—coats, suits, dresses without lining or inner construction; wonderfully light and supple.

1. Double-faced wool coating—fawn faced with white. By Chantal.
2. Taupe-and-white wool tweed bonded to taupe; can be split for fell seaming. By Ria Herlinger. Bonded by Coin. Loomed in America.
3. A natural for a spring suit—greige worsted backed with white twill. Of worsted and polyomithic. By Litex.
4. Two faces of apricot—nubbly on one side, faintly plaided with brown and grey on the other. Of wool and cotton. By Chantal.
5. For a late-day coat—gleamy brown ribbing backed by beige . . . to wear over a bias white wool dress. Of wool, Rhodia, and spun rayon. Taroni by Sormani.
6. Double wool Melton-cloth coating—ivory on both sides. Underneath: add a shift of bright violet. By Worumbo, loomed in America.
7. Mocha-and-cream checked wool; cream on the flip side—for an unlined coat. By Warren of Stafford, loomed in America.
8. Double-woven spring coating—cocoa-brown backed with white. Of alpaca and wool. By Agnona.
9. For a narrow little unconstructed wool dress and jacket—pale camel-and-white plaid, solid camel backing. Petillault-TSM.
10. Double-faced poplin for an Anything-Goes skimp coat—whitened beige inside and out. Smooth, tightly woven silk backed by viscose rayon. By Maxwell.
11. White twill coating squared off with black windowpane checks, backed by fleecy white. Of Anglo wool, loomed in America.
12. Tight, dry suiting—biscuit-coloured worsted, backed with white twill. Of worsted and polyomithic. By Litex.



DOUBLE-FACED: THE BRIGHT SIDES.

1. Miniature Tattersall: sky-blue-and-taupe on white, backed by cloudless sky. Wool by Agnona.
2. Substance of the unconstructed skimp dress and jacket on page 81: violet Tattersall backed with rich tobacco brown. Wool by Anglo, loomed in America.
3. Candy pink and white, back to back for a coat. Wool by Anglo.
4. For a tiny, unconstructed snip of a dress: cotton satin, pink on one side, white on the other. By Abraham.
5. Chrome yellow woven to white—a crisp worsted twill coating by Pierre Godart-TSM.
6. Thick fleecy raspberry reversing to jade green of the same lively texture. Of wool and mohair by Agnona.
7. Trim black-and-white wicker-weave checks; surprise backing of bright Bristol blue—marvellous for an unlined coat over a dress of matching checks. Anglo wool.
8. Terrific jacket-weight wool—tiny, precise red-and-white checks double-faced in navy blue. . . . Make a show of the checks, wear over a dress of same. Wool by Anglo, loomed in America.
9. An airy leno weave of vibrant grass-green wool, whitened on the reverse side. By Bellaine.
10. Double-woven wool-and-silk suiting in clear pink; one side graph-checked with white. By Bellaine.
11. Pale-blue-and-ivory hounds-tooth checks, backed in pale blue. Wool coating by Chantal.
12. One side white, pin-striped with navy blue; the other side solid purpled navy—wool suiting by Orceyre.
13. Smashing linen look for an unconstructed suit—bright pink and a side of beige. Of Fibranne, linen, and nylon. By Orceyre.
14. Double-woven wool gabardine in a delicious foam green. By Bellaine, loomed in America.



DESIGN AND SURFACE. Look '66: fabrics springing into lively textures; arrangements of colour in bold new designs.

1. Moiré texture woven in a subtle off-white for a spring dress. Of Creslan and worsted. Berroco.
2. Bold design, discreet surface—wool jersey emblazoned with random, racy stripes of lacquer-orange, grey, and white. Racine.
3. Spring-grass green marking the return of short, cropped wool fleece—perfect for a narrow little coat over a beige jersey dress. By Einiger, loomed in America.
4. Heavy cotton raincoating in bright brown. By Prudhomme-Sormani.
5. To whip into skimp-dress shape—thin charcoal stripes across biscuit-coloured wool jersey. By Jasco, knitted in America.
6. Makings of the shiniest coat in fashion: clear, bright poppy-yellow vinyl. By Comark.
7. Wheat and white swirled together in a jersey suiting of wool, cotton, and linen. By Jerseycraft. At P. & F. Schwarz.
8. Linen-textured rayon, in a cool suntan-flattering brown. Orceyre.
9. Beige and brown making a design of harlequin checks on a soft mohair-and-wool surface. By Moreau-TSM.
10. Coat-and-dress idea—white bas-relief matelassé of Dacron and cotton. By Galey & Lord.
11. Black and white in a vigorous arrangement of checks on a lightly textured surface. Of cotton, silk, and rayon. By Onondaga.
12. For a suit—tweeded plaid, ivory shot through with brown; airy but firm. Wool, Fibranne, and cotton by E. Y. Johnston-Chantal.
13. Black-eyed brown daisies embroidered on brown glacé linen by Abraham.
14. Linen Tattersall in shades of taupe on cream. By Moygashel.
15. Design-news on the vinyl surface: classic Tattersall—red and black—on yellow vinyl. Comark.
16. Camel and black Tattersalled on white wool suiting by Bellaine. Loomed in America.
17. Biscuit wool twill windowpane-checked with navy blue. By International Textile.

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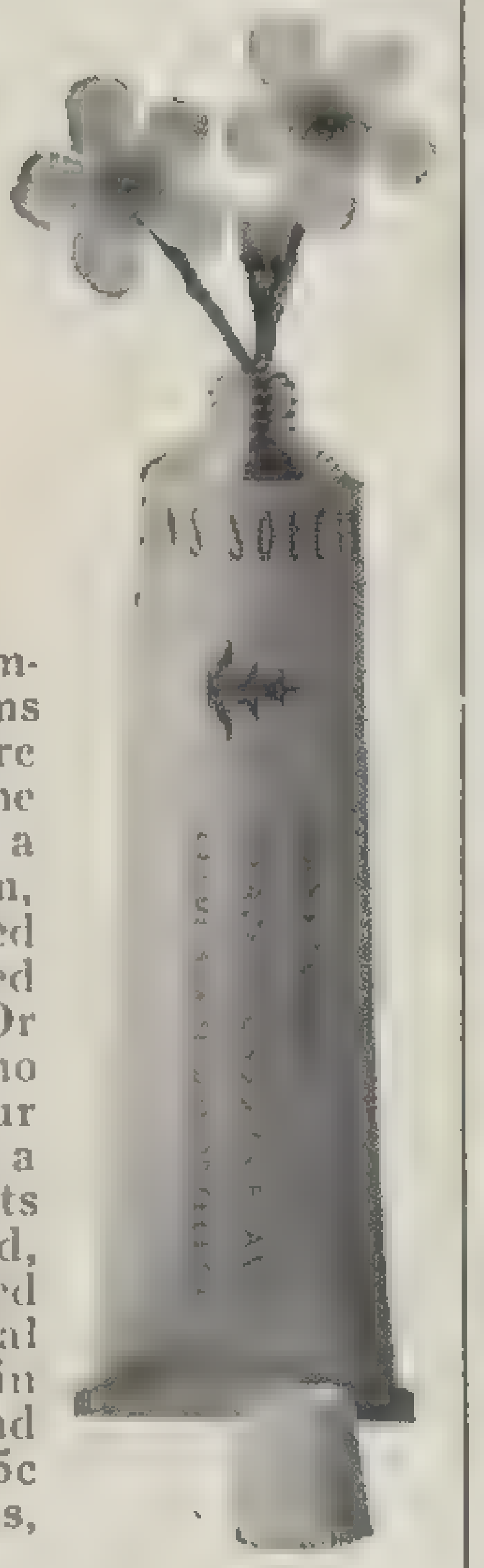

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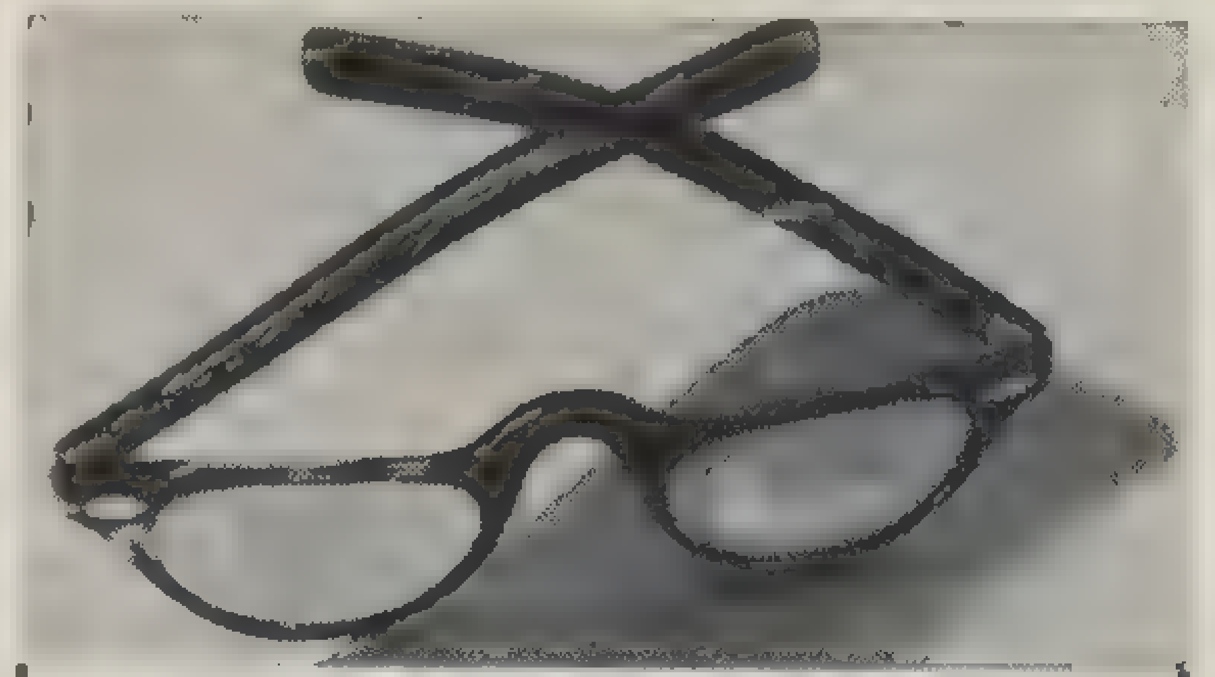

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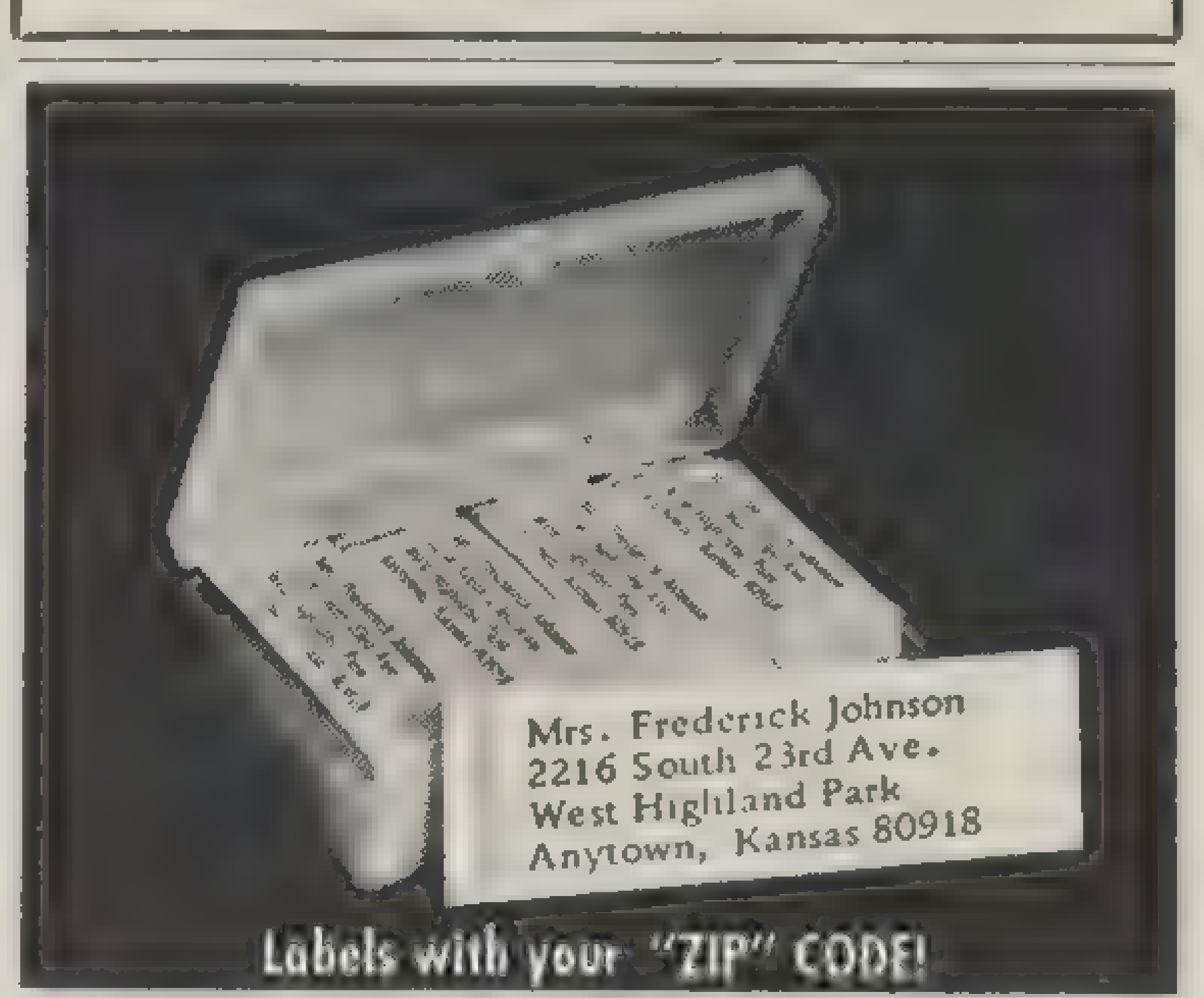

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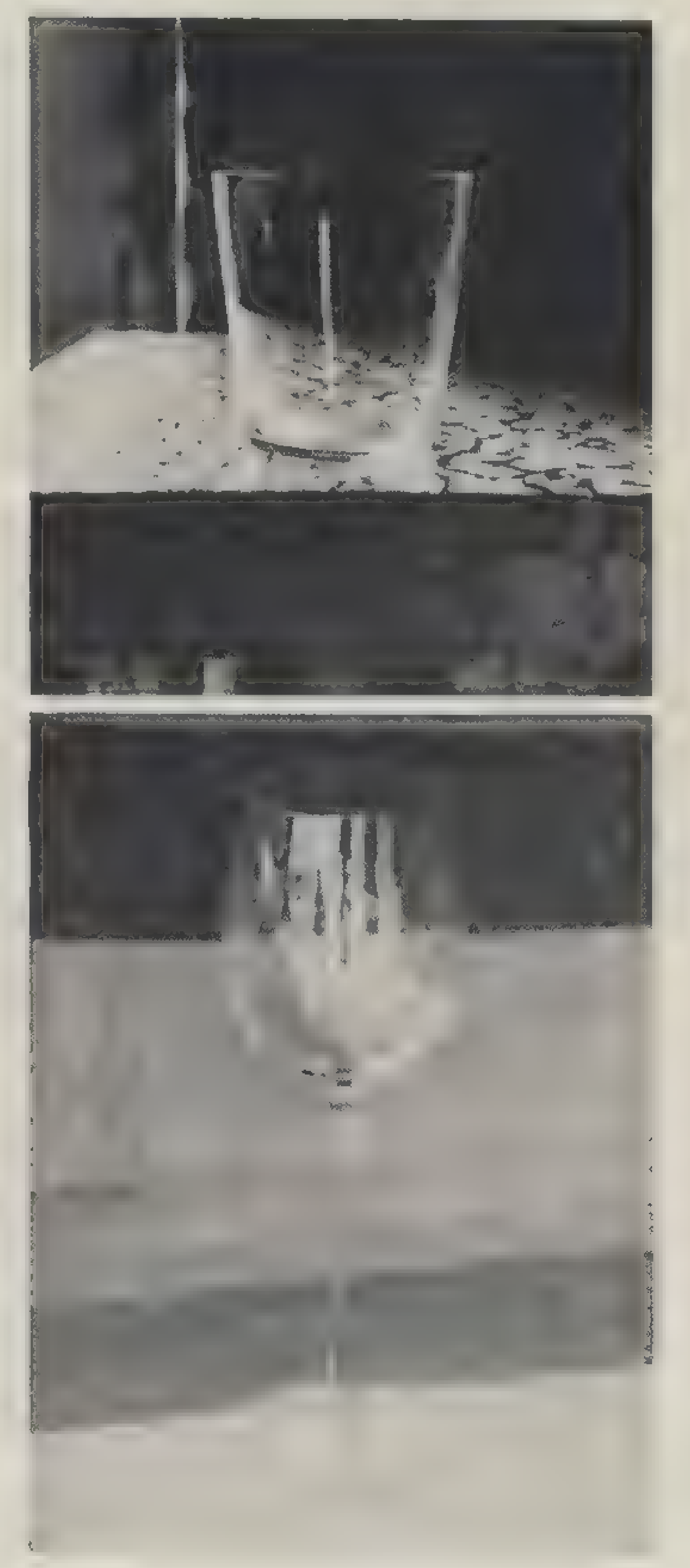
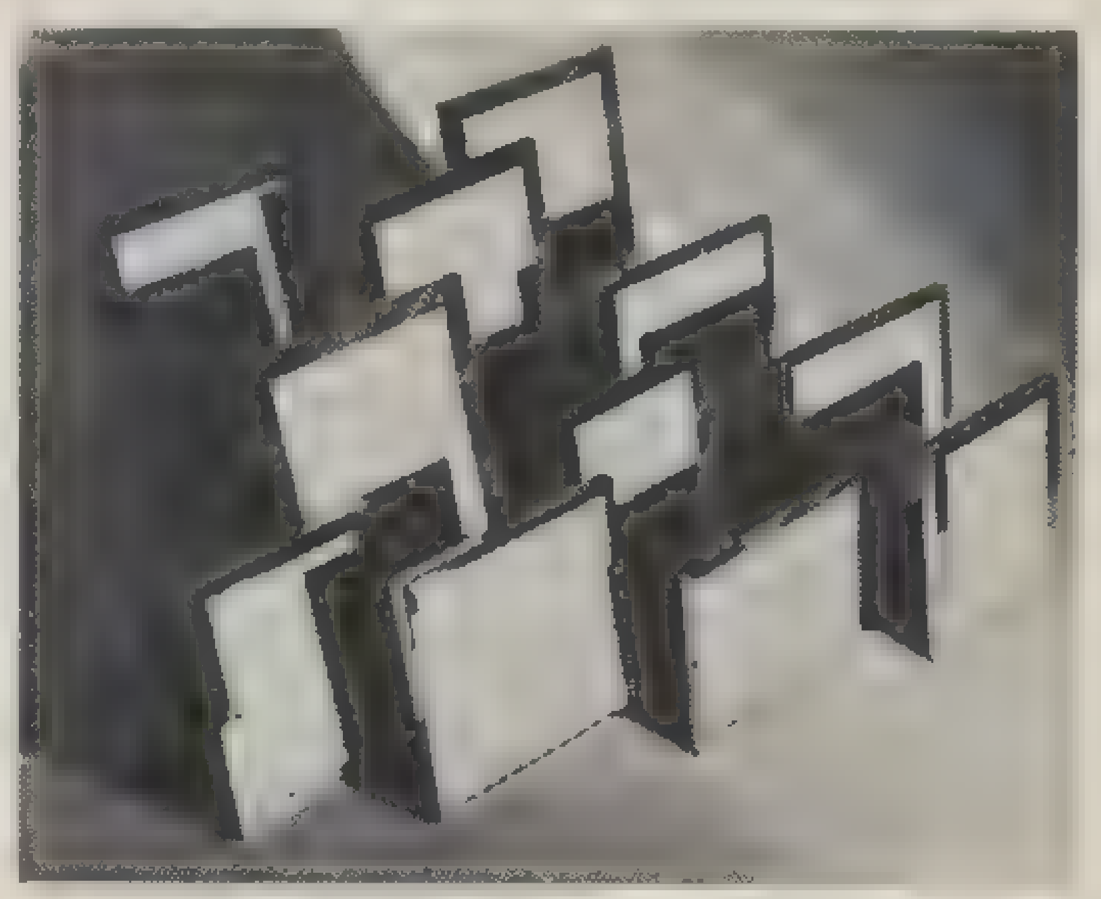
VOGUE'S FASHIONS IN LIVING

Launching 1966 house ideas



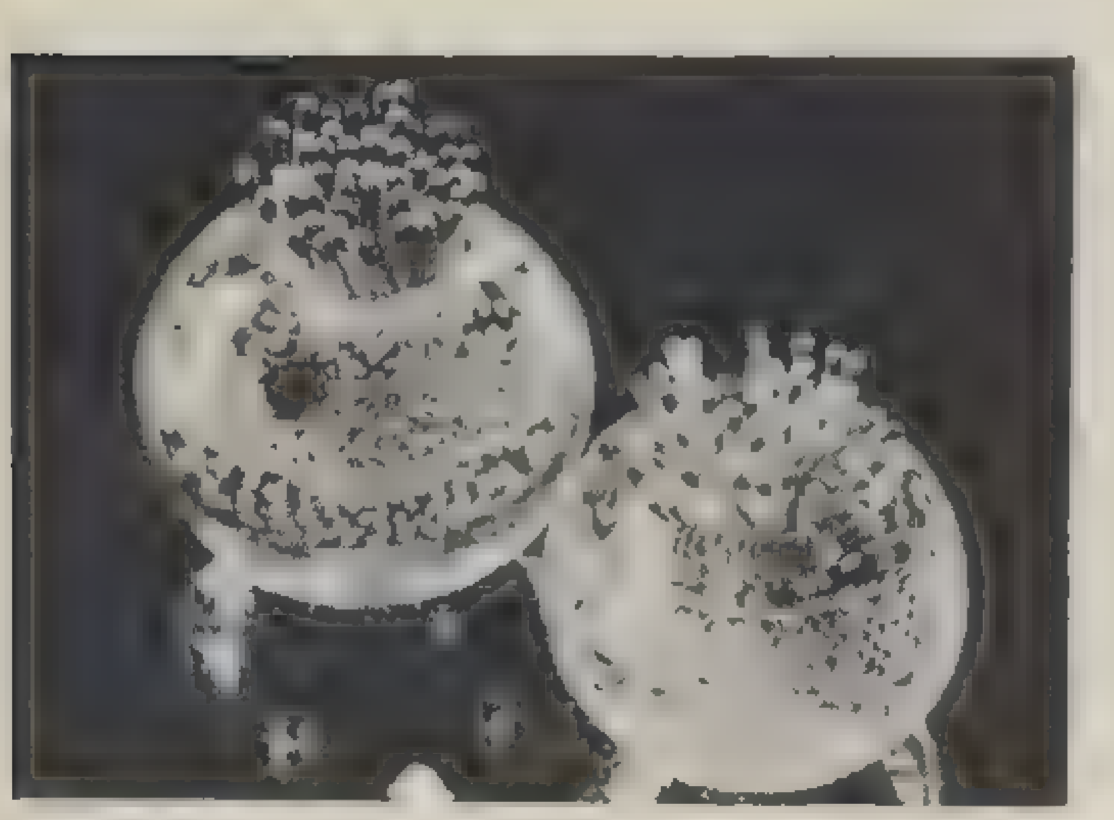
Vervy as a moon shot and as carefully planned, the inner space program presses on to 1966 conquests. The forecast? Room shapes coming in that will astonish the eye and challenge the mind. Who really knows the shape of space when architects experiment with structures of poured concrete. The houses designed by Jacques Couelle at Castellaras seem to crop out of the rocks without a straight line anywhere—floors curve into walls, walls flow into stairs, tree-like arches define areas. . . . At La Jolla, the mushroom-like beach house of Mr. Sam Bell grows on a long stalk out of the rocks. Its rooms are wedge or lozenge-shaped. . . . In Rockland County, N. Y., Maurice Medcalf uses wood, bent to his dream, to sheath a steel tower in which he lives and looks out, from circular rooms, through bubble windows. . . . The William Coopers live in a Malibu house shaped like waves of wood roofing vast interior spaces. Such interiors will be shown in Vogue this year. In this column: some of the elements that will make the scene.

Left: Thin Glass Coming In. . . . There is a knowing group who think that any drink tastes better in a thin glass and that one thin glass can serve many drinks . . . they're gaining converts. Here, news for them:
Top: Sheer Austrian crystal on-the-rocks glass for aficionados of o.t.r. drinks. Not too big for a single, nor too small for a double. A perfect size—3½" x 3½"—and stronger than you think. $1.95, Mayhew Shops, 603 Madison Ave., N. Y. 10021.
Lower: An attenuated goblet of thin, thin, Austrian crystal to serve deliciously any drink at bar or table. Mrs. Arthur Gardiner in Washington and Mrs. Wyatt Cooper in New York are among those who use only stemmed glasses. This one, "Exquisit," designed by Riedel the great Bohemian glass designer, is in the Corning Glass Museum. By Pasco, $4.50, Van Keppel-Green, 116 So. Lasky Drive, Beverly Hills, California.



Above: Table-Top Pictures. . . . An orderly procession of photographs in matching frames is a personal and interesting table-top collection for library, bedroom, or sitting room. Mrs. John Barry Ryan, III's, immaculate rows of small silver-framed photographs in close ranks on a grand piano are a smash note in a warm, personal room. The trick is to have simple frames and lots of them. Here, the answer for rooms which need "gold" framing . . . ½" brass frames, the colour of vermeil and available in the following sizes . . . 4" x 5", $4; 5" x 7", $8; 7" x 9", $12; 8" x 10", $12 and 5" x 5" (square), $8 . . . J. Pocker, 824 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 10022.

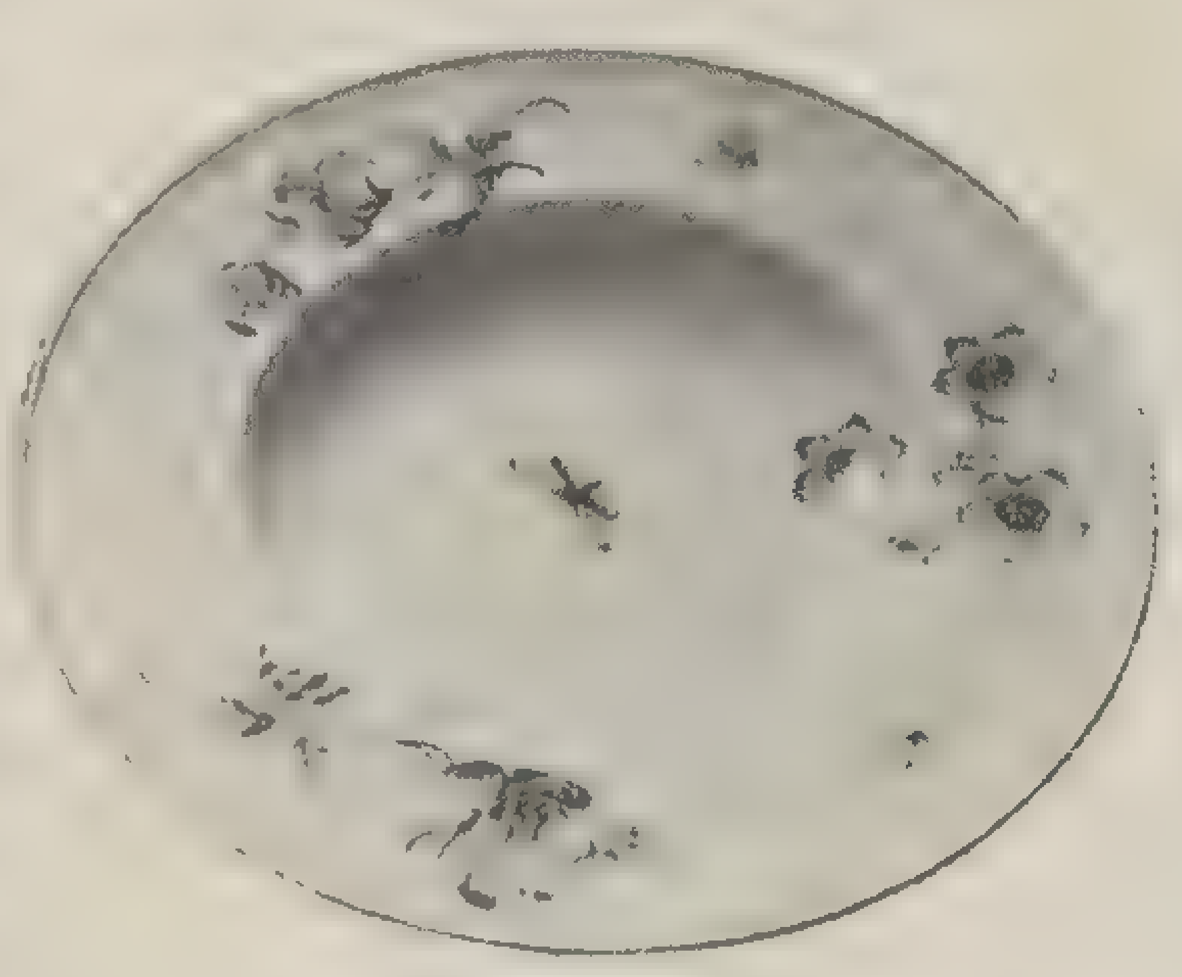
SHOP HOUND



Above: Crystal Table Toppers. . . . Indivisibly part of a room's seating plan are its companion tables, one to be within reach of every seat, all to be useful and decorative. Lamps, flowers, decorative collections, smoking accessories, and, at times, glasses, teacups, are their tabletop burden. Collections, shells perhaps, might also hold cigarettes and ashes. But there's always that problem of matches. Match folders get tucked into pockets by mistake, lighters need constant attention. Chic San Franciscans have solved the problem with the smart, forthright, handmade English crystal match striker/holders shown here. $9 for the small, $11.50 for the large. Merryvale Inc., 3640 Buchanan St., San Francisco, California.

Above: Drawnwork Sheets. . . . Reprised from an English country-house linen closet—looking so fresh now, with bedrooms gone pattern-wild—is the lovely white sheet with drawnwork hem its only decoration. Made to order in Madeira of Wamsutta percale; allow six weeks. Left-hand pattern: twin, $40.45, double, $45.45, king, $64.45. Right-hand pattern: twin, $17.45, double, $19.45, king, $32.25. Both from Bloomingdale's, 59th St. and Lexington Ave., N. Y. 10022.

Below: The Plate Is a Bowl. . . . In the 17th century, plates were wide-shouldered with deep bowls, for foods too liquid to be clutched firmly in two hands. Some lovely examples are in the Winterthur Museum near Zurich, Switzerland. New now, this idea for soups, of course, but also for stews, pastas, casserole dishes, desserts with runny sauces, anything, in short, to be cut without a knife. This beautiful Nymphenburg porcelain plate-is-a-bowl, in purple on white, $15 at Tiffany, New York, Houston, San Francisco, Beverly Hills.



Below: Wheel-It-Anywhere Cart. . . . Someday someone had to design a cart that was also a table that could freewheel outdoors from in, and back again. Someone just has, and here it is. Young California industrial designer, William Sanders, calls it the Bicycle-Wheel Tea Cart . . . bicycle wheels roll it smoothly over any terrain. In addition its top is a thick chopping block—and its low shelf is too, to make it doubly strong. Built by hand and as finely engineered as a racing sulky, it is a whole work or service area for the kitchen, dining room, bar, terrace, or all in turn. $250, D. R. International, 53 E. 57th St., New York 10022.

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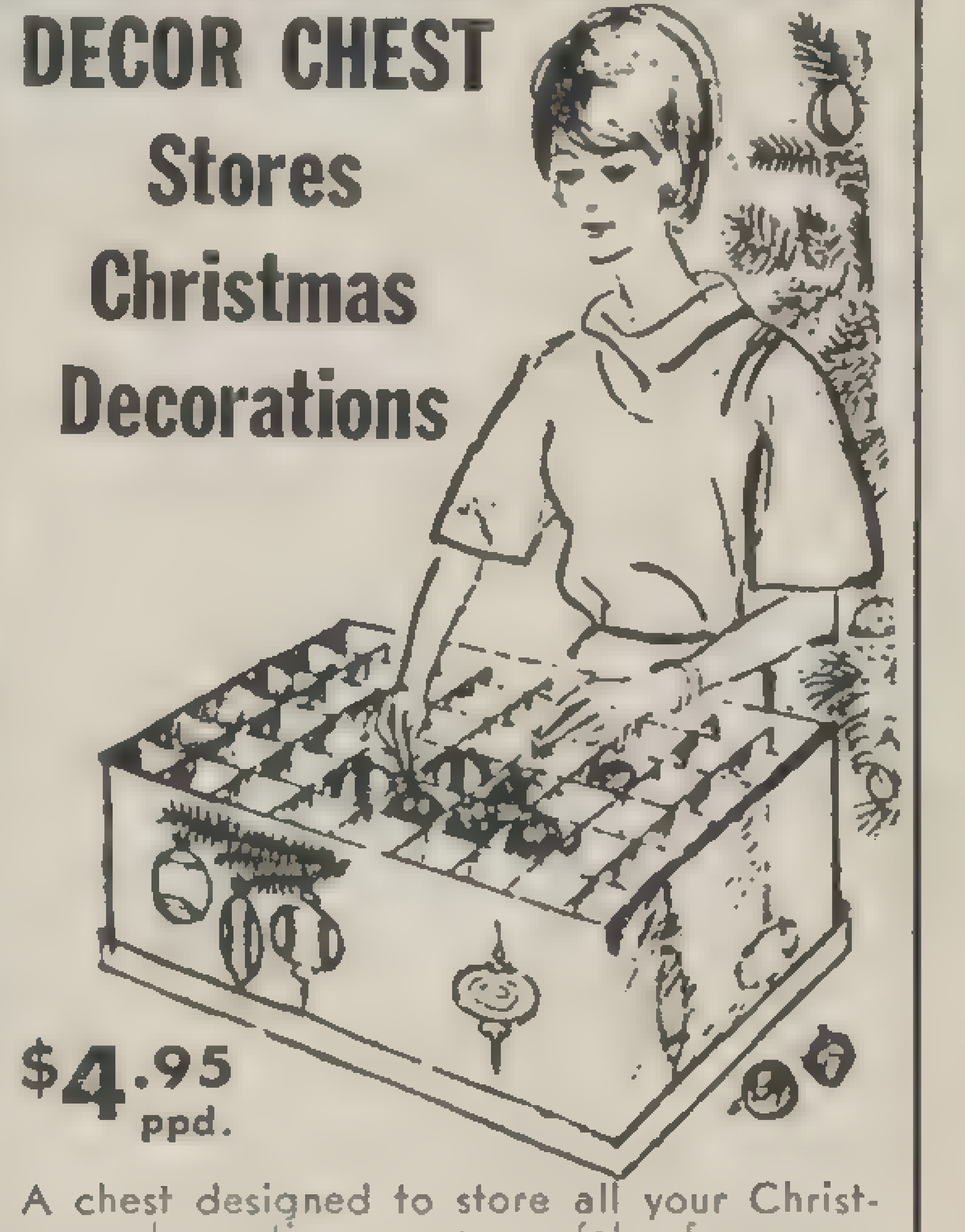

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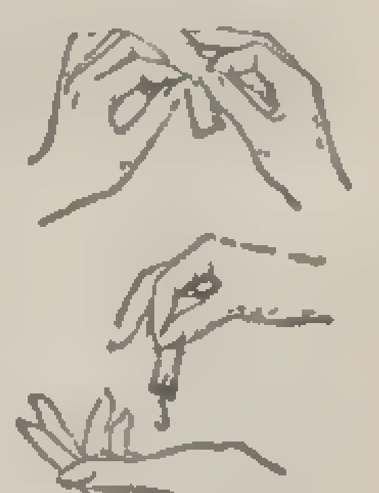

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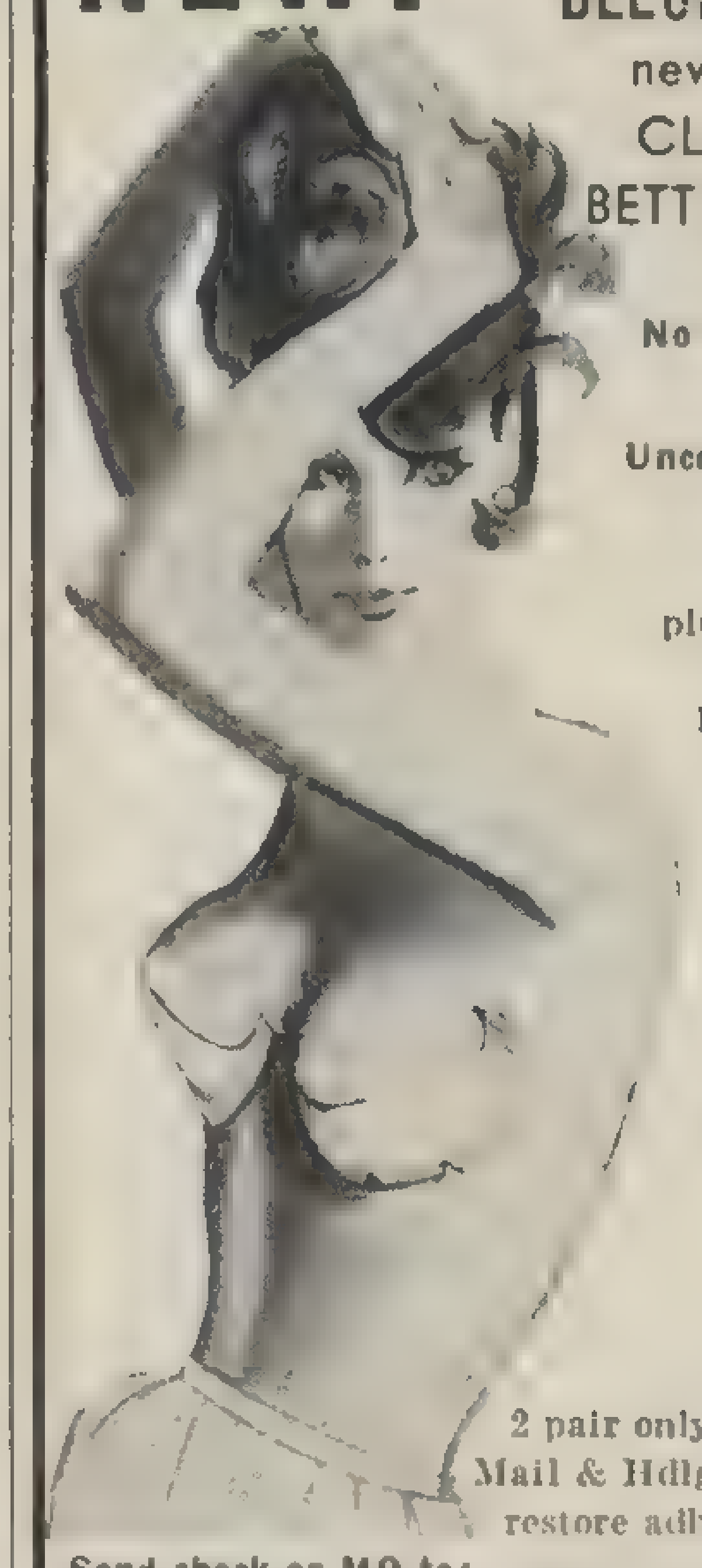

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Lady Hesketh

(Continued from page 145)

family of Hesketh. The present young Lord Hesketh's grandmother was Florence Breckinridge, the granddaughter of John Breckinridge, at one time a Vice-President of the United States and a Confederate Secretary of War during the Civil War. (One generation earlier Sir Thomas Fermor-Hesketh married Florence Sharon, the daughter of Senator William Sharon of Nevada.)

The present Lady Hesketh was born in Scotland at Marchmont, the large, beautiful eighteenth-century house designed by William Adam and owned by her parents, Lady McEwen and the late Sir John. Eleven miles north of the border, this part of Scotland is still almost entirely rural; the people weave tweeds, and the only industry is repairing farm equipment. It was over this land that the Border Raids raged and the Percys and Douglases thieved each other's cattle, burned the barns, and generally for several centuries, as the Scots say, "behaved nohow."

It is ideal country to be born in if you have romantic leanings, and if you happen to be of Highland origin on both sides of your family. Then the combination, when added to an interest in history must undoubtedly produce persons of strong views about their country and an appetite for the past. Both of these traits are clearly visible in Christian Hesketh, whose friends and family all call her Kisty.

"When we were children," said my sister, "we used to play a game called Birds. This meant that we ran around the house shouting, 'I'm a pheasant,' or 'I'm a grouse,' simulating their way of flight. My six brothers never let me hatch. I was always an egg." This little vignette of Kisty Hesketh gives to those who do not know her a picture of a repressed and lonely childhood—a Cinderella figure, sad and quiet, despotically domineered by older brothers, teased and neglected by younger ones. To those who know her this is a gentle fantasy. To her brothers any despotting that was done was done by their sister.

The transition between the suffragette forever fighting for equal rights against the monstrous tyranny of brothers and her present more amenable character started, her brothers say, when she was about sixteen. After she left Marchmont a few years later, she worked for some time for the Lyon King of Arms, the head of the Scottish Heralds.

During that time she so increased her knowledge and interest in Scottish history that she began reviewing books for London's *Times Literary Supplement* when she was twenty-four. Later she wrote a *History of Scottish Tartans.* When she was twenty, she married Lord Hesketh and moved to Easton Neston. In 1955 Frederick Hesketh died and my sister remained at Easton with her three sons.

When she first married, the house was almost entirely closed—the main part that Hawksmoor built, shut except for two bedrooms, had not been lived in since World War II. The life of the house existed then only in the Wren wing. Now she has redone the interior of the whole house, and at present is building a small conventional library in one of the sitting rooms. (David Hicks designed the library.)

One of the oddities of the main block of Easton Neston is that no library was originally built in the house. Until the new room is finished the existing library is in an austere and inaccessible room in the wing. Although the Hesketh Collection of rare books is small, it is particularly choice. Among its treasures are a Caxton, a first-folio Shakespeare, and an eighteenth-century edition of La Fontaine, illustrated by Oudry and given by Marie Antoinette to one of her godchildren. In addition there are fifty of the original Redouté roses and an Audubon Elephant Folio.

In spite of its grandeur, Easton Neston remains predominantly a family house. Unlike so many similar houses in Britain, it is not open to the public. It is in mint condition with every room constantly in use. Each year, in fact, some two to three hundred guests spend weekends there, a tribute to Kisty Hesketh.

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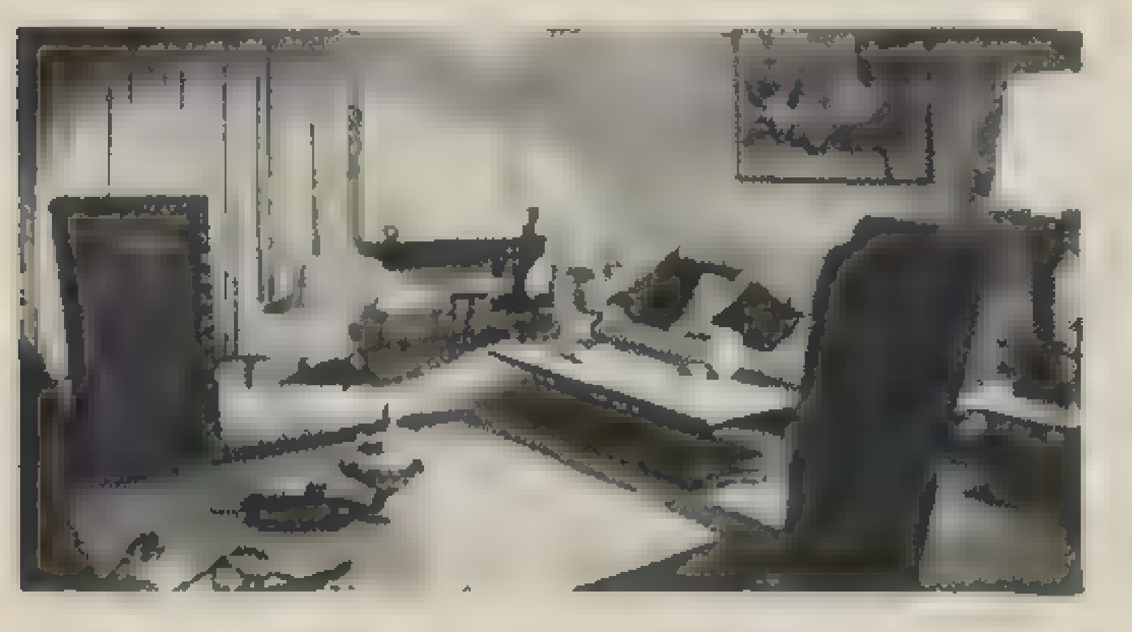

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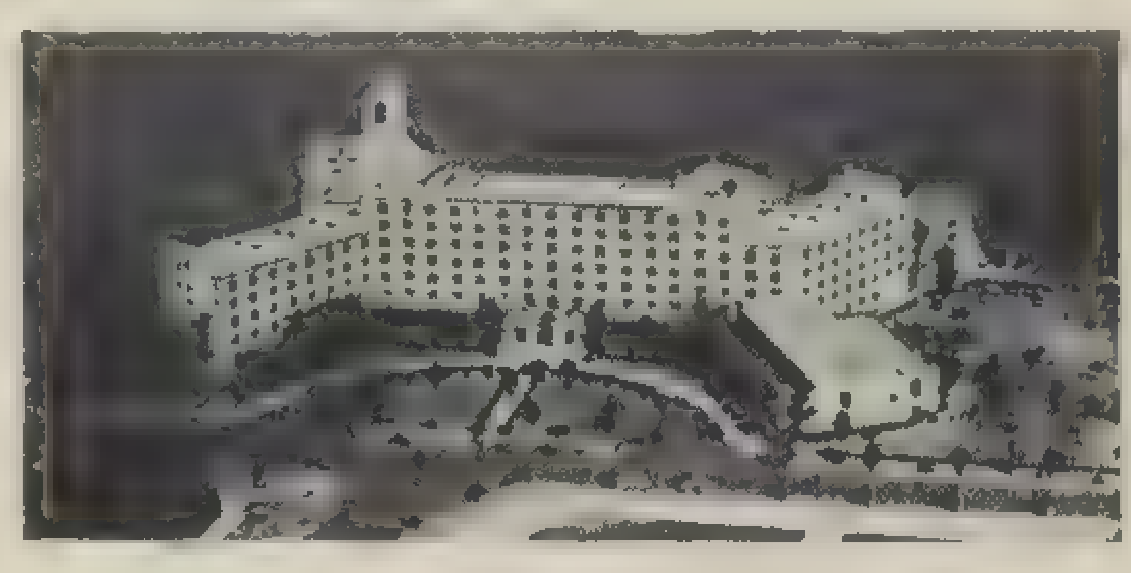

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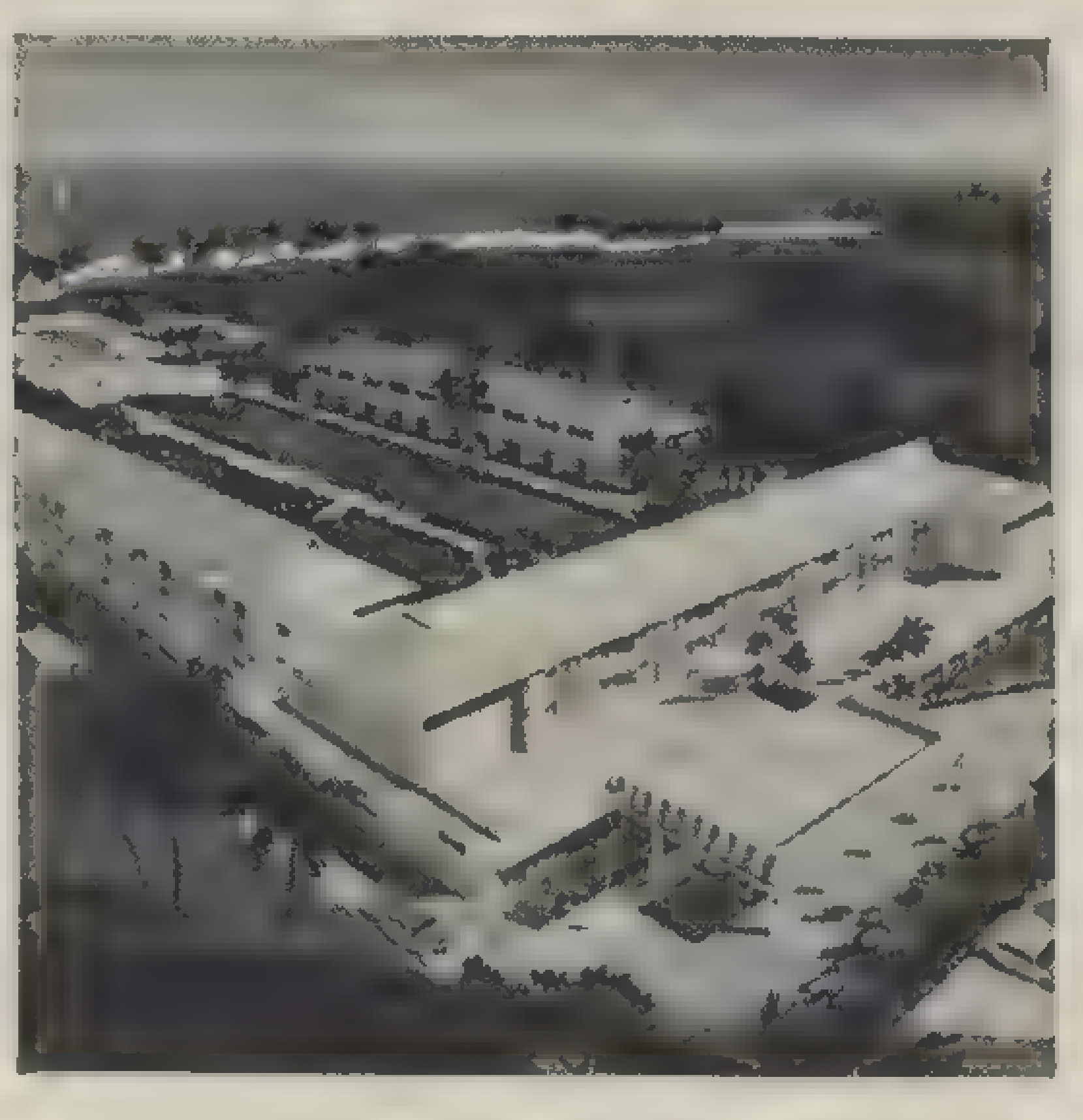

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V16

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VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

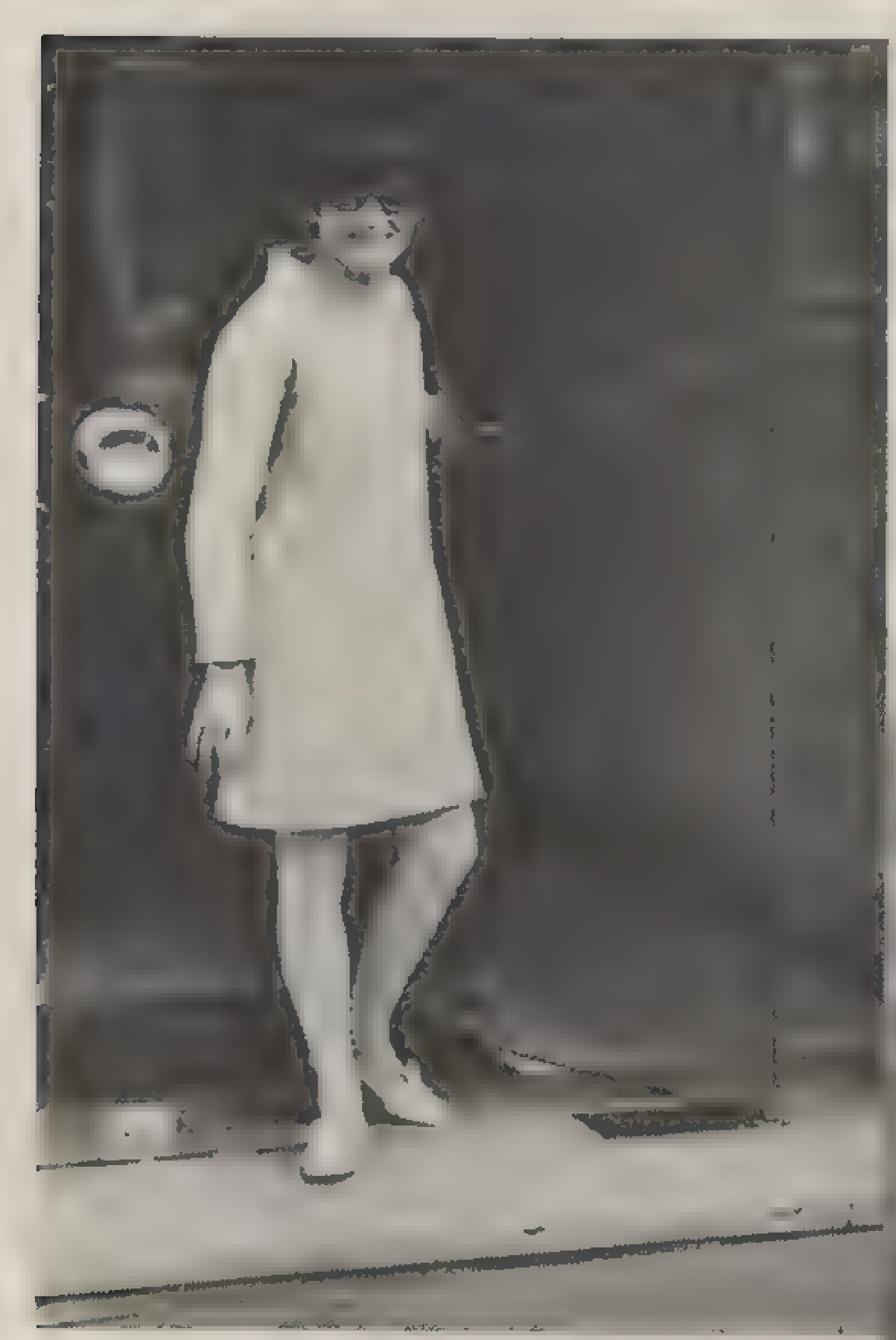
(Cont. from page 75) ***More pyjamarama.*** Herman (below) of the Hermits vibrates with a bird in gold lamé. $55. Sutton Place Shop, Bloomingdale's. . . .

JACK ROBINSON

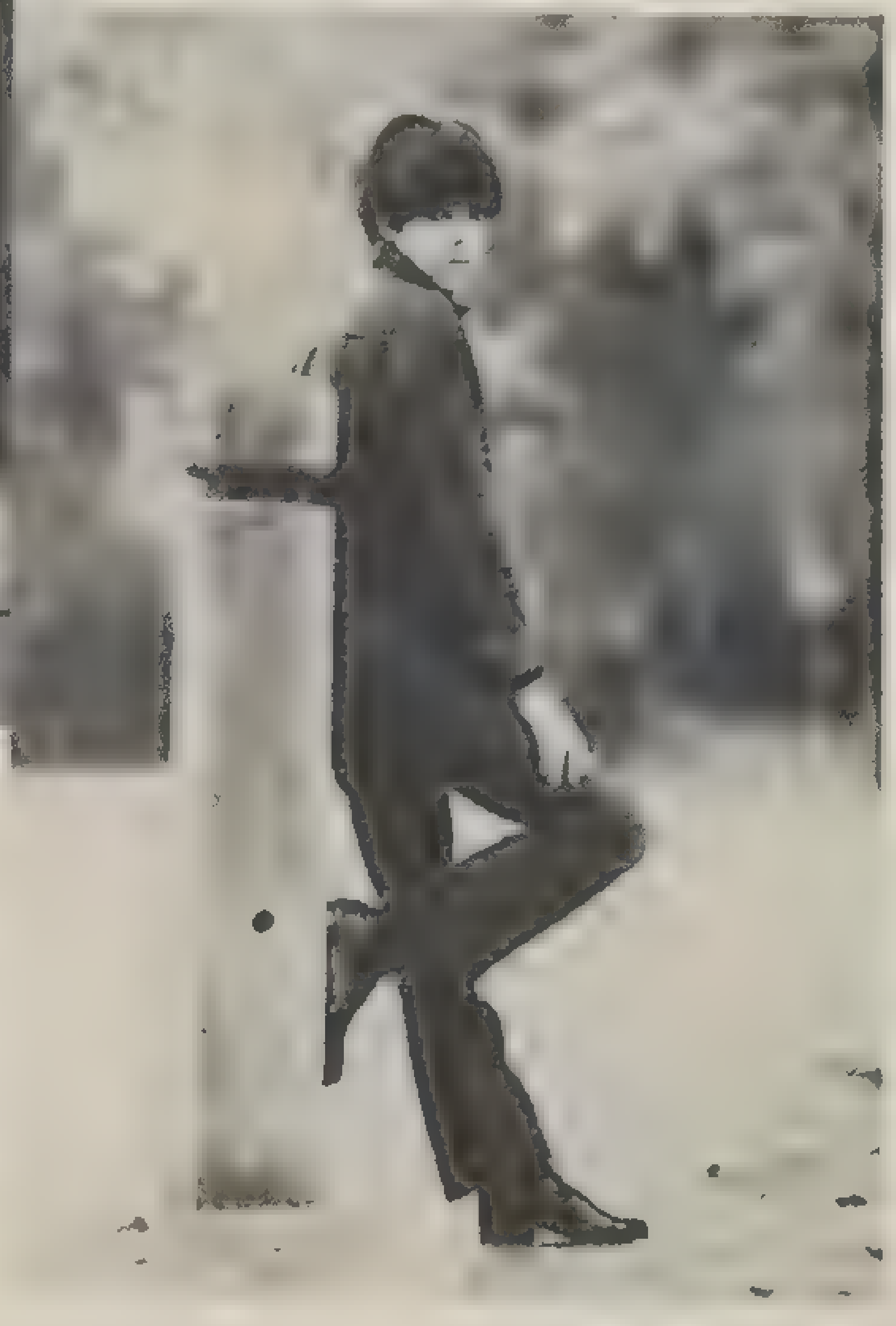
Report from a travelling lady: "This afternoon I came across town on the shuttle which was packed with schoolgirls. One girl, about 5′8″, with poetic, bony face, had on a very short, tightly belted beige poplin raincoat, black-and-white check tweed gaiters with black braid up the sides, delicate black-heeled shoes, long shiny black hair in a thick pigtail with a little bun on at the top covered by a tiny mod cap of the same black-and-white tweed. She looked absolutely great.

"I asked her where she got the gaiters and hat, which she said her mother made. Her name is Patricia Cleveland. Just fifteen; goes to Brandeis High School." . . .

Paris: Two views on the fashion scene.



Below: The "with-it" girls like Dany, great friend of the Beatles and Rolling Stones, buy second-hand blue jeans (no one would ever put on *new* jeans!), from "New Man" a small Left Bank boutique importing men's clothes from the U. S. A. . . .



Above: Ungaro's first couture collection a sweeping success with chic private clients like Baroness Gaby Van Zuylen, Mme. Jean Claude Abreu. Here Ungaro's "right hand," Sonia Kapp, in most-bought model. . . .

Off the greens and into the city scenes. The trig golf glove looks more than O.K. with a narrow town Tattersall tailleur. Silk-lined mocha suède. $5. Alexander's, Lexington Avenue at 58th St. . . . ***The day the black Japanese vinyl reefer raincoat arrived at Vogue everyone had to have it.*** Forty firm orders, pronto. Mr. Ephram, 730 Third Ave. . . .

London: The "with-it" group discovers the American Far West. The cowboy is the hero of both sexes—and the fashion industry. The newest clothes to wear are Levis in all materials and colours, including camel and corduroy. Jackets have to be pony fur, wool, corduroy, and cut like those from "home on the range." The newest boots are cowboy, *the* hat is the Stetson. . . .

Bettina

(Continued from page 143)

MARCH 17. Bahia, Brazil. Dinner with the sculptor Mario Cravo. Very attractive. He offers to show us the lesser-known parts of Bahia.

MARCH 18. In the old town of Bahia the unevenly paved streets are very steep. We take pictures of the Rua Luís Viana (location of the Brazilian film *History of a Promise*), of Antiga Ladeira do Pelourinho, and of the church of São Francisco. We are exhausted from the heat.

Mario Cravo and his wife take me to the houses of some artist friends. First to see Mirabeau, a sculptor in wood. He has the finest collection of saints and other statues in polychrome wood in Brazil, some of them small enough to be worn around the neck. Against the skin they gleam like black ivory.

Next: Jorge Amado, the writer, who gives me an autographed copy of his book, *Gabriela, Clove and Cinnamon.* Both he and his wife speak very good French. An attractive wooden house with painted tiles. A tropical garden, with Siamese cats, tropical birds, and parrots from the Amazon.

The whole family goes with us to the house of the painter Caribé, who shows me a book he has been working on for fifteen years, a documentary study of the ways and costumes of the Macumba rites.

These artists are great friends. No jealousy among them; they share a desire to preserve and propagate the art of Brazil.

MARCH 19. We go to pick up Mario Cravo and then to the white dunes and the black lake. The sand of the dunes is dazzlingly white and burning. My big straw hat protects me to some extent, but the quarter mile of walking exhausts us. Around the black lake fishermen's wives from the nearby village wash their clothes and their children, at intervals plunging into the water themselves. Donkeys with many-coloured barrels on their backs carry water to the houses.

I set off on a blue *jangada*, or raft, with a white sail, the one that is used to carry offerings to the sea fairies during Macumba.

Maurice Jacquin follows on another *jangada*. The raft, prehistoric in design, moves very fast, and, sitting on the little bench, I am half submerged in the water. Maurice's raft tips over. My rower is furious and calls the other fellow names.

MARCH 20. The weather is superb, and we hurry to a long, almost deserted beach near Bahia. From eleven to two we wait for the men who fish for Xareus to pull in their nets. When some mysterious sign indicates the arrival of the fish, fifty men or so pull in cadence, singing a song which seems to have an African sound.

MARCH 21. Today is Sunday, and all the automobiles of Bahia stream by the hotel on the way to the beaches. We visit the school where they teach *capoeira*, an acrobatic technique with elements of wrestling. The two contestants, accompanied by an orchestra of special instruments playing in a monotonous, not strictly musical, rhythm, never touch one another. The school's director, seventy-three years old, is extraordinarily agile.

MARCH 24. In Boa Vista. The weather is hot and dry as in Arizona. A small airport, and no vehicles but Jeeps. The Governor has sent the Inspector of Education (for an area almost as large as France and with only 45,000 inhabitants) to meet me.

A Jeep takes us to the only hotel, a big building devoid of style, the focal point of the town. My room has a hole in the ceiling, through which fall little scraps of wood, pushed by some small animal. Some squashed spiders on the wall, no sheets on the bed, primitive furniture, and a big wardrobe without any coat hangers. About what I expected.

An American missionary will take us to the Tepequem diamond mines in his plane tomorrow, and bring us back to Boa Vista the same evening. Meanwhile, we tour the city, which takes no more than a quarter of an hour. The general impression is that of a new settlement in the middle of the desert.

At the hotel, I meet an American family in Texan dress from Florida. They have come

(Continued on page 169)

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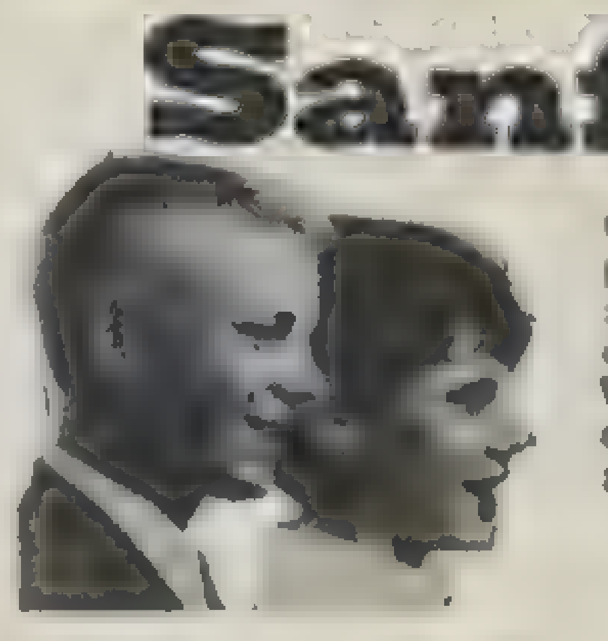

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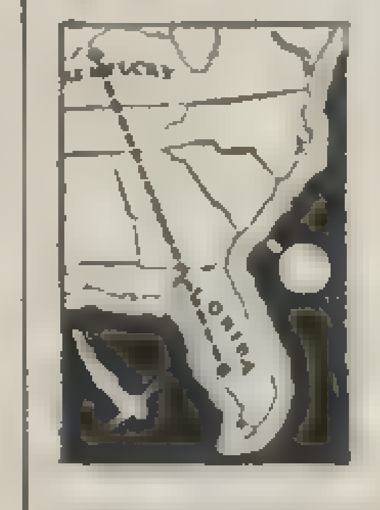

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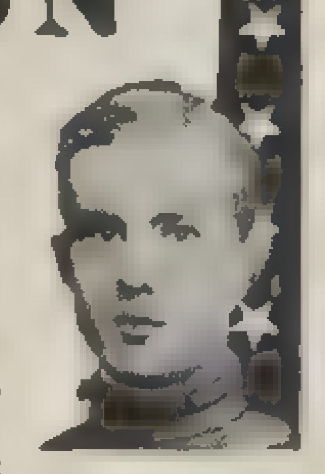

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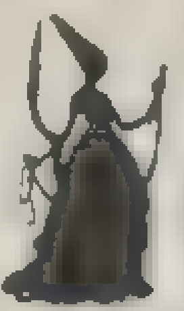

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Bettina

(Continued from page 164)

here to develop thirty-one fazendas for raising pigs and cattle. They have brought with them eight genuine cowboys complete with hats and boots, and are teaching American methods to the young Brazilians in their employ. Their fazendas cover hundreds of miles; in the year they have spent here they have not yet located their boundaries, which may be as far away as the border of Venezuela.

I talk to the American wife, a young woman with fair hair and blue eyes, in Texan dress. She knows of me because she read in Vogue about my house; it is strange to be giving her details about the terra-cotta dog in my drawing room in Paris.

MARCH 25. Seven-fifteen A.M. The Inspector comes to take us to the missionary's plane. Although we are scheduled to return at five o'clock this evening, I take my hammock and a heavy sweater—because we are going up in the mountains—my tablets for disinfecting water, and the DDT insect repellent that I always use before going to bed.

The missionary lives in a little house adjacent to the airport and keeps his plane in the garage, as if it were a car. Dressed in an impeccably clean cotton suit, he is polite, reserved, and around thirty years old, with a wife and two little children. The garage is full of packing cases, boxes of medicines, and miscellaneous objects marked with strange addresses.

Tepequem consists of a single street lined by wooden huts with zinc roofs. The owner of the mine, alerted by radio the night before, is waiting for me. Both a mineowner and a diamond merchant, Senhor Lauro Gondim has been for thirty years in this trade. His house, extremely simple, of whitewashed wood, serves also as his office.

No cars or even horses. These people have no communication with the outside world, except for radio and the occasional plane which brings a diamond buyer or, more infrequently, a newspaper reporter. We set off on foot, single file, for the moun-

(Continued on page 170)

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Bettina

(Continued from page 169)

taintop a mile and a half away.

The sun beats down hard, for it is still the middle of summer. Palm trees and a tropical forest. We walk over a river on a tree trunk. In the brandy-coloured water tawny little fish swim. Then the trees become less dense, and we enter an area of rocks. My guide explains that anywhere here there might be diamonds. You can dig into the ground wherever you please: The ground is public domain. This is how Senhor Lauro Gondim struck diamonds; now he has eight men working his mine.

We stop at two huts which are miners' homes. Only one woman—the wife of one of the miners—who does the cooking.

In the mine the men use their hands or shovels to displace big stones. A motor pumps water and sand from three hundred feet below. The sand is washed in three sieves of different sizes, and, in what remains, rough diamonds—usually small but occasionally, by good luck, large—are found. The miners live in the hope of finding a fortune in these stones. Sometimes they do. Recently the mine yielded a forty-carat diamond. Altogether, the mines of the region employ ten thousand men.

Amazingly, they throw away everything—including gold and semiprecious stones—that is not a diamond. To think of these poor wretches throwing gold away! At the gold mines at Jacarea Canja, near the border between Pará and Amazonas, everything is paid for in gold: eight grams buy a bottle of beer. In the region of Tepequem the Indians pay the missionaries for medicines in diamonds.

We are given a sumptuous lunch, and I nap in the hammock before we start back. The kindness and hospitality of these people has no limit.

The hotel in Boa Vista now seems like the acme of civilization. We go to a theatre where there is a *yé-yé* act, Boa Vistan style. Very amusing, but death on the ears.

What surprises me in this part of our travels is the small number of insects. No spiders, no snakes. And yet the land is full of them. At the hotel a two-month-old ocelot, terrified of humans, is caged. It seems that he is already too old to be tamed.

MARCH 30. We leave Manaus. I'm glad to have seen the strange world of the Amazon, but perhaps it is necessary to be born here in order to be happy.

Our first stop, Brasília: an architecturally beautiful layout in which it can't be very agreeable to live. A mass of cubes, with still more under construction. No river, no trees, and no balconies outside the windows. Ultramodern hotels, American style, and nothing really human.

In the middle of it all a town within the town, a makeshift affair that serves to lodge the workmen who are building the future city. For their own use they have recreated the atmosphere of a provincial Brazilian town.

Flight to Rio in a Caravelle. I am tired of hotel food. Every day, for lunch and dinner I have been eating the same things: tinned sardines, palm hearts, grilled pirarucu (a fish), and a banana. The rest was inedible. And to drink, a glass of beer, never water.

APRIL 1. Two months since I left Paris, where the winter is now over. After having covered so many hundreds of miles, listened to such a variety of languages, and brushed up against people of such different sorts, I am glad to be going home.

One month isn't time enough to get to know Brazil, to overcome the impression of uneasiness caused by its immensity. The dichotomy between the Brazil of yesterday, living in blissful ignorance, laziness, and good humour, and the Brazil of today, subject to all the pressures of politics—domestic and international—industry, and big business, creates a tension in the air.

Tomorrow is the anniversary of the Revolution (the most recent), but no one seems to pay it any attention. Probably there will be a military parade, and this morning I saw the streets being decked out as if for the Carnival. In any case, tomorrow will be a fiesta!

TRANSLATED BY FRANCES FRENAYE

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